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BY

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SELECT SPECIMENS
OF THE
THEATRE OF THE HINDUS

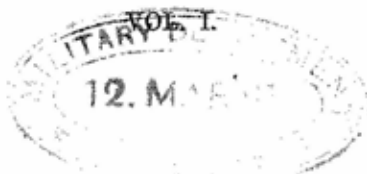
TRANSLATED FROM
THE ORIGINAL SANSKRIT.



BY
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IN TWO VOLUMES.



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ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

UPON the first publication of the Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus, I stated explicitly the object which I had proposed to myself in the translation, and explained it to be my ambition to secure to the Hindu Theatre a place in English literature. It was not my purpose to furnish the student of Sanskrit with a class-book, and I did not, therefore, attempt to render the text word for word or line for line. At the same time I expressed my belief, that few translations of the same class could pretend to greater fidelity, as nothing had been added, little omitted, and the expressions of the original had been adhered to as closely as the genius of the two languages, and my own command of either, would allow. To this character of accuracy I can now more confidently lay claim, as in preparing the present edition for the press, I have carefully compared the translation with the text, and corrected those mistakes which inadvertence, interruption, and erroneous, or undecipherable manuscripts, had led me, as I formerly stated I anticipated they would lead me, to commit. Since the publication of my translation also, the original Sanskrit plays have been printed and published in Calcutta, under the authority of

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE third Edition of the "Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus" is a literal reprint, generally page for page, of the second Edition, after a careful correction of typographical and analogous errors which, in the latter, had been overlooked. The orthography for the transliteration of Sanskrit words in Roman characters is, in the present edition, the same as that adopted by Professor Wilson in his later writings, and adhered to, throughout, in the previous volumes of his "Works."

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May 15, 1871.

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PREFACE.

MANY years have elapsed since the translation of *Śakuntalā*, by Sir William Jones, announced to the literary public of the western world that the Hindus had a national drama, the merits of which, it was inferred, from those of the specimen published, might render it worthy of further investigation.

Notwithstanding the expectation thus excited, the subject has received little subsequent illustration. The translation of the *Prabodha-Chandrodaya*, or "Rise of the Moon of Intellect," by the late Dr. Taylor of Bombay, throws more light upon the metaphysics than the drama of the Hindus; and the account given of the *Mālatī Mādhava* in the Asiatic Researches, by Mr. Colebrooke, was subordinate to the object of his essay on *Sanskṛit* and *Prākṛit* prosody, and was unlikely to fall in the way of general readers. These two contributions, therefore, to the elucidation of Hindu dramatic literature, have added but little to the notice secured for it by the publication of *Śakuntalā*.

The objects for which an ancient dialect may be studied are its philology and its literature, or the arts and sciences, the notions and manners, the history and belief of the people by whom it was spoken. Particular branches of composition may be preferably cultivated for the due understanding of each of these subjects, but there is no one species which will be found to embrace so many purposes as the dramatic. The dialogue varies from simple

to elaborate, from the conversation of ordinary life to the highest refinements of poetical taste. The illustrations are drawn from every known product of art, as well as every observable phenomenon of nature. The manners and feelings of the people are delineated, living and breathing before us, and history and religion furnish the most important and interesting topics to the bard. Wherever, therefore, there exists a dramatic literature, it must be pre-eminently entitled to the attention of the philosopher as well as the philologist, of the man of general literary taste as well as the professional scholar.

Independent, however, of the claims to notice which the Hindu theatre possesses, upon principles that equally apply to the dramatic literature of every nation, it may advance pretensions to consideration on its own account, connected both with its peculiar merits and with the history of the stage.

Neither of the dramas hitherto published, *Śakuntalā* or the *Prabodha-Chandrodaya*, can be considered to convey an accurate notion of the Hindu theatre. Each is but the species of its own genus. The latter belongs to the metaphysical, the former to the mytho-pastoral class of Sanskrit plays; but these two varieties are far from representing every class and order. Their wide dissimilarity might lead us to anticipate the extensive range of the theatre to which they belong, and to infer that where such striking distinctions were to be found, others less decidedly marked must prevail. The inference would be justified by the fact, and the Hindu theatre affords examples of the drama of domestic, as well as of heroic life; of original invention as well as of legendary tradition.

At the same time, there are many peculiarities belonging to the Hindu theatre which it is necessary that we should know, before we can safely delineate the history, or propose

could not have communicated what they never possessed. There is no record that theatrical entertainments were ever naturalised amongst the ancient Persians, Arabs, or Egyptians ; and the Hindus, if they learned the art from others, can have been obliged alone to the Greeks or to the Chinese. A perusal of the Hindu plays will show how little likely it is that they are indebted to either, as, with the exception of a few features in common which could not fail to occur, they present characteristic varieties of conduct and construction which strongly evidence both original design and national development.

The Hindu theatre belongs to that division of dramatic composition which modern critics have agreed to term romantic, in opposition to what some schools have been pleased to call *classical*. This has not escaped the observation of one of the first dramatic critics of any age, and Schlegel observes, "The drama of *Śakuntalā* presents, through its oriental brilliancy of colouring, so striking a resemblance, upon the whole, to our romantic drama, that it might be suspected the love of Shakespeare had influenced the translator, if other orientalist had not borne testimony to the fidelity of his translation." The present collection will afford ample evidence to the same effect.

Hindu dramatists have little regard for the unities of time and place ; and if by unity of action be meant singleness of incident, they exhibit an equal disdain for such a restriction. At the same time, as we shall subsequently see, they are not destitute of systematic and sensible rules, and they are as unfamiliar with the extravagance of the Chinese drama, as with the severe simplicity of Grecian tragedy.

There is one peculiarity in the Hindu theatre which remarkably distinguishes it from that of every other people. Although there is little reason to doubt that the Sanskr̥it

language was once a spoken tongue in some parts of India, yet it does not seem probable that it was ever the vernacular language of the whole country, and it certainly ceased to be a living dialect at a period of which we have no knowledge.

The greater part of every play is written in Sanskrit. None of the dramatic compositions at present known can boast perhaps of a very high antiquity, and several of them are comparatively modern; they must, therefore, have been unintelligible to a considerable portion of their audiences, and never could have been so directly addressed to the bulk of the population, as to have exercised much influence upon their passions or their tastes.

This circumstance, however, is perfectly in harmony with the constitution of Hindu society, by which the highest branches of literature, as well as the highest offices in the state, were reserved for the privileged tribes of Kshatriyas and Brahmans. Even amongst them, however, a small portion could have followed the expressions of the actors so as to have felt their full force; and the plays of the Hindus must therefore have been exceedingly deficient in theatrical effect. In some measure, this deficiency was compensated by peculiar impressions; and the popularity of most of the stories, and the sanctity of the representation, as well as of the Sanskrit language, substituted an adventitious interest for ordinary excitement. Still the appeal to popular feeling must have been immeasurably weakened; and the affectation or reality of scholarship, as at the Latin plays of Ariosto, or the scholastic exhibitions of Westminster, must have been a sorry substitute for universal, instantaneous, and irrepressible delight.

Besides being an entertainment appropriated to the leading or learned members of society, the dramatic entertainments of the Hindus essentially differed from those of

modern Europe in the unfrequency of their representation. They seem to have been acted only on solemn or public occasions. In this respect they resembled the dramatic performances of the Athenians, which took place at distant intervals, and especially at the spring and autumnal festivals, of Bacchus, the last being usually preferred, as the city was then filled with strangers, its tributaries and allies. According to Hindu authorities, the occasions suitable for dramatic representations are the lunar holidays, a royal coronation, assemblages of people at fairs and religious festivals, marriages, the meeting of friends, taking first possession of a house or a town, and the birth of a son. The most ordinary occasion, however, of a performance was, as will be seen, the season peculiarly sacred to some divinity.

Amongst the Athenians, also, a piece was never performed a second time, at least under the same form; and it is clear that the Hindu plays are written with a view to but one specific representation. At other times, and in other places, probably, successful dramas were repeated both in Greece and India; but this was a distant and accidental, and not, as with us, an immediate and anticipated consequence of success.

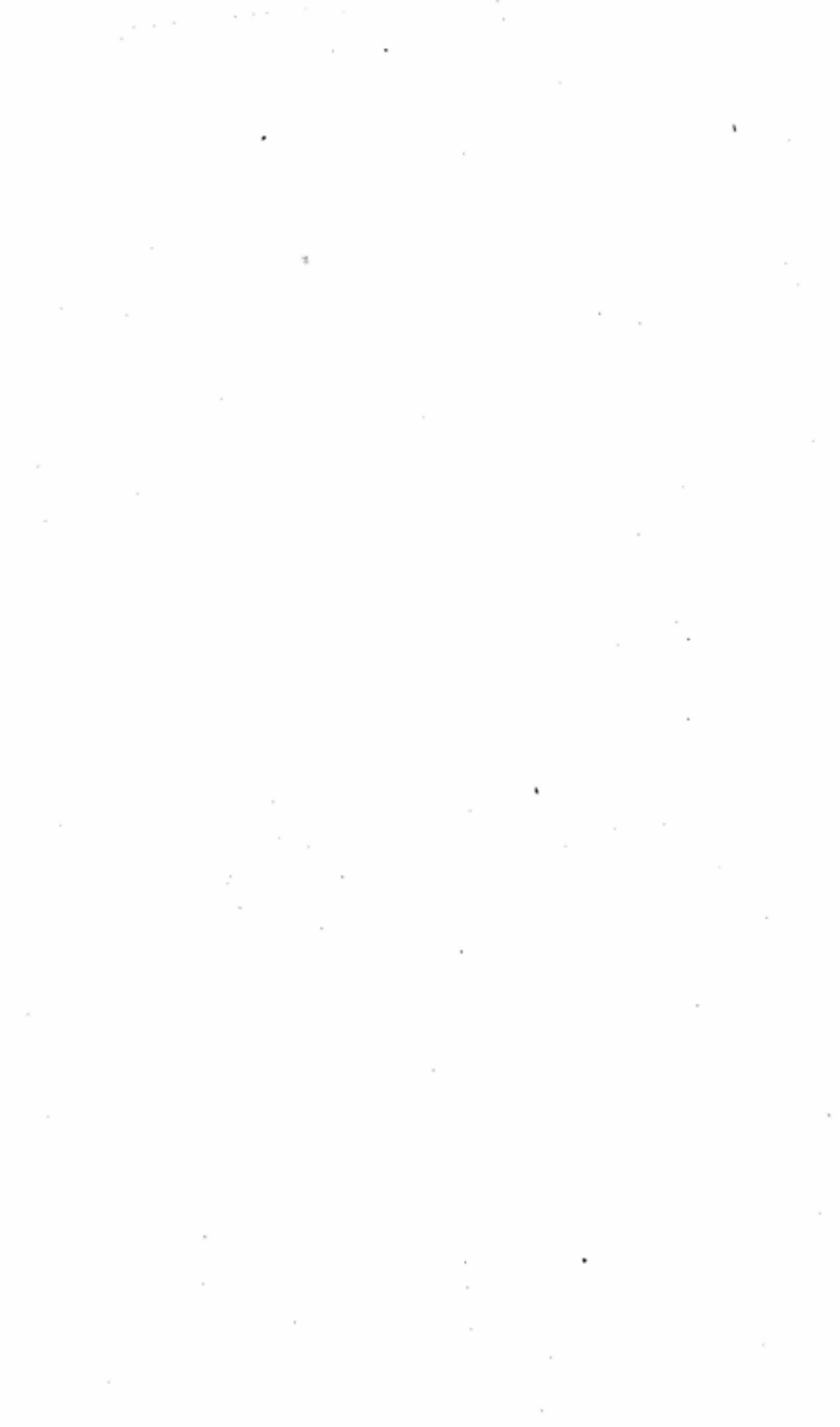
As the plays of the Hindus were only occasionally enacted, we can readily comprehend why they should be so much longer than our dramatic writings, and why they should be so few. The Hindu plays do not, like the Chinese, it is true, afford employment for ten days, but they sometimes extend, as we shall see, to ten acts, and those none of the shortest, and they must have occupied at least five or six hours in representation. With respect to their number, Sir William Jones was undoubtedly misinformed, when he was led to suppose that the Indian theatre would fill as many volumes as that of any nation

in ancient or modern Europe. Many pieces, no doubt, are lost, and others are scarce; but it may be doubted whether all the plays that are to be found, and those of which mention is made by writers on the drama, amount to many more than sixty. We may form a tolerably accurate estimate of the extent of the Hindu theatre by the fact, that no more than three plays are attributed to each of the great masters of the art, Bhavabhūti and Kālidāsa; a most beggarly account, when contrasted with the three hundred and sixty-five comedies of Antiphanes, or the two thousand of Lope de Vega.

Although, however, the plays of the Hindus must have been less numerous than those of any of the nations of highest repute in theatrical literature, yet they must have existed in some number, to have offered the multiplied classes into which they have been divided by their critics, and which exhibit at least no want of variety. It may also be observed, that the dramatic pieces which have come down to us are those of the highest order, defended by their intrinsic purity from the corrosion of time. Those of an inferior description, and which existed sometimes apparently in the vernacular dialects, may have been more numerous and popular, and were more, strictly speaking, national. Traces of these are still observable in the dramatised stories of the *Bhatts* or professional buffoons, in the *Jātras* of the Bengalis, and the *Rāsas* of the western provinces. The first is the representation of some ludicrous adventure by two or three performers, carried on in extempore dialogue, usually of a very coarse kind, and enlivened by practical jokes not always very decent. The *Jātra* is generally the exhibition of some of the incidents in the youthful life of Kṛishṇa, maintained also in extempore dialogue, but interspersed with popular songs. The mistress of Kṛishṇa, Rādhā,

his father, mother, and the Gopís, are the ordinary *dramatis personæ*, and Nárada acts as buffo. The Rása partakes more of the ballet, but it is accompanied also with songs, whilst the adventures of Kṛishná or Ráma are represented in appropriate costume, by measured gesticulations. The Hindus have a strong relish for these diversions, but the domination under which they so long pined, and which was ever so singularly hostile to public enjoyments of a refined character, rendered theatrical representations infrequent, and induced a neglect of dramatic literature. Plays, however, continued to be written and performed to the latest periods, especially in the west and south of India, where Hindu principalities still subsisted. Performances also seem to have been exhibited at Benares in recent times, and we have one piece which was written, and possibly represented in Bengal, but a very few years ago. All the modern compositions, however, are of a mythological and sectarial character, and are intended to celebrate the power of Kṛishná or of Śiva. They are also discriminated from older writings by the predominance of narrative, and by wire-drawn common-place descriptions of the periods of the day or the season of the year, of the rising and setting of the sun or moon, of the scorching heats of the summer or the reviving influence of spring. There is no attempt at incident beyond the original story, and many of the subjects for action, which the legend affords, are thrown into dull and tiresome dialogue. These defects are, indeed, to be found occasionally in several of the earlier pieces, but to a limited extent, whilst they form the substance of all later compositions.

When the art of theatrical composition had passed its zenith, and began to exhibit symptoms of decay, the same fate befell it in India which it encountered in other coun-



Prakāśa. One manuscript of it exists, which was copied, according to the date, in Saka 1426, or A.D. 1504. It is the work of a Bengali pandit of the medical caste, Viswanátha-Kavirája, the son of Chandra-Sekhara, and is especially current as an authority in Bengal. According to universally-received tradition, the author lived beyond the Brahmaputra, in the district of Dacca.

The *Sangita-Ratnākara*, as the name implies, treats more especially of singing and dancing than of dramatic literature. It furnishes, however, some curious notices of theatrical representation and gesture. It is the work of Sárngi-Deva, the son of Sorhala, the son of Bháskara, a Cashmirian pandit, who sought his fortunes in the south. His grandson is patronised by a prince named Sinhala-Deva, but of what time or place he does not inform us. It is clear, however, that he wrote between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, as he names Bhoja amongst his predecessors in the science; and a comment on his own work was written by Kallinátha, by desire of Praudha, or Pratápa Deva king of Vijayanagar, from A.D. 1456 to 1477.

Amongst the works which treat generally *de Arte Poeticá*, and which are exceedingly numerous, some of the principal are, the *Kāvya-darśa* by Dandin, the author of the *Dasā-Kumāra*, and supposed to be contemporary with Bhoja; the *Kāvya-lankāra Vṛtti*, by Vámana-Áchárya; the *Kuvalayānanda*, an enlargement of the *Chandráloka* of Jayadeva, by Apyaya Dīkshita, who was patronised by Kṛishná Rāya, sovereign of Vijayanagar about 1520; the *Alankāra Sarvaswa* of Bhāma; the *Rasa-Gāgādhara* of Jagannátha Pandita Rāja, and the *Alankāra-Kaustubha* by Kavi Kārṇapūra, a Vaishnáva Gosain, who illustrates all his rules by verses of his own, relating to the loves of Kṛishná and Rádhá, and the pastimes of the deity with the Gopis of Vrindávana.

Besides the general systems, there are several treatises on the passions and emotions which poetry is intended to depicture or excite, as the *Śringāra-Tilaka* of Rudra-Bhaṭṭa; and the *Rasa Manjari* and the *Rasa Tarangini* of Bhānu-Daṭṭa. The latter comprises a number of rules, which are quoted as those of Bharata.

In addition to the information derivable from these sources, as to the system or history of the Hindu drama, the commen-

fore, is fully explained in the original systems, before any notice is taken of the inferior varieties. This method is perhaps the most logical, and obviates the necessity of some repetition; but in an inquiry of the present description, the first point to determine appears to be, what the dramatic amusements of the Hindus really were, before we examine their constituent parts.

Specimens of the *Nāṭaka* are not wanting to illustrate its technical description, and we can therefore follow the original authorities with entire confidence. It is declared to be the most perfect kind of dramatic composition. The subject should always be celebrated and important. According to the *Sāhitya-Darpana*, the story should be selected from mythological or historical record alone; but the *Dasā-Rūpaka* asserts that it may be also fictitious or mixed, or partly resting on tradition, and partly the creation of the author. The practice of the early writers seems to have sanctioned the latter rule, and although they adopted their plots from sacred poems or *Purāṇas*, they considered themselves at liberty to vary the incidents as they pleased. Modern bards have been more scrupulous. The restriction imposed upon the selection of the subject is the same as that to which the French theatre so long submitted, from whose tragic code all newly-invented topics were excluded, in supposed imitation of the Greek theatre, in which however the *Flower of Agathon*, founded altogether upon fiction, was an early and popular production.

Like the Greek tragedy, however, the *Nāṭaka* is to represent worthy or exalted personages only, and the hero must be a monarch, as Dushyanta; a demigod, as Rāma; or a divinity, as Kṛishṇa. The action, or more properly the passion, should be but one, as love or heroism. The plot should be simple, the incidents consistent; the business should spring direct from the story as a plant from its seed, and should be free from episodic and prolix interruptions. The time should not be protracted, and the duration of an act, according to the elder authority, should not exceed one day; but the *Sāhitya-Darpana* extends it to a few days, or even to one year. When the action cannot be comprised within these limits, the less important events may be thrown into narrative, or may be supposed to pass between the acts; or they may be communicated to the audience by one of the

actors, who holds the character of an interpreter, and explains to the persons of the assembly whatever they may require to know, or what is not conveyed to them by the representation; a rather awkward contrivance to supply the deficiencies of the piece, but one that would sometimes be useful to insinuate the plot into the audiences of more polished communities. The diction of a *Nâtaka* should be perspicuous and polished. The piece should consist of not fewer than five acts, and not more than ten.

In many of these characteristics, the *Nâtaka* presents an obvious analogy to the tragedy of the Greeks, which was, "the imitation of a solemn and perfect action, of adequate importance, told in pleasing language, exhibiting the several elements of dramatic composition in its different parts, represented through the instrumentality of agents, not by narration, and purifying the affections of human nature by the influence of pity and terror." In the expansion of this definition in the "Poetics," there are many points of affinity, and particularly in the selection of persons and subjects; but there are also differences, some of which merit to be noticed.

With regard to the Unities, we have that of action fully recognised, and a simplicity of business is enjoined quite in the spirit of the Greek drama. The unity of place is not noticed, as might have been expected from the probable absence of all scenic embellishment. It was impossible to transport the substantial decorations of the Grecian stage from place to place, and therefore the scene was the same throughout; but where everything was left to the imagination, one site was as easily conceivable as another, and the scene might be fancied, one while a garden, and another while a palace, as well as it could be imagined to be either. The unity of time is curiously modified, conformably to a principle which may satisfy the most fastidious; and "the time required for the fable elapses invariably between the acts." In practice there is generally less latitude than the rule indicates, and the duration of an act is very commonly that of the representation, or at most "one course of the sun," the night elapsing in the interval. In one piece, the *Uttara-Râma-Charitra*, indeed, we have a more extensive period, and twelve years are supposed to pass between the first and second acts. This was the unavoidable consequence

of the subject of the play, and affords an analogy to the licence of the romantic drama.

Another important difference from the classical drama, and from that of most countries, is the total absence of the distinction between Tragedy and Comedy. The Hindu plays confine themselves neither to the "crimes nor to the absurdities of mankind;" neither "to the momentous changes, nor lighter vicissitudes of life;" neither "to the terrors of distress nor the gaieties of prosperity." In this respect they may be classed with much of the Spanish and English drama, to which, as Schlegel observes, "the terms Tragedy and Comedy are wholly inapplicable, in the sense in which they were employed by the ancients." They are invariably of a mingled web, and blend "seriousness and sorrow with levity and laughter." They never offer, however, a calamitous conclusion, which, as Johnson remarks, was enough to constitute a Tragedy in Shakespeare's days; and although they propose to excite all the emotions of the human breast, terror and pity included, they never effect this object by leaving a painful impression upon the mind of the spectator. The Hindus, in fact, have no Tragedy; a defect that subverts the theory that Tragedy necessarily preceded Comedy, because in the infancy of society the stronger passions predominated, and it was not till social intercourse was complicated and refined, that the follies and frivolities of mankind afforded material for satire. The theory is evidently more ingenious than just, for a considerable advance in refinement must have been made before plays were written at all, and the days of Æschylus were not those of the fierce and fiery emotions he delineates. In truth, however, the individual and social organisation of the native of India is unfavourable to the development of towering passion; and whatever poets or philosophers may have insinuated to the contrary, there is no doubt that the regions of physical equality have ever been, and still are, those of moral extremes.

The absence of tragic catastrophe in the Hindu dramas is not merely an unconscious omission; such catastrophe is prohibited by a positive rule, and the death of either the hero or the heroine is never to be announced. With that regard, indeed, for decorum, which even Voltaire thought might be sometimes dispensed with, it is not allowed in any manner "*ensanglanter la*

scène," and death must invariably be inflicted out of the view of the spectators. Attention to *bienséance* is carried even to a further extent, and a number of interdictions are peculiar to the system of the Hindus. The excepted topics of a serious nature are, hostile defiance, solemn imprecations, exile, degradation, and national calamity ; whilst those of a less grave, or comic character, are biting, scratching, kissing, eating, sleeping, the bath, inunction, and the marriage ceremony. Dramatic writers, especially those of a modern date, have sometimes violated these precepts ; but in general the conduct of what may be termed the classical drama of the Hindus is exemplary and dignified. Nor is its moral purport neglected ; and one of their writers declares, in an illustration familiar to ancient and modern poetry, that the chief end of the theatre is to disguise, by the insidious sweet, the unpalatable but salutary bitter, of the cup.

The extent of the Hindu plays is another peculiarity in which they differ from the dramatic writings of other nations ; and even the *Robbers*, or *Don Carlos*, will suffer in the comparison of length. The *Mrichchhakati* would make at least three of the plays of Æschylus. In actual representation, however, a Hindu play constituted a less unreasonable demand upon the patience of an audience than an Athenian performance, consisting at one sitting of three Tragedies and a Farce. If the Hindu stage exhibited a long play, it exhibited that alone.

The compositions of the first class, or *Nāṭakas*, are comparatively frequent, and some of them are amongst the best specimens of the art. *Śakuntalā*, the *Mudrā-Rākshasa*, the *Veṇī Sanhāra*, *Anargha-Rāghava*, and several others, belong to this order. The first is well known by the version of Sir William Jones ; a translation of the second, and some accounts of the rest, will be found in the present collection.

2. The second species of *Rūpaka* is the *Prakarāṇa*, which agrees in all respects with the *Nāṭaka*, except that it takes a rather less elevated range. The fable is to be a pure fiction drawn from real life in a reputable class of society, and the most appropriate subject is love. The hero may be of ministerial rank, or a Brahman, or a merchant of respectability. The heroine may be a maid of family, or a courtesan. In the former case, the *Prakarāṇa* is termed *Śuddha*, or pure ; in the latter,

Sankeśā, or mixed. By the *Vesya*, or courtesan, however, we are not to understand a female who has disregarded the obligations of law or the precepts of virtue, but a character reared by a state of manners unfriendly to the admission of wedded females into society, and opening it only at the expense of reputation to women, who were trained for association with men by personal and mental acquirements to which the matron was a stranger. The *Vesya* of the Hindus was the *Hetera* of the Greeks. Without the talents of *Aspasia*, or profligacy of *Lais*, the *Vasantasenā* of the first piece in this collection is a gentle, affectionate being, who, with the conventions of society in her favour, unites, as the *Hetera* often did, "accomplishments calculated to dazzle, with qualities of the heart which raise her above the contempt that, in spite of all precaution, falls upon her situation." The *Mrichchhakatī*, and *Mālatī-Mādhava*, belong to the class of *Prakarāṇas*.

3. The *Bhāṇa*, according to the technical definition, is a monologue in one act, in which the performer narrates dramatically a variety of occurrences as happening either to himself or others. Love, war, fraud, intrigue, and imposition, are appropriate topics, and the narrator may enliven his recitation by a supposititious dialogue with an imaginary interlocutor. The language must be polished, and music and singing should precede and close the performance. The example quoted is the *Līlāmadhukara*, but the only specimen met with is the *Śārada Tilaka*, of which some account is given in the following pages. It is not impossible that ventriloquism assisted to give effect to the imaginary dialogue, as the art is not unknown in India.

4. The *Vyāyoga* is a dramatic representation of some military transaction, in which no part of the interest is derived from female participation; the sentiment of love is consequently excluded from it, and it admits of no comic intermixture. It is restricted to one act, one action, and a duration of one day, and the hero should be a warrior or demigod. The *Sāhitya-Darpana* names the *Saugandhikāharāṇa* as an example, the *Daśa-Rūpaka* specifies the *Jāmadagnya-Jaya*, the latter alluding either to the defeat of Kārtavīryārjuna, or to the subjugation of the military tribe by the Brahmanical hero Paraśu-Rāma, the son of Jamadagni. The subject of the former would seem to be the rape of a princess named Saugandhikā, only that the

interest springing from such an event would contravene the rule that relates to female exclusion, and it may refer to the conflict between Vasishtha and Viśwámitra for the all-bestowing cow. The *Dhananjaya-Vijaya* belongs to this class.

5. The *Samavakāra* is the dramatic representation of some mythological fable in three acts; the business of the first is to occupy about nine hours; the second, three and a half; and the third, an hour and a half. The story of the piece relates to gods and demons, although mortals may be introduced. There is no individual hero, or the heroes may be as many as twelve, as Krishṇa and other divinities. The metre is that most usually employed in the *Vedas*, or the verses termed *Ushnih* and *Gāyatrī*. Although love may be touched upon, heroism should be the predominant passion; and the acts of enmity may be exhibited, both covert and avowed, such as ironical commendation and open defiance. Tempests, combats, and the storming of towns, may be represented, and all the pride and pomp of war, as horses, elephants, and cars, may be introduced. The example quoted, but which no longer exists in its dramatised form, is the *Samudra Mathana*, the Churning of the Ocean: a splendid subject for spectacle if well managed. We may doubt the success of the Hindu mechanics in representing the mountain and the snake, the churning-staff and rope, or the agitations of the mighty main, from which sprang the personifications of health and beauty, and the beverage of immortality: this was, in all probability, clumsily contrived; but the gods and demons were well dressed and better acted, and with the patronage of a Rājā, the conflicts between the hosts of heaven and hell for the goddess of beauty and the cup of ambrosia, were no doubt got up with no want of numbers or of splendour. This entertainment must have been popular, as it was addressed more to the eye than the ear. As a mere spectacle it still exists, and in the western provinces the history of Rāma is represented in the dramatic form at the *Daśahara* on a vast, if not a magnificent scale. The followers of the contending chiefs, Rāma and Rāvaṇa, amount sometimes to several hundreds: the battlements of Lankā, though of less durable materials, are of vast extent, and the encounters that take place are more like the mimic evolutions of real armies than a dramatic exhibition. It is scarcely necessary to add, that it occurs in the open air, usually

in a spacious plain, and with a want of order that ruins its dramatic effect. The most pleasing, as the best-conducted parts of the business, are the processions. The entry of Rāma and Sītā into Benares, in the year 1820, formed a richly picturesque and interesting scene.*

6. The *Īma* is a drama of a similar but more gloomy character than the last, and is limited to the representation of terrific events, as portents, incantations, sieges, and battles. It comprehends four acts. The hero should be a demon, demigod, or deity. The example named is the *Tripuraddha*, the destruction of the demon Tripura by Śiva, and conflagration of the three cities over which he ruled, and whence he derived his appellation.

7. The *Īhmṛiga* is a piece of intrigue in four acts, in which the hero is a god or illustrious mortal, and the heroine a goddess. Love and mirth are the prevailing sentiments. The heroine may be the subject of war or stratagem, and the devices of the hero may end in disappointment, but not in death. The example named is the *Kusumasekhara-Vijaya*.

8. *Anka*. This is considered by some to be a piece in one act, but by others to be a supplementary act, serving as an introduction to a drama, or a more fully winding up of the story. The pathetic style should predominate: the hero may be a mortal; the subject should be well known. The example named is the *Śarmishthā-Yayāti*. A piece, termed *Yayāti-Charitra*, occurs amongst those noticed hereafter; but that is a *Nāṭaka*, and cannot therefore be here intended.

9. The *Vithi* is something similar to the *Bhāṣa*: it is in one act, and may be performed by one actor, though the *Daśa-Rūpaka* admits of two. In either case it is a love-story carried on in comic dialogue, consisting of equivocal, evasion, enigma, quibble, jest, repartee, wilful misconstruction and misapplication, ironical praise, extravagant endearment, and jocose abuse. It is not very different, perhaps, in character from the *Fabulæ Attellanæ* of the Tuscans.

10. The *Prahasana* is a farcical or comic satire, and might be thought to have originated, like the old comedy, from the

* In Prinsep's Illustrations of Benares, part iii., are interesting representations of this scene and one which precedes it, the capture of Lankā.

physical drama translated by the late Dr. Taylor, comes under this species.

12. *Srīgadita* is an entertainment in one act, in which the goddess *Srī*, the goddess of prosperity or fortune, is introduced, or is imitated by the heroine. It is partly recited, and partly sung. An example of it is named the *Krīdārasāstala*.

13. The *Śilpaka* is in four acts. The scene is laid in a place where dead bodies are burned: the hero is a Brahman, and the confidant or *Pratinayaka* an outcast. Marvels and magic constitute the leading business of the piece. The *Kanakāvatī-Mādhava* is an example cited; and to borrow an illustration from the dramatic literature of Europe, we might class the *Freyschütz* under this head.

14. The *Vīlāsikā* or *Lāsikā* is an entertainment in one act, of which love is the subject, and the general strain is comic or farcical. No example is cited.

15. The *Durmallikā* is a comic intrigue in four acts, in each of which the friends of the hero and himself successively lead the business. The specimen named is the *Vindumatt*.

16. The *Prakarastikā* is here considered as a distinct class; but, as observed under the first head, this is usually considered only a variety of the *Nāṭikā*.

17. The *Hallīsa* is an entertainment of singing and dancing, chiefly in one act, represented by one male and eight or ten female performers. The example named is the *Kelirāvatika*; and the operatic ballets of Europe may afford some notion of the class.

18. The *Bhūṭikā* is a comic piece in one act. It is not very clearly defined, but it seems to be something like the piece which, after undergoing various migrations from *Le Dépit Amoureux* of Molière, ended in the farce of *Lovers' Quarrels*—a representation of unfounded jealousies and mutual reproaches. The *Kāmadattā* is the specimen named.

All these varieties are clearly reducible to but two, differing according to the loftier or lowlier tone of the composition, the more serious or comic tenor of the subject, and the regularity or irregularity of the construction. We might also conveniently transfer to them the definitions of the European stage, and class them under the heads of Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, Ballet, Burletta, Melodrama, and Farce. Their technical distribution is,

however, very unimportant; and the enumeration of the distinctions, as originally recognised, is a matter of little interest, except as it conveys a satisfactory proof of the extent to which dramatic literature was once cultivated by the Hindus.

From this general sketch of the varieties of the Hindu Theatre, we shall now proceed to examine what in their notions constituted a play; under the heads of its Dramatic Arrangement; the Conduct of the Plot; the Characters of the Drama; the objects of Dramatic Representation and the means by which they were effected, or the Diction and Scenic Apparatus.

3. DRAMATIC ARRANGEMENT.

In the Hindu drama every piece opens with a prelude or induction, in which the audience are made acquainted with the author, his work, the actors, and such part of the prior events as it is necessary for the spectators to know. In its propitiation of the audience, and reference to past occurrences, it is analogous to the prologue of ancient and modern times, and, as far as spoken in character, accords with what have been termed the Prologues of Euripides, and those of Plautus. Being in dialogue, however, it is more correctly the induction of the old Comedy, which, although considered "out of date" by Beaumont and Fletcher, was not unfrequent amongst their contemporaries, as in *Cynthia's Revels*, the *Returne from Parnassus*, and especially the *Malcontent of Marston*, in which the interlocutors are the actors. The *Faust* of Goethe affords a specimen of an induction in the present day. In the Hindu theatre, however, the actors of the prelude were never more than two, the manager and one of his company, either an actor or actress, and it differs from the similar preliminary performances of other people by leading immediately into the business of the drama.

The first part of this introduction is termed the *Púrva-ranga*, and agreeably to Hindu prejudices, and the religious complexion of the occasions on which performances were represented, opens with a prayer, invoking in a benedictory formula the protection of some deity in favour of the audience. This is termed the *Nándi*, or that which is the cause of gratification to men and gods. This benediction may consist of one, two, or three stanzas. The elder writers rarely exceed two, but those of later

date extend the *Nāndī* to three or four, and in one instance, the *Veñt-Saṅhāra*, we have as many as six. Occasionally a short prayer is added to the benediction, or even substituted for it.

It does not very distinctly appear by whom the *Nāndī* was spoken, for the general stage direction, *Nāndyāntē Sūtradhārah*, "at the end of the *Nāndī* the *Sūtradhāra*," seems to imply that it was not recited by this individual, the manager or conductor, the person who holds the thread or regulation of the business; but an aphorism of Bharata is cited, which says, "Let the *Sūtradhāra* recite the *Nāndī* in a tone neither high nor low." If, however, he does not enter until it is recited, he must perform the recitation behind the scenes. Another text is cited from Bharata, which says, "Having read the *Nāndī*, let the *Sūtradhāra* go off and the *Sthāpaka* enter." And the *Saṅgita-Kalpataru* has, "Let the *Sūtradhāra*, or some other person entering on the stage, pronounce the *Nāndī*." The commentator on the *Mudrā-Rākṣhaśa* observes, therefore, "that it is equally correct to supply the ellipse after *Nāndyāntē* by either *paṭhati* 'reads,' or *praviśati* 'enters:' in the former case the *Sūtradhāra* reciting the *Nāndī* and then continuing the induction; in the latter, the benediction being pronounced by a different individual." It seems not unlikely that it was the intention of the original writers, although the commentators may not have understood it, to discriminate between the real and assumed personage of the *Sūtradhāra*, who spoke the benediction in his own character or as a Brahman, which he must have been, and then carried on the dialogue of the prelude as the manager of the theatrical corps. The *Sūtradhāra* was expected to be a man of no inferior qualifications; and according to the technical description of him, "he was to be well versed in light literature, as narrative, plays, and poetry: he should be familiar with various dialects; acquainted with the customs of different classes and the manners of various people, experienced in dramatic details, and conversant with different mechanical arts."

The prayer is usually often followed by some account of the author of the piece, which is always in a strain of panegyric, very different from the self-dispraising tone adopted by European dramatists, although no doubt more sincere. The induction must in most cases have been the work of the author of the play, but it may sometimes have been the composition of

another hand. The introduction of the *Mrichchhakati* notices the death of the individual to whom the play is ascribed. In some places, the mention of the author is little more than the particularisation of his name.

The notice of the author is in general followed by a complimentary appeal to the favour of the audience, in a style with which we are perfectly familiar, and the manager occasionally gives a dramatic representation of himself and his concerns, as in the *Mrichchhakati* and *Mudrá-Rákshasa*, in a dialogue between him and one of his company, either an actor or an actress, who is termed the *Páripáświka*, or associate. The dialogue sometimes adverts to occurrences prior to the story of the piece, as in the *Uttara-Rāma-Charitra*, where the manager and actor are supposed to be inhabitants of Ayodhyá, and describe the departure of Rāma's guests, as if they had just witnessed it. In the *Vett-Sanhāra*, too, it should appear that they are inmates of the Páñḍava camp; and in the *Mudrá-Rákshasa* the manager appears as an inhabitant of Pátaliputra. In other preludes the connexion is less immediate. In that of *Śakuntalá* the actress sings a song descriptive of the hot season, for the amusement of the audience; and in *Málalí and Mádhaba* the manager and his companion declare the characters they are to play. In every case, however, the conclusion of the prelude, termed the *Prastāvaná*, prepares the audience for the entrance of one of the dramatic personages, who appears either by simply naming him, as in *Śakuntalá*, where the manager abruptly exclaims, "Here comes the king Dushyanta," or by uttering something he is supposed to overhear, and to which he advances to reply, as in the *Mrichchhakati* and *Mudrá-Rákshasa*.

The piece, being thus opened, is carried on in the manner with which the theatres of Europe are familiar, or the division of scenes and acts.

The scene may be considered to be marked, as in the French drama, by the entrance of one character and the exit of another, for in general the stage is never left empty in the course of the act, nor does total change of place often occur. The rule, however, in this respect, is not very rigidly observed, and contrivances have been resorted to, to fill up the seeming chasm which such an interruption as a total change

of scene requires, and to avoid that solecism which the entrance of a character, whose approach is unannounced, is considered.

Of these, two are personages: the interpreter and introducer; the *Vishkambhaka* and *Praveśaka*. These are members of the theatrical company, apparently, who may be supposed to sit by, and upon any interruption in the regular course of the piece, explain to the audience its cause and object. The *Vishkambha*, it is said, may appear at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end of an act: the *Praveśaka*, it is said, only between the acts. But this is contradicted by the constant practice, for in every place the *Praveśaka* indicates a change of scene. The duty of the *Praveśaka* was probably of a very simple nature, and he merely announced the change of scene and approach of a certain character. The *Vishkambha* had a more diversified duty, and besides filling up all the blanks in the story, he was expected to divert the audience by his wit and repartee, like the Arloquino Intramezzo, or the clowns of the Elizabethan period of our stage. The clumsiness of these supplementary performers seems not to have escaped the notice of the Hindu dramatists, and they are sometimes interwoven with the piece, as in the *Vēṭ-Sanhāra*, where a scene between two goblins, who are seeking their banquet upon the field of battle, is considered to be chiefly intended to connect the business of the drama, and prepare the audience for the death of Droṇa, which they behold and describe; and the description of the combat between Lava and Chandraketu, in the *Uttara-Rāma-Charitra*, by the two spirits of air, is a similar and still happier substitute for an interpreter. The employment of the *Vishkambha* and *Praveśaka* is indicated by a simple naming of them, and what either is to do or say is left to the person who fills the character.

The act, or *Anka*, is said to be marked by the exit of all the personages: a definition which is equally applicable to the practice of the French theatre. Of the duration of the act we have already spoken, and it will have been seen in the enumeration of the different species of theatrical compositions, that the number of acts varies from one to ten. The *Hanuman-Nāṭaka* indeed has fourteen; but it will be seen by the abstract account of that drama, that it is a poem rather than a play, or

at most a piece of patchwork, in which the fragments of an old play have been eked out by poetic narrative, and connected by the interposition of extraneous and undramatic matters. The precise division of Hindu plays into acts is a feature which serves to discriminate them from the Greek compositions, in which the division into acts was unknown, the only distinctions recognised being those of prologue, episode, and exode, regulated by the intervening songs of the chorus, to which we find nothing parallel in the regular plays of the Hindus. The division into acts appears to have been an arrangement invented by the Romans, from whom we can scarcely suspect the Hindus to have derived it.

The first act, or the *Ankamukha*, corresponds to the exposition, prologue, or protasis of the ancient theatre, and furnishes a clue to the subject of the whole story. This is in general ably done; as, for instance, in the *Mudrá Rākshasa*, the whole business of the last act of which is the development of contrivances intimated in the first. The first act of *Málatt and Mádhava* is entirely devoted to this object, with a minuteness of detail that is rather tedious, and reminds us of Puff's apology in the *Critic* for the language of the first scene of his play: "I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in the first scene, because there was so much matter of fact in it."

The ensuing acts carry on the business of the story to its final development in the last; and in general the Hindu writers are successful in maintaining the character of their exode, the business being rarely completed before the concluding act. The piece closes as it began, with a characteristic benediction or prayer, which is always repeated by the principal personage, and expresses his wishes for general plenty and happiness.

4. CONDUCT OF THE PLOT.

The business of every piece is termed its *Vastu*; its substance or thing, the *pragma* or *res*.

It is of two kinds, principal and secondary, or essential and episodic.

Every business involves five elements, the *Vija*, *Vindu*, *Patáka*, *Prakarí*, and *Kdrya*.

The *Vija*, or the seed, is the circumstance from which the

business arises. The policy of the prime minister in the *Ratnāvalī* is the seed, or remote cause, of the Rāja's obtaining the princess.

The *Vindu*, which literally means a drop, is the unintentional development of some secondary incident, which furnishes a clue to the event—as when Ratnāvalī learns accidentally that she has beheld the person of the Rāja Vatsa, she recollects she was designed by her father to be his bride, which after a due course of interruption she becomes.

Patākā, a banner, perhaps intended to signify embellishment, an episode.

Prakāś, an episodical incident, or an event of limited duration and subordinate importance, in which the principal characters bear no part.

Kārya, is the end, or object, which being effected, the whole is effected, as the marriage of Vatsa and Ratnāvalī.

The end or object of the business admits of five conditions : Beginning, Promotion, Hope of Success, Removal of Obstacles, Completion.

The series or combinations of incidents, the *Sandhis*, by which an object is ultimately attained, are also five.

The *Mukha* is the opening or preparatory course of incidents, by which the train of events to be afterwards developed is first sprung. Thus in *Mālatī and Mādhava*, the hero and heroine have been thrown in each other's way by seeming accident, but in fact by the devices of their friends ; and this lays the foundation of their love, and the occurrences of the play.

The *Pratimukha* is the metabasis, or secondary event, calculated to obstruct or promote the catastrophe, as the suspicion entertained by the queen, Vāsavadattā, of her husband's love for Sāgarikā.

The *Garbha* is the covert prosecution of purpose, giving way in appearance to impediments, but in reality adhering to the original intention.

Vimarsha is the peripeteia, in which an effect is produced contrary to its intended cause, or change in the course of the story, by which expectation is baffled, and an unforeseen reverse ensues. Sākuntalā, by her marriage with Dushyanta, has attained the summit of her desires, when she incurs the displeasure of

but temperate and firm ; *Uddatta*, ardent and ambitious. These are again subdivided, so as to make forty-eight species ; and by considering them as diversified by mortal, semi-divine, or celestial origin, are multiplied to a hundred and forty-four kinds. It must be rather difficult for a writer to observe, amidst such a multiplicity, the rule laid down for his delineation of the manners of his hero : for whatever individual he adopts, he must take care to make him consistent with himself, and not to give him qualities incompatible with his organisation. Thus it is said that it is incongruous to ascribe liberality to the demon Ravana ; to unite piety and pride in the son of Jamadagni ; and to accuse the high-minded Rama of compassing the death of Bali by fraud. These blemishes, when they occur in the original legend, should be kept out of view by the dramatist. Some allowance, however, is made for "lover's perjuries," and a prince and hero may compromise his credit for dignity and veracity, in concealing from a jealous bride his *égaremens de cœur*.

Equal minuteness has been displayed in specifying the classes of *Nayikás* or heroines ; and the extent to which females are partakers of scenic incident, affords an interesting picture of the relations of that sex in Hindu society. In the *Náttakas* and *Náttikás* we have the nymphs of heaven, the brides of demigods, the wives of saints, and female saints themselves, and the deified woods and rivers ; in the plays of pure fiction, we have princesses and courtesans ; and in the pieces of intrigue, the different inmates of the harem. The first class of females is the legitimate creation of poetry and mythology, the others are portraits from social life. The introduction of the unmarried female of high birth into the lighter scenes of common life, is an accession to which ancient comedy was a stranger. The unmarried girl of family is never introduced in person in the scenes of Plautus and Terence. In *Málatt* and *Mádhava*, we have Málattí and her friend Madayantiká ; and in the *Ratndvall*, Sagariká and the other damsels of the interior of the palace. It may be suspected, however, that the former piece presents a purer specimen of Hindu manners than the latter. It seems probable that the princes of India learnt the practice of the rigid exclusion of women in their harems from the Mohammedans, and that previously, although they were subject to many restrictions, they

were allowed to go freely into public on public occasions, they were present at dramatic performances, they formed the chief part at bridal processions, they were permitted to visit the temples of the gods, and to perform their ablutions with little or no privacy in sacred streams ; which last-named privileges they still retain, and to which Mohammedan women have no similar right. Even in later times, the presence of men other than a husband or a son, was far from prohibited in the inner apartments ; and in the *Ratnāvalī*, the minister of Vatsa, with his chamberlain and the envoy from Ceylon, are admitted to the audience of the Rájá in the presence of the queen and her attending damsels. In what may be considered heroic times, queens and princesses seem to have travelled about where and how they pleased ; and in the *Uttara-Rāma-Charitra*, Sítá is sent to live by herself in the forests, and the mother of Rāma comes with little or no parade to the hermitage of Válmíki.

Although, however, the social restraints to which females were subjected, under the ancient Hindu system, were of a very different nature from those which Mohammedanism imposes, and were in all probability even less severe than those which prevailed in many of the Grecian states, they did no doubt operate to such an extent as to preclude women from taking any part in general society. This was more particularly the case with unmarried women ; and we learn from several of the dramas, that it was a part of virtuous breeding for a virgin to decline conversation with a man, even with a lover. Thus Sāgariká in the *Ratnāvalī*, and Málátí in *Málátí and Mádhava*, can with difficulty be prevailed upon to address the objects of their affection. They answer to every question by proxy, and do not even trust their voices to their female companion above a whisper, when those they adore are present. Unmarried women, therefore, we may infer, might be in company with men and might hear their addresses, but would have violated decorum if they had ventured to reply. No restraint of the nature was imposed upon married women. Sākuntalá appears in the public court of Dushyanta and pleads her own cause ; and Vāsavadattá, in the *Ratnāvalī*, enters unreservedly into communication with her father's envoy. The married ladies of the lighter pieces, indeed, exercise their wit upon their husband's par-

ticular confidant and friend, the Vidúshaka, and the queen of Agnimitra and her foster sister Mekhalá, indulge themselves in practical jokes at Cháráyana's expense.

The want of opportunity thus afforded to Hindu youth to appreciate the characters and dispositions of those to whom they were affianced, might be supposed to have subjected them to subsequent disgust and disappointment at home, and consequently compelled them to seek the gratification derived from female society elsewhere. Such has been the reason assigned for a similar practice amongst the Greeks. It may be doubted, however, whether this want of previous acquaintance was in any way the cause of the effect ascribed to it, for the practice was very universal, and disappointment could not have universally occurred. In all probability, it occurred less often than it does in European society, in which so much pains are taken to embellish talent, and in which conventional good breeding conceals defects. The practice rather originated in what was considered to be the perfection of female virtue. "She was the best of women of whom little could be said, either in the way of good or harm : she was educated to see as little, to hear as little, and inquire as little as possible, and the chief purposes of her married life were to perpetuate her race, and regulate the economy of the household." Her maximum of merit consisted in the assiduity with which she nursed her children and controlled her servants, and whilst thus devoted "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer," she might be a very useful, but certainly could not be a very entertaining companion.

The defective education of the virtuous portion of the sex, and their consequent uninteresting character, held out an inducement to the unprincipled members, both of Greek and Hindu society, to rear a class of females, who should supply those wants which rendered home cheerless, and should give to men hetæra or female friends, and associates in intellectual as well as in animal enjoyment. A courtesan of this class inspired no abhorrence: she was brought up from her infancy to the life she professed, which she graced by her accomplishments, and not unfrequently dignified by her virtues. Her disregard of social restraint was not the voluntary breach of moral, social, or religious precepts: it was the business of her education to minister to pleasure, and in the imperfect system of the Greeks,

she committed little or no trespass against the institutes of the national creed or the manners of society. The Hindu principles were more rigid ; and not only was want of chastity in a female a capital breach of social and religious obligations, but the association of men with professed wantons was an equal violation of decorum, and, involving a departure from the purity of caste, was considered a virtual degradation from rank in society. In practice, however, greater latitude seems to have been observed ; and in the *Mṛichchhakatī*, a Brahman, a man of family and repute, incurs apparently no discredit from his love for a courtesan. A still more curious feature is, that his passion for such an object seems to excite no sensation in his family nor uneasiness in his wife, and the nurse presents his child to his mistress, as to its mother ; and his wife, besides interchanging civilities (a little coldly, perhaps, but not compulsively), finishes by calling her "sister," and acquiescing therefore in her legal union with her lord. It must be acknowledged that the poet has managed his story with great dexterity, and the interest with which he has invested his heroine prevents manners so revolting to our notions from being obtrusively offensive. No art was necessary, in the estimation of a Hindu writer, to provide his hero with a wife or two, more or less, and the acquisition of an additional bride is the ordinary catastrophe of the lighter dramas.

Women are distinguished as being *Swakṛtyā*, *Parakṛtyā*, and *Sāmānyā*—or the wife of an individual himself, the wife or daughter of another person, and one who is independent. Each of these is distinguished as *Mugdḥā*, *Praudḥā*, and *Pragalbḥā*, or youthful, adolescent, and mature ; and of each of these, again, there are many varieties, which it is needless to specify. We may observe, however, to the honour of the Hindu drama, that the *Parakṛtyā*, or she who is the wife of another person, is never to be made the object of a dramatic intrigue : a prohibition that would have sadly cooled the imagination and curbed the wit of Dryden and Congreve.

The incidental characters or conditions of a *Nāyikā* are declared to be eight :—

1. The *Swādḥānapatīkā* is devoted to her husband.
2. The *Vāsakasajjā* is a damsel full dressed in expectation of her lover.
3. The *Virahotkanṭhitā* mourns the absence of her lord.

4. The *Khaṇḍitā* is mortified by detecting a lover's infidelity.
5. The *Kalahantarītā* is overcome with grief or anger at real or fancied neglect.
6. The *Vipralabdā* is disappointed by her lover's failing his appointment.
7. The *Proshatabhartrikā* is a female whose husband or lover is in a foreign country.
8. The *Abhisārikā* is a female who goes to meet her lover, or sends to seek him.

The *Alaṅkāras*, the ornaments or graces of women, and with which the *Nāyikā* should be delineated by the dramatic or poetic writer, are said to be twenty. Many of these are palpable enough: such as *Śobhā*, brilliancy or beauty, and youth; *Mādhurya*, sweetness of disposition; *Dhairya*, steady attachment, &c. But there are some which, as characteristic of the Hindu system, may perhaps merit specification. *Bhāva* is a slight personal indication of natural emotion. *Hāva* is its stronger expression, as change of colour; and *Held* is the decided manifestation of feeling. *Līlā* is mimicry of a lover's manner, language, dress, &c., for his diversion, or that of female companions. *Vīḍa* is the expression of desire evinced in look, act, or speech. *Vichchhitti* is neglect of dress and ornaments through mental agitation. *Vibhrama* is the wrong application of personal embellishments occasioned by hurry and anxiety. *Kilakinchita* is mixed sensation, as the conflict between joy and grief, tenderness and resentment. *Mottāyita* is the silent expression of returned affection. *Kuttamita* is the affected repulse of a lover's endearments. *Vikṛita* is the suppression of the sentiments of the heart through bashfulness; and *Lalita* is the conviction of triumphant charms, and the sentiment of gratified love, as expressed by elegance of attire and complacency of deportment.

The *dramatis personæ*, with the exception of the hero and heroine, form the *anga* or the body of the characters. Of these the following are distinguished:—

The *Pīthamardā* is the friend and confidant of the hero, and sometimes the hero of a secondary action interwoven with the principal. Such is the case in the *Mālātī and Mādhava*, in which the love of Makaranda for Madayantikā proceeds parallel with that of Mādhava for Mālātī.

Another person of primary rank is the *Pratindayaka*, the counterpart and antagonist of the hero. Such is Ravana as opposed to Rama, and Duryodhana to Yudhishthira.

Each of these may have his courtiers, ministers, officers, companions, and dependants; but there are two individuals, termed specifically the *Vita* and the *Vidushaka*, that are peculiar in some degree to the theatre of the Hindus.

The character of the *Vita* is not very easily understood. It is necessary that he should be accomplished in the lighter arts, particularly poetry, music, and singing, and he appears indiscriminately as the companion of a man or woman, although, in the latter case, the female is the courtesan. He is generally represented on familiar and easy, and yet dependent, terms with his associate, and evinces something of the character of the Parasite of the Greek comedy, but that he is never rendered contemptible. It does not appear that he professes to teach the arts he practises, although it is not impossible that such was his employ, and that he was retained about the person of the wealthy and dissipated, as a kind of private instructor as well as entertaining companion. In lexicons, the person indicated by the *Vita* is a despicable being, of whose character no vestiges occur in the theatrical picture.

As Schlegel observes, every theatre has its buffoon, and the *Vidushaka* plays that part in the theatre of the Hindus. He is the humble companion, not the servant, of a prince or man of rank; and it is a curious peculiarity, that he is always a Brahmin. He bears more affinity to Sancho Panza, perhaps, than any other character in western fiction, imitating him in his combination of shrewdness and simplicity, his fondness of good living, and his love of ease. In the dramas of intrigue, he exhibits some of the talents of Mercury, but with less activity and ingenuity, and occasionally suffers by his interference. In the *Mrichchhakat* he is further distinguished by his morality and his devotion to his friend. This character is always lively, and sometimes almost witty, although in general his facetiousness does not take a very lofty flight. According to the technical definition of his attributes, he is to excite mirth by being ridiculous in person, age, and attire.

The *Nayika*, or heroine, has always her companion and confidante, and the most appropriate personage to fill this capacity

Some writers consider *Īrshyá* as synonymous with *Asūyá* : but one authority distinguishes it as a variety, and restricts the former to jealousy or intolerance of attention or respect shown to a rival, as,

Example.—“Go, shameless wretch, to her to whom you have transferred your homage, the crimson tincture of whose feet you wear as the embellishment of your forehead.” (*Saraswatikanīhābharaṇa*.)

5. *Mada*, intoxication, extravagant joy, and forgetfulness of sorrow ; *Vibhāvas*, drinking, &c. ; *Anubhāvas*, unsteadiness in movement, indistinctness of utterance, drowsiness, laughing, weeping.

Example.—“The tongue tastes the liquor, and our existence is wholly unprofitable : all the faculties are overwhelmed by the unreality of a shadow.” (*Rasa-Tarangīnī*.)

6. *Śrama*, weariness ; *Vibhāvas*, bodily exertion or excessive indulgence ; *Anubhāvas*, perspiration, languor, &c.

Example.—“There you reclined your form in repose upon my bosom, for vainly had my endearments sought to give relief to those tender limbs, beautiful in rest, and delicate as the soft fibres of the lotus stem, when wearied by the lengthened way.” (*Daśa-Rūpaka*, from the *Uttara Rāma-Charitra*.)

7. *Ālasya*, indolence, aversion to activity ; *Vibhāvas*, weariness, luxuriousness, pregnancy, meditation ; *Anubhāvas*, tardy and reluctant motion, stooping, yawning, becoming of a darker complexion.

Example.—“The daughter of the mountain, when heavy with her pleasing burden, was unable to prevent Hara from carrying off her necklace with her hands, and languidly raised her eye in smiles upon his theft.” (*Rasa-Tarangīnī*, from the *Kumāra-Sambhava*.)

8. *Dainya*, the depression of indigence and pain ; *Vibhāvas*, desertion, neglect, contempt ; *Anubhāvas*, hunger, thirst, ragged apparel, wretchedness of appearance.

Example.—“The husband, old and blind, reclines upon the platform ; the dwelling is in ruins, and the rainy season is at hand. There are no good tidings of the son, and as the matron anxiously preserves the last drop of oil in the fragment of a broken jar, she looks at her pregnant daughter-in-law, and weeps.” (*Daśa-Rūpaka*.)

9. *Chintā*, painful reflection, the absorption of the mind in unpleasant recollection ; *Vibhāvas*, the loss or absence of a desired object ; *Anubhāvas*, tears, sighs, change of colour, feverish heat.

Example.—“Whom do you think of, gentle and lovely maiden, as you lean your cheek upon your hand, around whose wrists the lotus fibre twines its cooling bracelet? from those long lashes drop a stream of pearly tears, to weave a lengthened necklace, far more bright than Hara's radiant smile.” (*Dāśa-Rūpaka*.)

10. *Moha*, perplexity, distraction, not knowing what is to be done or left undone; *Vibhāvas*, terror, impetuosity, painful recollection; *Anubhāvas*, giddiness, falling on the ground, insensibility.

Example.—“I know not whether this be pain or pleasure that I feel; whether I wake or sleep, whether wine or venom spread through my frame; thy touch has confounded all my faculties, and now I shake with cold, and now I burn with inward heat.” (*Dāśa-Rūpaka*, from the *Uttara-Rāma-Charitra*.)

11. *Smṛiti*, recollection; *Vibhāvas*, the effort to remember, association of ideas; *Anubhāvas*, contracting or drawing up the eyebrows, &c.

Example.—“Is this Maināka that stops my way through the air? Whence is this audacity? Has he forgotten how he shrank from the thunderbolt of Indra?—Is it Tārkaśya that thus presumes, who ought to know me, Rāvana, the equal of his lord?—No, it is Jatāyu—oppressed by years, he comes to court his death.” (*Dāśa-Rūpaka*, from the *Hanuman-Nāṭaka*.)

12. *Dhṛiti*, concentration or repose of the mind, fortitude or content; *Vibhāvas*, knowledge, power; *Anubhāvas*, calm enjoyment, patient suffering.

Example.—“We are contented here with the bark of trees; you are happy in affluence: our satisfaction is equal, there is no difference in our conditions. He alone is poor whose desires are insatiable; but when the mind is satisfied, who can be called poor, who can be termed rich?” (*Dāśa-Rūpaka*, from the *Śatakas* of *Bhartṛhari*.)

13. *Vṛiddā*, shame, shrinking from praise or censure; *Vibhāvas*, conscious impropriety, disgrace, defeat; *Anubhāvas*, casting down the eyes, hanging down the head, covering the face, blushing.

Example.—“The eyes of Arjuna, suffused with starting tears, are fixed in sad dejection upon his bow; inflamed with rage, he mourns the death of Abhimanyu, slain by an unworthy enemy, but burns still more with shame to think it yet unrevenge! ‘Alas, alas, my son!’ are words that are swelling in his throat, but not suffered to find their way.” (*Sarvasatīkāśīdhābharaṇa*, from the *Veṅkī-Saṅhāra*.)

14. *Chapalāṭā*, unsteadiness, haste, repeatedly changing from

"1st *Rākshasa*. If he be such as you describe, what can such as I attempt?" (*Dāsa-Rūpaka*, from the *Uddatta-Rāghava*.)

Example.—"When the monkey chiefs heard from Hanumat, upon his return, that they would be unable to cross the expanded bed of the ocean, they laughed at his report; but when they reached the shore, and first beheld the vast and ever-tossing main, they stood to gaze upon it like figures in a picture." (*Rasa-Taranginī*, from the *Hanuman-Nāṭaka*.)

18. *Garba*, arrogance, holding one's self superior to all men; *Vibhāvas*, opinion of family, beauty, rank, and strength; *Anubhāvas*, disrespect, frowns, freedoms, laughter, acts of prowess.

Example.—"Whilst I bear arms, what need of others' swords: that which cannot be accomplished by my falchion must be impossible for all." (*Sarasvatikanthabharatā*, from the *Mahābhārata*.)

19. *Vishāda*, despair of success, anticipation of misfortune; *Vibhāvas*, failure in acquiring wealth, fame, or offspring, and their loss; *Anubhāvas*, sighing, palpitation, abstraction, anxious search for friends or patrons, &c.

Example.—"*Tārakā*, what is this? Gourds sink in the stream, and stones are buoyant. The glory of the mighty monarch of the *Rākshasas* is effaced, and the child of a mortal triumphs. I have lived to see my kinsmen slain; the feebleness of age forbids the discharge of my functions. What now is to be done?" (*Dāsa-Rūpaka*, from the *Vīra-Charitra*.)

20. *Autsukya*, impatience; *Vibhāva*, expectation of a lover; *Anubhāvas*, uneasiness, lassitude, sighs.

Example.—"The first watch is spent in agreeable diversions; the second, in weaving a wreath of lotus flowers, *champakas*, *ketakas*, *jasmīnes*; the third, in adjusting the golden bracelet, and chain, and ear-rings, and zone. But how, pretty damsel, is the last watch of the day to be passed?" (*Rasa-Taranginī*.)

21. *Nidrā*, drowsiness, contraction of the mental faculties, or recession of their properties from the organs of sense; *Vibhāvas*, fatigue of body or mind; *Anubhāvas*, relaxation of the muscles, twinkling of the eyes, yawning, dosing.

Example.—"Still echo in my heart those gentle love-inspiring words my fawn-eyed maid breathed to-day, half indistinct and half articulate, when her eyes twinkled with drowsiness." (*Dāsa-Rūpaka*.)

22. *Apasmāra*, possession, demoniac or planetary influence; *Vibhāvas*, impurity, solitude, excessive fear or grief, &c.; *Anu-*

bhāvas, trembling, sighing, foaming, lolling out the tongue, falling on the ground in convulsions.

Example.—“When he beheld the Lord of Waters, furious and foaming, clinging to the earth and tossing high his mighty waves like arms, he thought him one possessed.” (*Dāśa-Rūpaka*, from *Māgha*).

23. *Supta*, sleep; *Vibhāva*, sleepiness; *Anubhāvas*, closing of the eyes, immobility, and hard breathing.

Example.—“As the eyes of the foe of Mura close, and the breath plays upon his quivering lip, in the bowers on the Yamundā's bank, one smiling damsel steals away his robe, another the gem from his ear, and a third the golden bracelets from his arms.” (*Rasa-Tarangīnī*).

24. *Vibodha*, the unfolding of the faculties, waking; *Vibhāva*, dissipation of drowsiness; *Anubhāvas*, rubbing the eyes, snapping the fingers, shaking the limbs.

Example.—“May the glances of Hari preserve you, when he extends his dripping limbs, designing to quit his discus, pillow, and serpent couch amidst the ocean, and averts his half-opening eyes, red with long slumber, from the blaze of the lamps, set with gems.” (*Sarasvatikanthābharaṇa*, from the *Mudrā-Rākṣasa*).

25. *Amarsha*, impatience of opposition or rivalry; *Vibhāvas*, discomfiture, disgrace; *Anubhāvas*, perspiration, redness of the eyes, shaking of the head, abusive language, blows.

Example.—“Shall the sons of Dhṛitarāshṭra go unpunished, and I survive? They have set fire to our dwelling, offered us poison for food, assumed our state, seized upon our wealth, and sought our lives, and have laid violent hands upon the robe and tresses of our common bride.” (*Sarasvatikanthābharaṇa*, from the *Venī-Saṅhāra*).

26. *Avakīṭhā*, disguise, attempted concealment of sentiments by personal acts; *Vibhāvas*, modesty, turpitude, importance; *Anubhāvas*, acting, looking, and speaking in a manner foreign to the real object.

Example.—“Whilst thus the divine sage spoke, the beauteous Parvatī, standing by his side, held down her head with shame, and pretended to count the leaves of the lotus in her hand.” (*Dāśa-Rūpaka*, from the *Kumāra-Sambhava*).

27. *Ugratā*, sternness, cruelty; *Vibhāvas*, promulgation of fault or crime, theft, evil disposition; *Anubhāvas*, reviling, abusing, beating.

Example.—“Is not my unrelenting spirit known to all the world? One and twenty times did I destroy the martial race, and hewed to pieces the very infants in the womb; nor desisted till I had allayed

the fires of a father's wrath, by ablution in the reservoir of blood which I had promised to his ghost." (*Daśa-Rūpaka*, from the *Vīra-Charitra*.)

28. *Mati*, apprehension, mental conclusion ; *Vibhāva*, study of the *Sāstras* ; *Anubhāvas*, shaking the head, drawing up the brows, giving instruction or advice.

Example.—"Assuredly she is fit to be a Kshattriya's wife, for my mind feels her worthy of my love. The dictates of the soul are in all doubtful points the authority of the virtuous." (*Sarasvatikanthābharaṇa*, from *Sakuntalā*.)

29. *Vyādhi*, sickness ; *Vibhāvas*, vitiation of the humours, effect of heat or cold, influence of the passions ; *Anubhāvas*, appropriate bodily symptoms.

Example.—"Her kindred are in tears, her parents in sorrowful abstraction, her friends are overcome with melancholy, her associates with affliction : the hope to her that to-day or to-morrow her sufferings will cease is despair to others, but she participates not in the pain of separation from the world." (*Daśa-Rūpaka*.)

30. *Unmāda*, absence of reflection or restraint : *Vibhāvas*, loss of a beloved or desired object, reverse of fortune, morbid action or possession ; *Anubhāvas*, talking incoherently, laughing, weeping, or singing without cause.

Example.—"Vile Rākshasa, forbear ; whither wouldst thou bear my beloved ! Alas ! it is no demon, but a cloud. It is the bow of Indra, not the weapon of a distant foe ; the rain-drops beat upon me, not hostile shafts ; and that gleam of golden radiance is the lightning, not my love." (*Daśa-Rūpaka*, from *Vikrama and Urvāśi*.)

31. *Marāṇa*, death ; *Vibhāvas*, expiration, wounds, injuries ; *Anubhāvas*, falling on the ground, immobility.

Example.—"The female fiend, pierced through the heart by the resistless shafts of the blooming Rāma, poured through the nostrils a torrent of blood, and sought the dwelling of the lord of life." (*Sahitya-Darpana*, from the *Raghu-Vaṇśa*.)

32. *Trāsa*, fear without cause ; *Vibhāvas*, hearing frightful sounds, seeing alarming objects ; *Anubhāvas*, immobility, trembling, perspiration, relaxed muscles.

Example.—"As the fish played about their knees, the nymphs of heaven, their glances wild with terror and striking their hands together, looked upon each other fearfully." (*Sarasvatikanthābharaṇa*, from the *Kirāṭa*.)

33. *Vitarka*, consideration, discussion ; *Vibhāva*, the percep-

tion of doubtful circumstances ; *Anubhāvas*, shaking the head, raising the eyebrows, &c.

Example.—“Has this been contrived by Bharata, misled by ambition, or has the second queen effected it through female levity ? Both these notions must be incorrect. The prince is the hero's youngest brother ; the queen, his parent and his father's wife. It is clear, therefore, that this unhappy event is the work of destiny.” (*Dāśa-Rūpaka*.)

This concludes the list of *Vyabhichāri-Bhāvas*, or incidental conditions, according to the best treatises on this subject ; and as they assert, to the elementary rules of Bharata, in which they are enumerated. They are in many cases subtilised and subdivided in a manner which it is unnecessary here to notice. Their judicious delineation gives to poetic and dramatic composition its flavour or taste.

The *Rasas*, it is expressly stated, are so termed, from the analogy between mental and physical impressions. The conception of love or hatred, as derived from a drama, is fitly compared to the notion which such substances as may be sweet or saline convey of saltness or sweetness. The idea is not peculiar to Hindu literature ; and the most polished nations of Europe agree in the employment of a term of similar literal and metaphorical import, as *taste*, *gusto*, *gout*, *geschmack*. A similar application of terms is traceable in Latin and Greek ; and, as Addison observes, “this metaphor would have not been so general, had there not been a conformity between the mental taste and that sensitive taste which gives us a relish of every savour.”

The *Rasas* reside in the composition, but are made sensible by their action on the reader or spectator. In the first case, they may be identified with the permanent conditions or *Bhāvas*. It is more usual, however, to regard them as distinct—as the effects of the *Bhāvas* and not of one nature with them. Their due appreciation depends upon the sensitiveness of the critic ; but a spectator, who deserves the name, is defined by Bharata to be “one who is happy when the course of the drama is cheerful, melancholy when it is sorrowful, who rages when it is furious, and trembles when it is fearful,” or, in a word, who sympathises with what he sees.

The *Rasas* are eight, according to Bharata : according to

some authorities there are nine. They are *Śringāra*, love; *Hāsya*, mirth; *Karuṇā*, tenderness; *Raudra*, fury; *Vīra*, heroism; *Bhayānaka*, terror; *Bibhatsa*, disgust; and *Adbhuta*, wonder—the ninth is *Śānta*, or tranquillity. The serious part of this list is much more comprehensive than the Greek tragic *Rasas* of terror and pity; but, as anticipated by the Hindu critics, the whole might be easily extended. In reply to this, however, they say, that all other impressions may be classed under some of these, as paternal fondness comes under the head of tenderness, and avarice is an object of mirth; and the same argument may be urged in favour of the limitations of Aristotle. The fewer the classes, however, the more subtle is the ingenuity required to squeeze all the species into them, and so far the Hindu theory has an advantage over the Greek.

Śringāra, or love, is a very leading principle in the drama of the Hindus: it is not, however, an indispensable ingredient, and many plays are wholly exempt from any trace of it. The love of the Hindus is less sensual than that of the Greek and Latin comedy, and less metaphysical than that of French and English tragedy. The loose gallantry of modern comedy is unknown to the Hindus, and they are equally strangers to the professed adoration of chivalric poetry: but their passion is neither tame nor undignified. It is sufficiently impassioned to be exempt from frigidity, and it is too tender to degrade the object of the passion; whilst, at the same time, the place that woman holds in society is too rationally defined for her to assume an influence foreign to her nature; and the estimation in which human life is held, is too humble, for a writer to elevate any mortal to the honours of a divinity. The condition of lovers is described as threefold: they may be in possession of each other's affections, and personally united; their passion may not have been mutually communicated, and their union not have taken place; and they may have been united and subsequently separated from each other. The first is called *Sambhoga*, the second *Ayoga*, and the third *Viprayoga*: or these kinds are reduced to two, and *Sambhoga* expresses successful, and *Vipralambha* unsuccessful love. The causes and consequences and modifications of these conditions are the

subjects of much subtle definition, which it is not necessary to prosecute. Abundant illustration of the manner in which the passion is treated will be found in the following pages.

Vira is the *Rasa* of heroism; and heroic magnanimity is evinced in three ways: munificence, clemency, and valour. Where the latter is displayed, it must be calm, collected, and dispassionate: any indication of violence belongs to a different taste. The *Vira Charitra* affords an example of this *Rasa*, and the calm intrepidity of its hero presents a very favourable contrast to the fury of a Tydides, or the arrogance of a Rinaldo.

Bibhatsa is the feeling of disgust inspired by filthy objects, or by fetid odours, or by low and virulent abuse. It is not the subject, it is believed, of any entire drama, but many scenes of this description occur, as the resort of Mádharma to the place of cremation, and the dialogue of the two demons in the *Vent Samhara*.

Raudra is the sentiment of furious passion, expressed by violent gesticulation, threatening language, and acts of personal aggression. Examples of it occur only in detached characters, as in *Paraśuráma*, *Ravana*, and *Duryodhana*.

Hasya is mirth arising from ridicule of person, speech, or dress, either one's own or another's, and engenders laughter of various intensity: as *Smita*, which is only the expansion of the eyelids; *Hasita* displays the teeth; *Vihasta* is characterised by a gentle exclamation; *Upahasta* exhibits tears; in *Apahasta* the tears flow in excess; and *Atihasita* is "laughter holding both his sides." The two first kinds of merriment are the genteelest; the two next are rather vulgar, but pardonable; the two last are absolutely low, or "the vulgar way the vulgar show their mirth."

The *Adbhuta Rasa* is the expression of the marvellous. Wonder is the prevailing characteristic produced by uncommon objects, and indicated by exclamation, trembling, and perspiration, &c.

The *Bhayanaka* is the taste of terror: it is induced by awful occurrences, and exhibited by trembling, perspiration, dryness of mouth, and indistinctness of judgment.

Karuná is pity or tenderness excited by the occurrence of misfortunes: it is inspired by sighs and tears, mental uncon-

sciousness or aberration, and is suitably illustrated by the delineation of depression, exhaustion, agony, and death.

The *Sánta Rasa* is very consistently excluded from dramatic composition, although it is allowed a place in moral or didactic poetry. It implies perfect quiescence, or exemption from mental excitement, and is therefore uncongenial to the drama, the object of which is to paint and inspire passion. The advocates for its exclusion suggest a compromise, and transfer it from the persons of the play to the audience, who are thus fitted for the impressions to be made upon them. It is highly proper, it is urged, that they should exhibit the *Sánta Rasa*, and sit in silent attention, their tempers perfectly passive, and their hearts free from every external influence.

Conformably to the genius of mythological classification, the *Rasas* are by some authorities considered to be personified of various hues, and subject to the influence of different divinities, as follows :—

<i>Śringāra</i> ,	black, subject to	Vishnú.
<i>Hásyā</i> ,	white,	Rāma.
<i>Raudra</i> ,	red,	Rudra.
<i>Vīra</i> ,	red,	Sakra.
<i>Karuṇā</i> ,	gray,	Varuṇa.
<i>Bhayanāka</i> , ...	black,	Yama.
<i>Bībhatsa</i> ,	blue,	Mahākāla.
<i>Adbhuta</i> ,	yellow,	Brahmā.

The arrangement appears, however, to be modern, and little recognised.

The combinations of the *Rasas* with each other, their modifications, and the manner in which they are affected by the intermixture of the different *Bhāvas*, furnish the Hindu writers on the subject with ample opportunity to indulge their passion for infinite minutiae. It may be observed, however, that this rage for subtile subdivision is most remarkable in writers of recent date, and the oldest works, as the *Daśa-Rūpaka* for instance, are contented with a moderate multiplication of definitions. As to the dramatic writers themselves, they might possibly have been influenced in some degree by theoretical principles, and in the example of one of the most celebrated, *Bhavabhūti*, we have his three pieces severally appropriated, like Miss Baillie's plays

7. DICTION.

The language of the Hindu theatre offers many peculiarities, but they can scarcely be fully detailed without citing the original passages, and could only be duly appreciated by students of the Sanskrit language. It will be sufficient for our purpose, therefore, to advert to the principal characteristics.

According to the original aphorism of Bharata, "the poet is to employ choice and harmonious terms, and an elevated and polished style, embellished with the ornaments of rhetoric and rhythm." The injunction has not been disregarded, and in no department of Hindu literature are the powers of the Sanskrit language more lavishly developed. In the late writers, the style is generally so painfully laboured as to be still more painfully read; but in the oldest and best pieces, the composition, although highly finished, is not in general of difficult apprehension. The language of Kālidāsa is remarkably easy; so is that of Bhavabhūti, in the *Uttara-Rāma-Charitra*. In his other two plays, and especially in *Mālati* and *Mādhava*, it is more elaborate and difficult. The *Mṛichchhakatī* presents fewer difficulties than any of the whole series. The *Murdri-Nātaka* is one of the most unintelligible.

The ordinary business dialogue of the Hindu dramas is for the greater part in prose, but reflections or descriptions, and the poetical flights of the author, are in verse. Every one of the many kinds of Sanskrit metre is employed on the latter occasion, from the *Anushtubh* to the *Daśdaka*, or verse of four lines of eight syllables each, to that which contains any number of syllables from twenty-seven to one hundred and ninety-nine. Bhavabhūti occasionally indulges in this last metre; Kālidāsa seldom, if ever. His favourite form appears to be the *Āryā* or *Gāthā*; but none of the poets confine themselves to a particular description. The first thirty-five stanzas of *Sakuntalā* exhibit eleven kinds of metre; and in the scene quoted from *Mālati* and *Mādhava* by Mr. Colebrooke, in his Essay on Sanskrit and Prākṛit Prosody, in the tenth volume of the Asiatic Researches, we have the like number, or eleven varieties, for the greater part of the most complex description. That this diversity of composition enhances the difficulty of

understanding the Hindu plays may be admitted, but it likewise adds to the richness and melody of the composition. It is impossible to conceive language so beautifully musical, or so magnificently grand, as that of many of the verses of Bhavabhūti and Kālidāsa.

Another peculiarity of the Hindu plays is their employing different forms of speech for different characters. This is not, like the *patois* of the French comedies, or the Scotch of English dramas, individual and occasional, but is general and invariable. The hero and the principal personages speak Sanskrit, but women and the inferior characters use the various modifications of that language which are comprehended under the term *Prākṛit*. As observed by Mr. Colebrooke, in regard to this mixture of languages, the Italian theatre presents instances in the prose comedies of Ruzzanti; and the coincidence is noticed by Mr. Walker, with reference to Sir William Jones's remarks, prefixed to his translation of *Sakuntalā*. But these five-act farces, the notion of which was probably borrowed from the *Pænulus* of Plautus, hold but an insignificant place in the dramatic literature of Italy, and the employment of the Venetian and Bergamask dialects by Goldoni is only like the use of those of Somersetshire or Yorkshire on the English stage, except that it is rather more prominent and frequent. In no theatre, however, have we a mixture of languages exactly analogous to that invariable in the drama of the Hindus.

"*Prākṛit*," Sir William Jones observes (Preface to *Sakuntalā*), "is little more than the language of the Brahmans melted down, by a delicate articulation, to the softness of Italian:" in which he is quite correct, as far as the *Prākṛit* spoken by the heroine and principal female personages is concerned. Mr. Colebrooke, however, more correctly intimates, that the term *Prākṛit* is of a more comprehensive nature, and is properly applicable to all the written and cultivated dialects of India. It may be doubted, however, if it is usually understood in this sense, and the term is applied in the *Prākṛit* grammars to a variety of forms, which agree only in name with the spoken dialects. Thus the *Māgadhī*, by which name may be considered that dialect which is more ordinarily understood by *Prākṛit*, is very different from the vernacular language of Magadh or Behar. The

LIST OF HINDU PLAYS.

* Mfichchhakatī.	+ Kāśa-Badha.
Śakuntalā (translated by Sir William Jones).	+ Pradyumna-Vijaya.
* Vikrama and Urvaśī.	+ Śrīdāma-Charitra.
+ Mālavikā and Agnimitra.	+ Dhūrtta-Narttaka.
* Uttara-Rāma-Charitra.	+ Dhūrtta-Samāgama.
* Mālatī and Mādhava.	+ Hāsyaśāstra.
+ Mahāvīra-Charitra.	+ Kautuka-Sarvaswa.
+ Veṇī-Samhāra.	Prabodha-Chandrodaya (translated by Dr. Taylor).
* Mudrā-Rākṣasa.	Rāmābhyudaya.
+ Udātta-Rāghava.	Kunda-Mālā.
+ Hanuman-Nāṭaka.	Saugandhikāharaṇa.
* Ratnāvalī.	Kusumaśekhara-Vijaya.
+ Viddhā-Sālābhanjikā.	Raivata-Madanikā.
+ Bala-Rāmāyaṇa.	Narmavatī.
+ Prachīnā-Pāṇḍava.	Vilāsavatī.
+ Karpūra-Manjarī.	Śringāra-Tilaka.
+ Jāmadagnya-Jaya.	Devī-Mahādeva.
+ Samudra-Mathana.	Yādavodaya.
+ Tripuradāha.	Bālī-Badha.
+ Dhananjaya-Vijaya.	Anekamurtta.
+ Anargha-Rāghava.	Mayakapālikā.
+ Śārada-Tilaka.	Kṛīḍāśātala.
+ Yayāti-Charitra.	Kanakavatī-Mādhava.
+ Yayāti-Vijaya.	Vindumatī.
Yayāti and Sarmishthā.	Keliraivataka.
+ Dūtāngada.	Kāmadattā.
+ Mṛgāṅkalekhā.	¶ Sankalpa-Sūryodaya.
+ Vidagdha-Mādhava.	¶ Sudarśana-Vijaya.
+ Abhirāma-Maṇi.	¶ Vasantikā Parīṇaya.
+ Madhurāniruddha.	+ Chitra-Yajna.

Those marked * are now translated, and some account is given of those marked †: the rest have not been procured.

Those marked ‡ are named in the *Daśa-Rūpaka*, and those marked || in the *Sāhitya-Darpana*, as examples of the different kinds of dramatic composition. The three pieces marked ¶ were amongst the late Colonel Mackenzie's collection, and are known only in the south of India.





THE
MRICHCHHAKATĪ,
OR
THE TOY-CART.
A Drama,
TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL
SANSKRĪT.



PRELIMINARY NOTE.

THE uncertainty of the sounds to be given to the proper names that occur in the following pages will necessarily impair any satisfaction that their perusal may possibly afford. This difficulty may, however, be readily overcome by attention to a few simple rules.

The only letters to which any regard need be paid are the vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, and *u*.

A, *i*, and *u*, are distinguished as long or as short by an accent over the long vowel, as *ā*, *ī*; *ī*, *ī*; *u*, *ū*.

E, *i*, and *u*, whether long or short, are to be pronounced as in Italian, and so is the long or accented *ā*.

The unaccented *a* has the sound of that letter in *adore*, *adorn*, *America*, or of *u* in *sun*. This is the most perplexing part of the system, but it rests on grounds that need not be detailed here. If written as pronounced, the names of the hero and heroine should be *Charooduttu* and *Vusuntusenā*, instead of *Chārudatta*, *Vasantasenā*.

The following recapitulation will afford a ready reference :

a short or unaccented, as *u* in *sun* ;

ā long or accented, as *a* in *far* ;

e, as *a* in *care* ;

i short or unaccented, as *i* in *kill* ;

ī long or accented, as *ee* in *keel* ;

u short or unaccented, as *u* in *full* ;

ū long or accented, as *oo* in *fool*.

It is also necessary to observe, that the syllable *ka* at the end of a proper name is an optional addition ; thus *Chandana* and *Chandanaka*, *A'rya* and *A'ryaka*, are the same.

INTRODUCTION.

THE drama of which the translation is now published is a work of great interest, both in the literary and national history of the Hindus.

Although not named by the authority from which we have principally drawn our general view of the Hindu dramatic system, the *Daśa-Rūpaka*, it is unquestionably alluded to in the text of that work, and we may therefore feel assured that this play was written earlier than the tenth century; there is every reason to infer much earlier.

The introduction of the *Mṛichchhakatī* attributes the composition to a king named SŪDRAKA, and gives him a high character both in arms and letters: he lived, it is said, a hundred years and then burnt himself, leaving his kingdom to his son.

Over what kingdom SŪDRAKA ruled is not mentioned. The writer of the *Kāmandakī* says it was *Avantī* or *Ougein*; tradition, especially in the *Dekhin*, includes him amongst the universal monarchs of India, and places him between CHANDRAGUPTA and VIKRAMĀDITYA, without specifying his capital. The late Col. Wilford (*As. Res.* vol. ix.) considers him the same with the founder of the *Āndhra* dynasty of *Magadha* kings, succeeding to the throne by deposing his master, the last of the *Kanva* race, to whom he was minister; but these averments are very questionable. The circumstances are in fact attributed, it is said (p. 116), to a prince named BĀLIHITA, or SĪPRAKA, or SINDHUKA, or (p. 103) MĀHAKARṆĪ—and

the identification of SÚDRAKA with either or all of these, rests upon chronological data by no means satisfactorily established. From these (p. 100) it appears, that the first *Andhra* king of *Magadha* reigned 456 years earlier than the last, or PULIMAT, who, it is said, died A.D. 648 (p. 111), consequently the former reigned about A.D. 192. But it is stated, that in a work called the *Kumáriká-Khaṇḍa*, a portion of the *Skanda-Purāṇa*, it is asserted that in the year of the *Kali* 3300—save 10—a great king would reign (it does not appear where) named SÚDRAKA. This date in our era is 190; the date of the first *Andhra* king, as mentioned above, is 192; therefore SÚDRAKA must be that king: a deduction which may possibly be correct, but which depends too much upon the accuracy of a work very little known, and upon a calculation that yet requires to be revised, to be considered as decidedly invalidating the popular notion, that SÚDRAKA preceded VIKRAMÁDITYA, and consequently the era of Christianity, by a century at least.

The attribution of a play to a regal author is not a singular occurrence. The *Ratnāvalī*, as will be hereafter noticed, is ascribed to a bard of like dignity: whether truly or not, whether the monarch was not rather the patron than the poet, is immaterial to the chronology of the drama; as, if the work of SÚDRAKA'S reign, it may be considered as the oldest extant specimen of the Hindu drama, and a composition of respectable antiquity. The play contains abundant internal evidence of an ancient date.

The style, though not meagre, is in general simple and unartificial, and of a day evidently preceding the elaborate richness of Hindu writing, not to speak of the fantastic tricks and abuses which began to disgrace Sanskrit composition apparently in the ninth and tenth centuries. This may be considered a safe indication in a work of such pretence as one attributed to a regal bard; and although it could not be admitted alone as conclusive, yet, as associated with the name and date of SÚDRAKA, it is a strong confirmation of the latter, at least, being correct.

Another circumstance in favour of the antiquity of the drama is derived from a peculiarity in the language of one of the chief characters. SAMSTHĀNAKA, the Rāja's brother-in-law, affects literature, with which he has so little conversancy, that his citations of poetic personages and events are as erroneous as frequent. Now it is a remarkable circumstance that all his citations are from the *Rāmāyaṇa* and *Mahābhārata*, and that he never alludes to the chief actors in the Paurāṇik legends, as *Dhruva*, *Dakṣha*, *Prahlāda*, *Bali*, &c. There can be no good reason why he should not cite from a *Purāṇa* as well as from either of the poems which bear a similarly holy character, and it is not likely that the author of the drama, who was thoroughly familiar with the poems, should not have been acquainted with the *Purāṇas* if they had existed, or been equally in circulation : we have great reason therefore to suspect that the *Mṛichchhakatī* was written prior to the composition of the *Purāṇas*, or at least before the stories they contain had acquired by their aggregation familiar and popular currency.

Peculiarities in manners contribute to a similar conclusion, and the very panegyric upon SÚDRAKA, specifying his voluntary cremation when arrived at extreme old age, praises him for an act proscribed in the *Kālī*, or present period of the world. By all current legal authorities, except the texts of the most ancient, suicide is prohibited everywhere except at *Prayāga*, and is there allowed only under certain circumstances. The prohibition may be disregarded, it is true, but such a breach of the law could not with any decency have been made the theme of public eulogium by a Brahman in the Sanskrit language, and therefore the event most probably preceded the law.

The subject of the piece, the love of a respectable Brahman for a courtesan, is also in favour of a period of some remoteness, although it may be allowed to mark a state of social demoralisation, a decline from the purity of Hindu institutions ; at the same time, it seems probable that the practice of antiquity, as regarded the intercourse of the sexes, was much more lax than it pretends to be in modern days. The laws of MANU

recognise the cohabitation of a *Śūdrā* female with a Brahman, as an inferior kind of wife, or a handmaid. Now this association is prohibited in the *Kālī* age, and its occurrence in the play, in which VASANTASENĀ, who may be supposed to be a *Śūdrā*, becomes the wife of CHĀRUDATTA, indicates a period anterior to the law prohibiting the marriage of a *Śūdrā* by a Brahman. The choice of such an event for the subject of a dramatic performance, renders it likely that such a prohibition could not have been then even contemplated.

The most unquestionable proof, however, of high antiquity, is the accuracy with which *Bauddha* observances are adverted to, and the flourishing condition in which the members of that sect are represented to exist. There is not only absolute toleration, but a kind of public recognition; the ascetic who renders such essential service to the heroine being recommended or nominated by authority, chief of all the *Vihārs* or *Bauddha* establishments of *Ujjayin*.

At what period could this diffusion and prosperity of the *Bauddha* faith have occurred, and when was it likely that a popular work should describe it correctly? Many centuries have elapsed since Hindu writers were acquainted with the *Bauddhas* in their genuine characters. Their tenets are preserved in philosophical treatises with something like accuracy, but any attempt to describe their persons and practices invariably confounds them with the *Jainas*. The *Mṛichchhakatī* is as yet the only work where the *Bauddhas* appear undisguised. Now we know from the Christian writers of the second century, that in their days the worship of *Butta* or *Buddha* was very prevalent in India. We have every reason to believe, that shortly after that time the religion began to decline, more in consequence of the rise and growth of the *Jains*, probably, than any persecution of the *Bauddhas*; and as it is clear that the drama was written in the days of their prosperity, it follows that we cannot fairly assign it a later date than the first centuries of the Christian era.

From the considerations thus stated, we cannot but regard

the *Mṛichchhakatī* as a work of considerable antiquity, and from internal evidence may very safely attribute it to the period when SÚDRAKA the sovereign reigned, whether that be reduced to the end of the second century after Christ, or whether we admit the traditional chronology, and place him about a century before our era.

The revolution in the government of *Ujjayin*, which forms an underplot in the piece, is narrated with so little exaggeration, that it is probably founded on fact. As the simple narrative of a simple event, it is the more entitled to our credence; and it is not at all unlikely that the Brahmans, offended by their sovereign PÁLAKA'S public disregard of them, brought about a change of the government, employing a hermit and a cow-boy, or young peasant, as their instruments. This plain story is not improbably the origin of the obscure allusions which exercised the industry of Colonel Wilford, and in which, and in the purport of the word *A'rya*, the name of the cowherd in the play, and in general acceptance a title of respect, he thought he could trace a reference to the history of Christianity in India.—(*As. Res.* vol. x., Essay on the Sacred Isles of the West.) There is also an *A'rya* of some renown in the history of *Cashmir*, whom the same learned and laborious, but injudicious writer, identified with *Śalivāhana*. The real character of that personage may now be more accurately appreciated.—(*Essay on the History of Cashmir*, *As. Res.* vol. xv. p. 84.)

The place which the *Mṛichchhakatī* holds in the dramatic literature of all nations will, however, be thought matter of more interest by most readers than its antiquity or historical importance. That it is a curious and interesting picture of national manners every one will readily admit; and it is not the less valuable in this respect, that it is free from all exterior influence or adulteration. It is a portrait purely Indian. It represents a state of society sufficiently advanced in civilisation to be luxurious and corrupt, and is certainly very far from offering a flattering similitude, although not without some

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OF THE PRELUDE.

MANAGER. ACTRESS.

OF THE PLAY.

MEN.

Chârudatta.—A *Brahman* of a wealthy and respectable family, reduced to poverty by his munificence, beloved by *Vasantasena*.

Rohasena.—The son of *Chârudatta*, a boy.

Maitreya.—A *Brahman*, the friend and companion of *Chârudatta*, the *Vidûshaka* or *Gracioso* of the piece, a character of mixed shrewdness and simplicity, with an affectionate disposition.

Vardhamâna.—The servant of *Chârudatta*.

Sansthânaka.—The brother-in-law of the *Râjâ*, an ignorant, frivolous, and cruel coxcomb.

The *Vila*.—The attendant, tutor, or parasite of the preceding.

Sthâvaraka.—The servant of the Prince.

A'ryaka.—A cowherd and insurgent, finally successful.

Śarvilaka.—A dissipated *Brahman*, the friend of the preceding, in love with *Madanikâ*.

The *Saṁvâhaka*.—A man whose business it has been to rub and knead the joints, but who becomes a *Bauddha* mendicant or *Śramaṇaka*.

Mâthura.—The keeper of a gaming-house.

Darduraka.—A Gambler.

Another Gambler.

Karṇapûraka.—*Vasantasena's* servant.

The Judge.

The *Śreshtin*—or Provost.

The *Kāyastha*.—Scribe or Recorder.

Chandanaka }
Viraka } Captains of the Town Guard.

The *Vila*.—or parasite attendant of *Vasantasena*.

Kumbhilaka.—A servant of *Vasantasena*.

Two *Chāṇḍālas*.—or Public Executioners.

Officers of the Court.

WOMEN.

The Wife of *Chārudatta*.

Vasantasena.—A courtesan, in love with *Chārudatta*, and beloved by him:
 the object also of *Samsthānaka*'s addresses.

The Mother of *Vasantasena*.

Madanikā.—The attendant of *Vasantasena*, beloved by *Śarvilaka*.

Radanikā.—The servant of *Chārudatta*'s house.

PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

Pālaka.—King of *Ujjayin*.

Rebhila.—A Musician.

The *Siddha* or Seer who has prophesied *A'ryaka*'s triumph.

Passengers, Attendants, Guards, &c.

SCENE, *Ujjayin*, the city and the suburbs.—TIME, four days.

II. May the neck of *Nīlakantha*,* which resembles a dark cloud in hue, and which is decorated by the entwining arms of *Gaurī*,† as brilliant as the lightning, be ever your protection.

Enter MANAGER.

Enough: delay not longer to gratify the curiosity of this assembly. Saluting, therefore, this gentle audience, I apprise them that we are prepared to enact the drama entitled the *Toy-Cart*.‡

There was a celebrated poet whose gait was that of an elephant, whose eyes resembled those of the *chakora*,§ whose countenance was like the full moon, and who was of stately person and profound veracity; chiefest of the *Kshattriya* race and distinguished by the appellation of *SÚDRA*:|| he was well versed in the *Rig-* and *Sāma-Vedas*, in mathematical sciences, in the elegant arts, and the management of elephants.¶ By the favour of *Śiva* he enjoyed eyes uninvaded by darkness,

of the *Yoga* is ascribed to *Śiva*, who taught it in the person of *Śweta*, on the Himalaya mountains in the beginning of the *Kālī* age. A peculiar and later modification of *Yoga* ascetism is manifest in the cavern temples and sculptures of Salsette, Elephanta, and Ellora.—See *As. Res.* vol. xvii. 183.

* A name of *ŚIVA*: the god with the dark-blue throat. The colour was the effect of the poison generated at the churning of the ocean which *Śiva* swallowed.

† The wife of *ŚIVA*.

‡ The term is literally *clay-cart*, a child's cart made of baked clay or earthenware, from *mīḍ*, earth, and *śakāṭī*, a little cart. It refers to a toy belonging to the child of *Chārudatta*, which, as will be hereafter seen, plays an important part in the drama. The equivalent *Toy-Cart* is most familiar to our language, and is less equivocal than the literal translation. The play is termed a *prakaraṇa*, the second species of drama.

§ The Greek partridge.

|| See the Introduction. The additional syllable *ka* is pleonastic.

¶ The *Hastī-bikṣā*: it is an accomplishment curiously characteristic of national manners. The proficiency of the Indians in this art early attracted the attention of Alexander's successors; and natives of India were so long exclusively employed in this service, that the term Indian was applied to every elephant-driver, to whatever country he might belong.—*Schlegel, Indische Bibliothek*.

rank,* but of exceeding poverty; his name was CHÁRUDATTA. Of the many excellences of CHÁRUDATTA, a courtesan, VASANTASENÁ by name, became enamoured, and the story of their loves is the subject of king SÚDRAKA'S drama, which exhibits the infamy of wickedness, the villainy of law, the efficacy of virtue, and the triumph of faithful love.

(Walks round the stage.)

Hey! the boards are deserted:† where can all the actors have vanished? Ah, I understand. Empty is the house of the childless—empty is the heart of one that has no friends;‡ the universe is a blank to the blockhead, and all is desolate to the poor. I have been chanting and reciting until my eyes ache, the pupils twinkling with hunger, like the seeds of the lotus shrivelled in the hot weather by the rays of a scorching sun.§ I will call one of my wenches, and see if there be anything in the house for breakfast. What ho there—Here am I! But I had better talk to them in a language they can understand.||—What ho—I say! What with long fasting and loud shouting my limbs are shrivelled like dry lotus stalks. It is high time to take myself home, and see what is prepared for my coming. This is my mansion—I will go in.

* The *Sārthavāha* of the Brahmins. In many of the Hindu cities the different classes of the community of every rank still acknowledge certain of their members as their hereditary headmen or provosts—such is the sense of *Śreshthī* or *Seth*: the title in common use is *Chaudhri* or *Sirdar*. It is also to be inferred from this title, that *Chārudatta*, though a Brahman by birth, is a merchant by occupation.

† The *Sangita-śālā*, a hall or chamber for music, singing, and dancing.

‡ This passage occurs in the *Hitopadeśa* and *Panchatantra*, borrowed perhaps from the drama. The latter reads *hridayaśūnyam*, instead of *chiraśūnyam*: the metre allows of either, and the construction of the sentence evidently requires the former.

§ The expression is, *Kshudhā mama akṣhiṇī kṣatakhāṭayete*, which may be rendered as in the text, but cannot be translated, for the verb is made from the noun with more regard to the sound than the sense.

|| Or in *Prākṛit*, which is spoken always by the female characters; he accordingly proceeds in that dialect throughout the whole of the Prelude.

Act. Be appeased, sir. I have observed the fast, in order that I might have you again for my master in a future birth.

Man. That alters the case. But, pray, who directed you to hold this fast?

Act. Your particular friend, Chúrnaviddha.

Man. Oh, you son of a slave, I shall see you, Chúrnaviddha, some day or other, fast bound by king *Pálaka*, like the perfumed tresses of a new-married girl.

Act. Pardon us, dear sir; this fast was observed to secure the future felicity of our worthy Manager. (*Falls at his feet.*)

Man. Rise; enough. We must now consider by whom this fast is to be completed.

Act. We must invite some Brahman* of our own degree.

Man. Well, go, finish your preparations: I will seek the Brahman.

Act. I obey.

[*Exit.*]

MANAGER.

Alas! in such a flourishing city as *Ujjayin*, where am I to find a Brahman who is not of a superior rank to mine? (*Looking out.*) Yonder comes Maitreya, the friend of Chárudatta. I will ask him; he is poor enough. What, ho! Maitreya; condescend to be the first to eat in my house to-day.

MAITREYA (*behind the scenes*).

Call some other Brahman; I am particularly engaged.

Man. Food is provided; no enemy is in the way, and you shall have a present into the bargain.

Mait. (*Behind.*) I have already given you an answer. It is useless to disturb me.

Man. I shall not prevail upon him, and must therefore set off in quest of some other Brahman. [*Exit.*]

* A Brahman should be invited to eat on these occasions before the household break their fast. The Manager and his family belong of course to the Brahmanical tribe.

(*The Scene* is supposed to represent a street on one side, and on the other the first court of Chárudatta's house: the outside of the house is also seen in the part next the street.*)

MAITREYA enters the court with a piece of cloth in his hand.

Truly, Maitreya, your condition is sad enough, and well qualified to subject you to be picked up in the street and fed by strangers. In the days of Chárudatta's prosperity, I was accustomed to stuff myself till I could eat no more, on scented dishes, until I breathed perfume; and sat lolling at yonder gateway, dyeing my fingers like a painter's, by dabbling amongst the coloured comfits, or chewing the cud at leisure like a high-fed city bull.† Now, in the season of his poverty, I wander about from house to house, like a tame pigeon, to pick up such crumbs as I can get. I am now sent by his dear friend Chúrúavtiddha, with this garment that has lain amongst jasmine flowers till it is quite scented by them: it is for Chárudatta's wearing, when he has finished his devotions.—Oh, here he comes, he is presenting the oblation to the household gods.‡

Enter CHÁRUDATTA and RADANIKÁ.

Chár. (With a sigh.)

Alas! how changed; the offering to the gods,

* We have already observed that it does not seem probable that the Hindus ever knew what scenes were, and that they substituted curtains for them. In the present case, the whole machinery might have been a curtain intersecting the stage at a right angle to the flat, one side being the interior, the other the exterior of Chárudatta's house.

† The Hindus are accustomed at marriages and other ceremonials to let loose a bull, who thenceforward rambles about at will without an owner. No person would presume to appropriate a stray animal of this kind, and many think it a merit to feed him. In large towns, where these bulls are most abundant, they are generally in good case, and numerous enough to be very much in the way, although they are rarely mischievous. They seem to know their privileged character, and haunt the market-places and shops with an air of independence. At Benares, they are proverbially abundant, and that city is famed for its *ránrh*, *sdnrh*, and *sirhi*, or widows, bulls, and landing-places.

That swans and stately storks, in better time
 About my threshold flocking, bore away,
 Now a scant tribute to the insect tribe,
 Falls 'midst rank grass, by worms to be devoured.*

(Sits down.)

Mait. I will approach the respectable Chárudatta. Health to you; may you prosper.

Chár. Maitreya, friend of all seasons, welcome; sit you down.

Mait. As you command. (Sits down.) This garment, perfumed by the jasmines it has lain amongst, is sent to you by your friend Chárnaviddha, to be worn by you at the close of your devotions.

Chár. (Takes it and appears thoughtful.)

Mait. On what do you meditate?

Chár. My friend—

The happiness that follows close on sorrow,
 Shows like a lamp that breaks upon the night:

* No house is supposed to be without its tutelary divinity, but the notion attached to this character is now very far from precise. The deity who is the object of hereditary and family worship, the *Kula-devatá*, is always one of the leading personages of the Hindu mythology, as ŚRĪVA, VISHŪ, or DURGA, but the *Gṛiha-devatá* rarely bears any distinct appellation. In Bengal, the domestic god is sometimes the *śalagrám* stone, sometimes the *tulasí* plant; sometimes a basket with a little rice in it, and sometimes a water-jar—to either of which a brief adoration is daily addressed, most usually by the females of the family. Occasionally small images of LAKSHMÍ or CHAKRÍ fulfil the office, or should a snake appear he is venerated as the guardian of the dwelling. In general, however, in former times the household deities were regarded as the unseen spirits of ill, the ghosts and goblins who hovered about every spot, and claimed some particular sites as their own. Offerings were made to them in the open air, by scattering a little rice with a short formula at the close of all ceremonies to keep them in good humour. Thus, at the end of the daily ceremony, the householder is enjoined by MANU “to throw up his oblation (*balí*) in the open air to all the gods, to those who walk by day and those who walk by night.”—3, 90. Such is the nature of the rite alluded to in the drama. In this light, the household gods correspond better with the *genii locorum* than with the *lares* or *penates* of antiquity.

But he that falls from affluence to poverty,
 May wear the human semblance, but exists
 A lifeless form alone.

Mait. What think you preferable then, death or poverty?

Chár. Had I the choice,

Death, and not poverty, were my election :
 To die is transient suffering ; to be poor,
 Interminable anguish.

Mait. Nay, never heed. The loss of your wealth, lavished upon your kind friends, only enhances your merits ; as the moon looks most lovely when reduced to the slender fragment that the draughts of the gods for half a month have left it.*

Chár. I do not, trust me, grieve for my lost wealth :

But that the guest no longer seeks the dwelling,
 Whence wealth has vanished, does, I own, afflict me.
 Like the ungrateful bees, who wanton fly
 The elephant's broad front, when thick congeals
 The dried-up dew,† they visit me no more.

Mait. The sons of slaves ! your guest is ever ready to make a morning meal of a fortune : he is like the cow-boy, who, as if afraid of a gad-fly, drives his herds from place to place in the thicket, and sets them to feed always in fresh pasture.

Chár. 'Tis true.—I think not of my wasted fortune.

As fate decrees, so riches come and vanish.
 But I lament to find the love of friends
 Hangs all unstrung because a man is poor.

* The moon is supposed to be the reservoir of *amrita* or ambrosia, and to furnish the gods and manes with the supply. "It is replenished from the sun during the fortnight of the increase. On the full moon the gods adore that planet for one night, and from the first day all of them, together with the *pitris* and *fishis*, drink one *kalá* or digit daily until the ambrosia is exhausted."—*Váyu-Purāṇa*.

† At certain periods a thick dew exhales from the elephants' temples. The peculiarity, though known to Strabo, seems to have escaped naturalists till lately, when it was noticed by Cuvier.

And then with poverty comes disrespect ;
 From disrespect does self-dependence fail,
 Then scorn and sorrow, following, overwhelm
 The intellect ; and when the judgment fails
 The being perishes ; and thus from poverty
 Each ill that pains humanity proceeds.*

Mait. Ah well, it is but waste of thought to send it after
 the wealth-hunters ; we have had enough of this subject.

Chár. But poverty is aye the curse of thought.

It is our enemy's reproach ; the theme
 Of scorn to our best friends and dearest kin.
 I had abjured the world and sought the hermitage,
 But that my wife had shared in my distress.
 Alas, the fires of sorrow in the heart
 Glow impotent ; they pain but burn not.
 My friend, I have already made oblation
 Unto the household gods—Go you to where
 The four roads meet, and there present it
 To the Great Mothers.†

Mait. Not I, indeed.

Chár. Why not ?

Mait. Of what use is it ? You have worshipped the gods :
 what have they done for you ? it is labour in vain to bestow
 upon them adoration.

Chár. Speak not profanely. It is our duty.

And the gods

Undoubtedly are pleased with what is offered

* This passage occurs in the *Hitopadeśa*, with a slight variation.

† The *Mātrī* is the personified energy of a divinity, and in a figurative sense the mother of gods and men. The *Mātrīs* are usually reckoned seven or eight, but in one enumeration they are made sixteen. The presentation of oblations to them as a regular and permanent rite is no longer known in Gangetic India. *Tāntrika* ceremonies addressed to the sixteen *Mātrīs* are not uncommon, but the rite in the text appears to be a matter of course, and seems to take the place of that enjoined by *MANU* to the *Pitris*, the manes or progenitors. "Turning to the south, let him present all the residue of his oblations to the *Pitris*."—3, 91.

In lowliness of spirit and with reverence,
 In thought, and deed, and pious self-denial :
 Go therefore and present the offering.

Mait. I will not go, indeed ; send somebody else. With me every part of the ritual is apt to get out of its place, and, as in the reflection of a mirror, the right becomes left and the left right. At this time of the evening, too, the royal road is crowded with loose persons, with cut-throats, courtiers, and courtesans :* amongst such a set I shall fare like the unhappy mouse, that fell into the clutches of the snake which was lying in ambush for the frog.† I cannot go, indeed. Why not go yourself? You have nothing to do but to sit here.

Chár. Well, well—attend then whilst I tell my beads.

[*They retire.*]

(*Behind the scenes.*) Stop, Vasantasená, stop !

Enter VASANTASENÁ pursued by SAMSTHÁNAKA, the King's brother-in-law, the VITA,‡ and his own Servant.

Vita. Stop, Vasantasená, stop ! Why, losing your gentleness in your fears, do you ply those feet so fast, that should be nimble only in the dance? You run along like the timid deer from the pursuing hunter, casting tremulous glances fearfully around.

Samís. Stop, Vasantasená, stop ! Why do you thus scamper away, stumbling at every step? Be pacified, you are in no danger. With love alone is my poor heart inflamed ; it is burnt to a cinder, like a piece of meat upon the blazing coals.

Ser. Stop, lady, stop ! Why, sister, do you fly? She runs along like a pea-hen in summer with a tail in full feather,

* This, besides its general bearing, announces the approaching entrance of *Vasantasená* and her pursuers, agreeably to the rule, that no character is to enter without previous intimation.

† If we are to consider the antiquity of this play as established, this passage bears testimony to the early currency of apologues in India.

‡ The *Vita* is the companion and minister of the pleasures of *Samsthánaka*. See the remark made on this character in the introductory observations on the dramatic system of the Hindus, p. xlvii.

whilst my master follows her, like the young hound that chases the bird through the thicket.

Vita. Stop, Vasantasená, stop! You tremble like the young plantain tree, whilst the ends of your red vesture wanton on the wind. The seeds of the red lotus are put to shame by your glowing eyes, and the bed of orpiment, when first penetrated by the axe, is rivalled by the complexion of your cheeks.

Saṁs. Stop, Vasantasená, stop! Why do you thus fly from a liking, a love, a passion which you inflame? My nights you deprive of rest, and you avoid me by day. It is unavailing: you will trip and tumble into my hands as *Kuntī* fell into those of *Rāvaṇa*.*

Vita. Why, Vasantasená, do you grace my steps by leaving traces for them to obliterate? Like a snake from the monarch of the birds,† you glide away from me, but vain is your flight. I could outstrip the wind in such a chase, and shall I not overtake so delicate a fugitive?

Saṁs. Most worthy sir, I have invoked her by ten names. I have called her the taper lash of that filcher of broad pieces, *Kāma*; the fish-eater, the figurante, the pug-nosed untamable shrew. I have termed her Love's dining-dish—the gulf of the poor man's substance—the walking frippery—the harlot—the hussy—the baggage—the wanton. I have addressed her by all these pretty names,‡ and yet she will have nothing to say to me.

* *Kuntī* is the mother of the *Pāṇḍava* princes; *Rāvaṇa*, the giant king of *Lankā*, destroyed by *Rāma*. The former is a character of the *Mahābhārata*, the latter of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. There is no sort of connexion between the two, and instead of *Kuntī* it should have been *Sītā*, the wife of *Rāma*, whom *Rāvaṇa* carried off. It may be here remarked, that this confusion of persons and events is invariably repeated by *Saṁsthānaka*, who thus evinces both his ignorance and pretension.

† *Garuda*, the bird on which *Viśṇu* rides, between whom and the serpent race is a deadly feud, originating in a dispute between their respective parents, *Kadrī* and *Vinatā*, the wives of *Kaśyapa*.

‡ To address a deity by a number of appellations is the readiest way to

Vas. (Calling for her female attendants.) What ho ! Pallavá, Parabhṛitíká.

Sanhs. (In alarm to the *Vita*.) Eh, sir, sir ! men, men !

Vita. Never fear.

Vas. Mádhavíká, what ho !

Vita. Blockhead ; she is calling her servants.

Sanhs. What, her women ?

Vita. To be sure.

Sanhs. Who is afraid ? I am a hero—a match for a hundred of them.

Vas. Alas, alas ! my people are not within hail : I must trust to myself alone for my escape.

Vita. Search about, search about.

Sanhs. Vasantasená, what is the use of your bawling there for bud and blossom, or all spring together !* Who is to preserve you when I pursue ? What could *Bhímasena* † do for you, or the son of *Jamadagni*, ‡ or the son of *Kuntí*, § or *Daśakandhara* || himself ? I would take them, like *Duśśásana*, ¶ by their hair, and, as you shall see, with one touch of my well-sharpened sword off goes your head. Come, come, we have had enough of your running away. One who is desirous of dying cannot be said to live.

Vas. Good sir, I am only a weak woman.

Vita. True, therefore you may live.

Sanhs. True, you shall not die.

* Mistaking the names for *pallava*, a shoot, *mádhavíká*, a sort of creeper, and alluding to the latter's blossoming in the spring.

† The second of the sons of *Páñdú*.

‡ *Paráśuráma*.

§ *Karná*, or either of the *Páñdava* princes.

|| *Rávana*, the ten-headed sovereign of *Lanká*.

¶ One of the *Kaurava* princes, who dragged *Draupadī* by the hair into the public court ; an act of bitter insult to the *Páñdava* princes, in revenge of which *Bhíma* vowed he would never be appeased till he had drunk the aggressor's blood. In the war that ensued he killed *Duśśásana*, and fulfilled his vow.

Vas. (Apart.) His very courtesy appals me. It shall be so.
(Aloud.) Pray, sirs, why do you thus pursue me, or why address such language to me? Do you seek my jewels?

Vita. Fie, fie, what have we to do with your ornaments? Who plucks the blossoms of the creeper?

Vas. What is it, then, you require?

Sarhs. That I, who am a person of celestial nature, a mortal *Vāsudeva*,* obtain your affections.

Vas. Get you gone; you talk idly.

Sarhs. (Claps his hands and laughs.) What think you of that, sir? Hear how this gentle damsel regards me: she bids me go and rest myself, no doubt, after my fatigue in running after her;† but I swear by your head and my feet,‡ that I have gone astray neither in town nor village, but have kept close to your heels all the way, by the which I am wearied.

Vita. (Apart.) The blockhead! he misapprehends the whole.
(Aloud.) Why, Vasantasena, you act quite out of character: the dwelling of a harlot is the free resort of youth: a courtesan is like a creeper that grows by the road-side—her person is an article for sale, her love a thing that money will buy, and her welcome is equally bestowed upon the amiable and disgusting. The sage and the idiot, the Brahman and the outcast, all bathe in the same stream, and the crow and the peacock perch upon the branches of the same creeper. The Brahman, the Kshatriya, the Vaiśya, and all of every caste are ferried over in the same boat; and like the boat, the creeper, and the stream, the courtesan is equally accessible to all.

Vas. What you say may be just, but, believe me, merit alone, not brutal violence, inspires love.

* *Kṛishṇa.*

† *Vasantasena's* exclamation was *śāntam*, an interjection of repugnance, or disgust. *Saṁsthānaka* assumes she said *śrānta*, or *Prakṛit*, *śānta*, weary. The quibble is lost in the translation, but that is of no very great importance.

‡ A very affronting adjuration.

Saṁs. Sir, sir, the truth is, that the baggage has had the perverseness to fall in love with a miserable wretch, one Chárudatta, whom she met in the garden of *Kámadeva's* temple : he lives close by here on our left, so take care she does not slip through our fingers.

Vita. (*Aside.*) Confound the fool, he lets out everything he ought to conceal. In love with Chárudatta—humph ! no wonder ; it is truly said, pearls string with pearls : well, let it be so, never mind this simpleton. (*Aloud.*) What say you, is the house of Chárudatta on our left ? the deuce it is.

Saṁs. Very true, I assure you.

Vas. (*Aside.*) Indeed ! the house of Chárudatta so near ! These wretches have unintentionally befriended me, and promoted a meeting with my beloved.

Saṁs. Sir, sir, Vasantasena is no longer visible ; she is lost in the dark, like an ink-cake in a pile of black beans.

Vita. It is very dark, indeed ! The gloom cheats my eyesight of its faculty ; my eyes open only to be closed by it ; such obscurity envelops everything, as if the heavens rained lamp-black : sight is as unavailing as the service of a worthless man.

Saṁs. I must search for Vasantasena.

Vita. Indeed ! (*Aloud.*) Is there not anything by which you may trace her ?

Saṁs. What should there be ?

Vita. The tinkling of her ornaments ; the odour of her perfumes ; and the fragrance of her garland.

Saṁs. Very true ; I can hear with my nostrils the scent of her garland spreading through the darkness, but I do not see the sound of her ornaments.*

* So in the "Midsummer's Night's Dream"—

Bottom as Pyramus :

"I see a voice : now will I to the chink,
To spy an' I can hear my Thisby's face."

And in the same—

"Eye of man hath not heard, nor ear seen," &c.

Vita. (*Apart, in the direction of Vas.*) Very well, Vasanta-senâ. True, you are hidden by the gloom of the evening, like the lightning between gathering clouds, but the fragrance of your chaplet, the music of your anklets, will betray you,—do you hear? .

Vas. (*To herself.*) I hear and comprehend. (*Takes off her garland and the rings from her ankles.*) If I am not mistaken, the private entrance is in this direction : by carrying my hands along the wall—(*feels for the door*)—ah, it is shut.

Châd. (*Within the court.*) My prayer* is finished ; now, Maitreya, go, present the offering to the divine mothers.

Mait. I tell you I will not go.

Châd. Alas it does embitter poverty—

That then our friends grow deaf to our desires,
And lend a keener anguish to our sorrows.
The poor man's truth is scorned : the tender light
Of each mild virtue languishes ; suspicion
Stamps him the perpetrator of each crime
That others are the authors of : no man seeks
To form acquaintance with him, nor exchange
Familiar greeting or respectful courtesy.
If e'er he find a place in rich men's dwellings
At solemn festivals, the wealthier guests
Survey him with disdainful wonder ; and
Whene'er by chance he meets upon the road
With state and wealth, he sneaks into a corner,
Ashamed of his scant covering, till they pass,
Rejoicing to be overlooked. Believe me,
He who incurs the guilt of poverty
Adds a sixth sin to those we term most heinous. †
In truth, I mourn e'en poverty for thee,

* Literally, *japa*—inaudible repetition of prayer.

† The five great sins in the Hindu code are—stealing gold, drinking spirituous liquors, murder of a Brahman, adultery with the wife of a spiritual teacher, and association with a person guilty of either of these crimes.

Whose cherished dwelling is this wasting frame,
 And oft I sadly wonder what asylum,
 When this shall be no more, shall then receive thee.

Mait. Ah! well, if I must go, I must; but let your maid Radaniká go along with me.

Chár. Radaniká, follow Maitreya.

Rad. As you command, sir.

Mait. Here, Radaniká, do you take the offerings and the lamp, while I open the back-door. (*Opens the door.*)

Vas. (*On the outside.*) Luckily for me, the door is opened: I shall now get in. Ah the lamp. (*Brushes it out with her scarf, and enters.*)

Chár. What was that?

Mait. Opening the door let in a gust of wind, which has blown the lamp out: never mind—go on, Radaniká. I will just step into the house and re-light the lamp, and will be with you again immediately.

Saṁs. (*On the outside.*) What can have become of Vasantasená!

Vita. Search, search.

Saṁs. So I do, but cannot find her—I have her. (*Lays hold of the Vita.*)

Vita. Blockhead, this is I.

Saṁs. Stand out of the way then. (*Lays hold of the servant.*) Now then I have caught her.

Ser. No, your honour has caught me.

Saṁs. Here then, this way, this way, here, master, servant, servant, master, here, here, stand here.* (*Lays hold of Radaniká by the hair as she comes out.*) Ha, ha! now I have her indeed. I detected her endeavouring to escape by the scent of the garland. I have her fast by the hair, as Chāṇakya caught Draupad.†

* We may suppose that some display of practical wit took place here.

† Chāṇakya was a celebrated statesman and writer on politics: he was the minister of Chandragupta: it is needless to add, he could not possibly be connected with the story of Draupad.

staff, as crooked as our fortunes, will I batter that head of thine, thou abominable villain.

Vita. Patience, patience ! worthy Brahman.*

Mait. (*To him.*) Eh ! this cannot be the offender. (*Turns to Samsthānaka.*) Oh ! here he is. Oh, you king's brother-in-law ! you abominable miscreant ! have you no decency ? Do not you know that, notwithstanding the worthy Chárudatta be poor, he is an ornament to Ujjayin, and how dare you think of forcing your way into his house and maltreating his people ? There is no disgrace in an untoward fate ; disgrace is in misconduct ; a worthless man of wealth is contemptible.

Vita. Worthy Brahman, pardon us, we mistook the person : we intended no affront, but looking for a female——

Mait. For her ? (*Pointing to Radaniká.*)

Vita. Heaven forbid !—No, no, for a girl her own mistress, who has run away. Searching for her, we lighted upon this damsel, and committed an unintentional indecorum. We beg your pardon, and submit ourselves to whatever you may please to ordain. (*Gives his sword and falls at Maitreya's feet.*)

Mait. You are a man of sense ; arise. I knew not your quality when I addressed you so roughly ; now I am aware of it, I shall treat you with proper politeness.

Vita. You are entitled to our respect. I will only rise on one condition.

Mait. Declare it.

Vita. That you will say nothing to Chárudatta of what has chanced.

Mait. I will not say anything to him on the subject.

Vita. I will place your kindness, Brahman, on my head ; armed with every excellence, you are invincible by arms.

Samś. What do you mean, my friend, by putting your hands together and falling at the feet of such a contemptible fellow ?

* *Mahá-Brahmaña*, great Brahman, is the term used ; it is also an expression of contempt, and is applied to those Brahmins who officiate for Śúdras.

Vita. I am afraid.

Saṁs. Of what?

Vita. Of the eminent virtues of Chárudatta.

Saṁs. Very eminent, indeed, when they cannot afford his visitors a dinner.

Vita. Never mind that; he has become impoverished by his liberality: like the lake in the summer which is exhausted by relieving the thirst of the travellers; in his prosperity he was kind to all, and never treated any one with disrespect.

Saṁs. Who is this slave, the son of a slave? Is he a warrior, a hero? Is he *Páśú*,* *Śvetaketu*,† the son of *Rádhá*,‡ *Rávaṇa*,§ or *Indradatta*?|| Was he begotten on *Kuntí*, by *Ráma*, or is he *Aśvattháman*,¶ *Dharmaputra*,** or *Jatáyu*?††

Vita. No, you wiseacre, I will tell you who he is: he is Chárudatta, the tree of plenty to the poor, bowed down by its abundant fruit. He is the cherisher of the good, the mirror of the wise, a touchstone of piety, an ocean of decorum, the doer of good to all, of evil to none, a treasure of manly virtues, intelligent, liberal, and upright; in a word, he only is worthy of admiration: in the plenitude of his merits he may

* The brother of *Dhṛitaráshṭra*, and parent of the princes who are the heroes of the *Mahábhārata*. He was born of a fair complexion, whence his name, "The Pale." He left the kingdom of ancient Delhi to his brother, and retired to lead an ascetic life in the Himálaya mountains, where he died.

† *Śvetaketu* was a sage, the son of *Uddálaka*, and is mentioned in the *Mahábhārata*.

‡ *Rádhá* was the wife of the charioteer of *Duryodhana*, and bred *Karṇa* as her son, after he was exposed on the banks of the *Yamuná* by his own mother.

§ *Rávaṇa* has already been noticed.

|| *Indradatta* is a warrior in the *Mahábhārata*.

¶ *Aśvattháman* is the son of *Droṇa*, the military preceptor of the *Kaurava* and *Pándava* princes; he fought in favour of *Dhṛitaráshṭra*.

** The son of *Dharma*, the ruler of *Tartarus*, is the elder of the *Pándava* princes *Yudhishṭhira*.

†† This is a marvellous man-bird, the younger brother of *Sampatín* and son of *Garuḍa*: he attempted to rescue *Sitá* when carried off by *Rávaṇa*, and was slain by him.

be said to live indeed ; other men merely breathe. So come, we had better depart.

Saṁs. What, without Vasantasena ?

Vita. Vasantasena is lost.

Saṁs. How lost ?

Vita. Like the sight of the blind, the health of the sick, the wisdom of the fool, and the prosperity of the sluggard ; like the learning of the dull and dissipated, and the friendship of foes.

Saṁs. Well, I will not go hence until I recover her.

Vita. You may as well. Have you never heard the saying :

An elephant may be held by a chain,

A steed be curbed by his rider's art ;

But even go hang, if you cannot gain

The only bond woman obeys—her heart.

You may as well, therefore, come away.

Saṁs. Go, if you please ; I shall stay where I am.

Vita. Very well, I leave you.

[*Exit.*

Saṁs. Let him go ; who cares ? (*To Maitreya.*) Now, you crow-foot pated pupil of mendicity, down with you.

Mait. We are cast down already.

Saṁs. By whom ?

Mait. By destiny.

Saṁs. Get up then.

Mait. So we will.

Saṁs. When ?

Mait. When fortune smiles.

Saṁs. Weep, weep.

Mait. So we do.

Saṁs. What for ?

Mait. Our misfortunes.

Saṁs. Laugh, blockhead, laugh !

Mait. So we shall.

Saṁs. When ?

Mait. When Chárudatta is again in prosperity.

Saṁs. Hark ye, fellow ; do you carry a message from me

to the beggar Chárudatta. Say to him thus from me : A common wanton, hight Vasantasená, covered with gold upon gold, like the chief of a troop of comedians about to act a new play, saw you in the garden of *Kámadeva's** temple, and took a fancy to you. Having put us to the trouble of using violence to secure her, she fled, and has taken refuge in your house. If you will give her up, and put her yourself into my hands without any litigation, her delivery shall be rewarded with my most particular regard ; but if you will not put her forth, depend upon my eternal and exterminating enmity. Consider that a preserved pumpkin, a dried potherb, fried flesh, and boiled rice† that has stood for a night in the cold weather, stink when kept too long. Let him then not lose this opportunity. You speak well and distinctly ; you must, therefore, speak my message so that I may hear you, as I sit in the upper terrace of my house, here adjoining. If you do not say what I have told you, I shall grind your head between my teeth, as I would a nut beneath my door.‡

* The temple of *Kámadeva* makes a great figure in all the dramas and tales of the Hindus of any antiquity. There was always a garden or grove attached to it, to which no sanctity, however, seems to have been ascribed, as was to those of Albunea or Dodona : it was rather the Daphne of the Hindu religion, the resort of the young of either sex at public festivals, and the scene of many love adventures : although the reserve, to which Hindu women were always subjected in public, rendered it no school for the Daphnici Mores inspired by the shades of Antioch. All traces of the worship of *Kámadeva* have long since disappeared : his groves, indeed, could not possibly be frequented a moment after the intrusion of Moham-
medan brutality.

† Allusion is made here to some circumstances of domestic economy, on which the Hindus of the present day can give no information, such cookery having long gone out of fashion, and no Dr. Kitchener having arisen in India to immortalise the culinary art. The stalk of the gourd, it is said, is covered with cow-dung to preserve it from insects. For the satisfaction of the curious the *Prákfit* of the original follows : It is a verse in the *Upajáti* measure—" *Kakkáluka gochhaḍalittaventá; Sáke a śukke; talide hu manśe; Bhatte a hemantialattisiddhe; Līfe a bele na hu hodi pūdi.*"

‡ Literally, as the kernel of the wood-apple below a door.—*Kabāla-tala-papabitham kabitham guriash via, maśtaam de madamaḍiśsam.*

out litigation, her delivery shall be rewarded with my most particular regard ; but if you will not put her forth, depend upon my eternal and exterminating enmity."

Chár. (*With disdain.*) He is a fool.

(*To himself.*) She would become a shrine—

The pride of wealth

Presents no charm to her, and she disdains

The palace she is roughly bid to enter ;

Nor makes she harsh reply, but silent leaves

The man she scorns, to waste his idle words.

Lady—I knew you not, and thus unwittingly

Mistaking you for my attendant, offered you

Unmeet indignity, I bend my head,

In hope of your forgiveness.

Vas. Nay, sir, I am the offender, by intruding into a place of which I am unworthy ; it is my head that must be humbled in reverence and supplication.

Mait. Very pretty on both sides ; and whilst you two stand there, nodding your heads to each other like a field of long grass, permit me to bend mine, although in the style of a young camel's stiff knees, and request that you will be pleased to hold yourselves upright again.

Chár. Be it so ; no further ceremony.

Vas. (*Aside.*) How kind his manner, how pleasing his expression ! But it is not proper for me to remain longer : let me think. It shall be so. (*Aloud.*) Sir, respected sir, if truly I have found favour in your sight, permit me to leave these ornaments in your house ; it was to rob me of them, that the villains I fled from pursued me.

Chár. This house, lady, is unsuited to such a trust.

Vas. Nay, worthy sir, you do not speak me true. Men, and not houses, are the things we trust to.

Chár. Maitreya, take the trinkets.

Vas. You have obliged me.

Mait. Much obliged to your ladyship. (*Taking them.*)

Chár. Blockhead, this is but a trust.

Mait. (*To him apart.*) What if they should be stolen?

Chár. They will be here but a short time.

Mait. What she has given us is ours.

Chár. I shall send you about your business.

Vas. Worthy sir, I could wish to have the safeguard of this your friend's company to return home.

Chár. Maitreya, attend the lady.

Mait. Go yourself; you are the properest person; attending her graceful form as the stately swan upon his mate. I am but a poor Brahman, and should as soon be demolished by these libertines as a meat-offering in the market-place by the dogs.

Chár. Well, well, I will attend her, and for further security on the road let the torches be prepared.

Mait. What ho! Vardhamána—(*enter Servant*)—light the flambeaus.

Vardh. (*To him.*) You dunderhead, how are they to be lighted without oil?

Mait. (*Apart to Chárudatta.*) To say the truth, sir, our torches are like harlots; they shine not in poor men's houses.*

Chár. Never heed; we shall not need a torch.

Pale as the maiden's cheek who pines with love,
The moon is up, with all its starry train—
And lights the royal road with lamps divine,
Whilst through the gloom its milk-white rays descend,
Like streamlets winding o'er the miry plain.

(*They proceed.*) This, lady, is your dwelling.†

[*Vasantasená makes an obeisance, and exit.*]

Come, my friend, let us return—

* The original contains a pun upon the word *Sneha*, which means oil or affection—the one has no love, the other has no oil.

† Either the space appropriated to the stage was more spacious than we can conceive, or this progress to a dwelling evidently intended to be remote must be left in a great measure to the imagination. On the Greek stage the characters were not unfrequently supposed to be advancing from some distance whilst the chorus was singing, and in the Latin comedy a character

The road is solitary, save where the watch
 Performs his wonted round : the silent night—
 Fit season only for dishonest acts—
 Should find us not abroad.

As to this casket, let it be your charge
 By night, by day it shall be Vardhamāna's.

Mait. As you command.

[*Exeunt.*]

is often spoken of as near at hand some time before he takes part in the dialogue. On the Spanish stage a transit of a similar nature was performed, as in "Courtesy, not Love;" where the first part of the scene lies amongst rocks and woods, and presently, without any apparent change, we find one of the characters say—

"How heedlessly have we advanced,
 Even to the palace gates : and see where stand
 Ladies in the balcony."

—"Horræ Hispanicæ."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, No. C.



END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Scene—VASANTASENA'S HOUSE.*

Enter a Female Attendant.

I AM sent to Vasantasena with a message from her mother, I will therefore enter and deliver it to her. Ah, there she sits. She seems uneasy, I must approach her.

(*Vasantasena discovered seated,† Madanika attending.*)

* The plan of this and subsequent scenes requires a similar arrangement as the first, or the stage to be divided transversely by a curtain, each being a double scene, or the inside and outside of the house. There might have not been even this ceremony, the characters whose business was over merely making way for the new comers, without leaving the stage, or being in any formal way separated from it. A case of this kind occurs in an old English play, *Monsieur D'Olive*, by Chapman, Act 3, Scene 1, where the Duke, Duchess, and train pass over the stage to see the Earl of Anne's unburied wife; pause and talk, yet take no notice of the Earl and his brother, who were in previous possession of the scene, and who remain on it when the rest depart, resuming their discourse as if nothing had occurred to interrupt them.

† In the original "enter seated," *asanasthā pravisati*, a rather preposterous stage direction, but not without a parallel in the British drama. Thus in *The Pinner of Wakefield*: "Enter a shoemaker sitting upon the stage at work." In *'Tis pity She is a Whore*, Dodsley's edition, "Enter the Friar in his study, sitting in a chair." In the same piece, "Enter Giovanni and Annabella lying on a bed;" and in *The Lover's Melancholy*, "Enter Maleander on a couch." This sort of direction is constant in the old editions, and leaves it to be inferred that the characters had no alternative but to walk in and occupy the chair or bed, which latter the property man, as Malone observes, was ordered to thrust upon the stage when a bed-chamber was to be represented. The Greeks had some device for this purpose, although it does not appear very distinctly what. The Encyclema, as described by Julius Pollux, appears to have been a raised platform with a seat, and to have turned on a pivot, and the open side being made to face the audience, discovered the character sitting, as Euripides in the *Acharnians* and Sophocles in the clouds.

Vas. Well, girl, you must then——

Mad. Then—when—madam? You have given me no orders.

Vas. What said I?

Mad. You said, girl, you must then——

Vas. True.

Atten. (*Approaches.*) Madam, your mother desires that you will perform your ablutions and come to worship.

Vas. Tell my lady mother, child, that I shall not attend to-day; let the Brahman complete the ceremony.

Atten. As you command.

[*Exit.*

Mad. Dear madam, affection, not malice, compels me to ask what you meant to say?

Vas. Why, Madaniká, what think you of me?

Mad. I should guess from your being so absent that you are in love.

Vas. Well said, Madaniká; you are a judge of hearts, it should seem.

Mad. Excuse me, but Love is a resistless god, and holds his holiday in the breast of youth: so tell me, what prince or courtier does my lady serve?

Vas. I pretend, Madaniká, to be a mistress, not a slave.

Mad. What young and learned Brahman, then, is it that you love?

Vas. A Brahman is to be venerated, not loved.

Mad. It must be a merchant then, rich with the collected wealth of the many countries he has visited.

Vas. Nay, Madaniká, it were very ill-advised to fix my affections on a trader to foreign lands. His repeated absence would subject me to a life of incessant grief.

Mad. Neither a prince nor a courtier, a Brahman nor a merchant; who then can he possibly be?

Vas. Madaniká, you were with me in the garden of Káma-deva's temple.

Mad. I was, madam.

Vas. Then why do you ask me, as if you knew nothing?

I am picked up by a pike* like *Ghatotkacha* by the dart of *Karṇa*;† no sooner did I see the master of the table‡ intent upon the writings, than I started. Now I have got away from them, where can I conceal myself? The gamester and

piece, both text and comment, have it, *apalikṣhepa*, which might be rendered not putting aside the curtain, breaking through it in some part, expressing hurry and fright; in other plays, however, the phrase is, more correctly, *apalikṣhepa*, throwing up the curtain; from *apali*, a screen, and *kṣhepa*, throwing.

* The sense of this passage is rather obscure, but there can be no doubt that puns are intended, and that *gaddaḥi* or *gardabhi*, meaning a she-ass, as well as *śakti*, a dart or pike, imply something else in this place; perhaps they signify the implements of play, cards, or dice. The commentator is evidently at a loss, but is inclined to consider them to mean coins, which is not impossible.

† The demon *Ghatotkacha* was killed by *Karṇa*, with a lance given him by *Indra*. The story is told in the *Mahabharata*, and is translated in the 13th volume of the Asiatic Researches.

‡ The *Sabbhika* is said in the *Mitākṣharā* to be a person who presides at houses where assemblies are held for purposes of gambling, and who provides the dice and all other materials. The *Agni-Purāṇa*, which in the law chapters is identically the same with the text of *Yājñyavalkya*, gives the following description of the *Sabbhika*'s duties and the laws of the gaming-table:—"The *Sabbhika* is entitled to five per cent. on money won at play, whenever the sum exceeds one hundred; if it fall short of that amount, he is to receive ten per cent. In return for the protection of the king, he shall pay to the royal treasury a fixed proportion of his profits. It is his business to collect from the unsuccessful party whatever sums they may have lost, and transfer them to the winners; and it becomes him to do this civilly, and to adjust the payment on liberal and lenient terms. In all licensed gaming-houses, where the royal dues are regularly paid, the king should enforce the payment of all sums lost, but he should not interfere with gaming-houses of a different class. In all disputes, those who have been lookers-on are to be witnesses; and if any foul play or false dice be proved against a gambler, he shall be branded and banished the kingdom. The king shall appoint proper officers to attend at gambling-houses, and secure all dishonest characters; the same rules are applicable to cock-pits and other similar places, where animals are set to fight for wagers." The legal sanction thus given to gambling is very different from the sturdy and moral notions expressed by *Manu*, who directs kings to prohibit such practices in their dominions, and even to punish with death those who engage in them themselves or induce others to do so,—*Manu Samhitā*, ix. 221-224,—but regulations of either tendency are manifest indications of considerable progress in the vices of civilised society.

has on a throw. What is a man to do with his money? carry it in his waistband? * But you; you are villain enough, for the sake of ten *suvarñas*, to demolish the five senses of a man.

Máth. Keep your *suvarñas* for your morning meal, if you like: this is my property.

Dar. Very well; hear me! Give him other ten *suvarñas*, and let him play you for the whole.

Máth. How so?

Dar. If he wins, he shall pay you the money.

Máth. And if he lose?

Dar. Then, he shall not pay.

Máth. Go to; you talk nonsense. Will you give it? My name's *Máthura*; I am a cheat, and win other men's money unfairly: what then? I am not to be bullied by such a blackguard as you.

Dar. Whom do you call a blackguard?

Máth. You are a blackguard.

Dar. Your father was a blackguard. (*Makes signs to the Sañvāhaka to escape.*)

Máth. You son of a slave! † are you not a gambler yourself?

Dar. Me? do you call me a gambler?

Máth. Enough, enough. Come, do you pay the ten *suvarñas*. (*To the Sañvāhaka.*)

Sañ. I will pay them to-day. [*Máthura drags him along.*]

Dar. You villain! no one shall maltreat the poor in my presence.

[*Máthura gives the Sañvāhaka a blow on the nose; it bleeds; the Sañvāhaka, on seeing his blood, faints and falls on the ground. Darduraka approaches, gets*

* The natives of India commonly carry money tied up in one end of a cloth, which is bound round their loins, or sometimes thrown over their shoulders.

† *Gosāvid-putta*, which the commentator explains *gañika* or *vāsyā-putra*: this term of abuse is of all perhaps most widely disseminated, and in the languages of Spain and England is as native as in *Prākrit*.

Mad. Who is this that so graces Ujjayin, having stolen the good qualities my lady loves?

Vas. Right, Madaniká, my heart suggests to me the same inquiry.

Mad. Proceed.

San. This gentleman having by his munificent bounty——

Vas. Lavished all his wealth.

San. How should your ladyship know? I have not yet told you this.

Vas. I need no telling: worth and wealth are rarely found together. The pool is full to the brim, whose water is unfit for drinking.

Mad. Oblige us with his name.

San. To whom is the appellation of that earthly moon unknown, entitled to universal eulogium? his habitation is near the Exchange; his name is Chárudatta.

Vas. (*Springs from her seat.*) Girl, girl, a seat. This house is yours, sir; pray be seated. A fan! wench—quick; our worthy guest is fatigued.*

San. (*To himself.*) Such respect from the simple utterance of Chárudatta's name! Bravo! excellent Chárudatta! you in this world live; other men only breathe. (*Falls at Vasantasén's feet.*) Pray, lady, resume your seat.

Vas. (*Sitting down.*) Where is your wealthy dun?

San. He is truly wealthy, † who is rich in good acts, although he own not perishable riches. He who knows how to honour others, knows how his honour may be best deserved.

Vas. Proceed.

* This might be thought a little extravagant, but it is not without a parallel in European flattery, and from motives less reputable. Lewis XIV. having one day sent a footman to the Duke of Monbazon with a letter, the duke, who happened to be at dinner, made the footman take the highest place at his table, and afterwards accompanied him to the court-yard, because he came from the king.

† The connexion of the reply with Vasantasén's question turns upon the word *Dhanika*, which means a rich man as well as a creditor.

Sanh. I was made by that gentleman one of his personal attendants ; but in his reduced circumstances being necessarily discharged, I took to play, and by a run of ill-luck have lost ten *suvarñas*.

Máth. (*Without.*) I am robbed ! I am plundered !

Sanh. Hear, lady, hear ; those two gamblers are lying wait for me ; what is your ladyship's will ?

Vas. Madaniká, the birds are fluttering about and rustling in the leaves of the adjoining tree ; go to this poor fellow's pursuers, and say to them that he sends them this jewel in payment.

Mad. As you command.

[*Exit.*]

Outside of the House.

Máth. I am robbed !

MADANIKÁ enters by the side door unobserved.

Mad. These two, by their casting such anxious looks up to the house, their agitation, their close conference, and the diligence with which they watch the door, must be the gambler and the keeper of the gaming-house. I salute you, sir.

Máth. Joy be with you, wench.

Mad. Which of you two is the master of the gaming-house ?

Máth. He, my graceful damsel, whom you now address with pouting lip, soft speech, and wicked eye ; but get you gone ; I have nothing for you.

Mad. If you talk thus, you are no gambler. What ! have you no one in your debt ?

Máth. Yes, there is a fellow owes me ten *suvarñas* : what of him ?

Mad. On his behalf, my mistress sends—nay, I mistake—he sends you this bracelet.

Máth. Ha, ha ! tell him I take this as a pledge, and that he may come and have his revenge when he will.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Inside of the House.

Enter MADANIKÁ.

They have gone away, madam, quite pleased.

Vas. Now, my friend, depart, and relieve the anxiety of your family.

Sañ. If there be anything, lady, in which I can be of use to you, employ me.

Vas. There is a higher claim upon your service; you should still be ready to minister to him by whom you were once employed, and on whose account your skill was acquired.

Sañ. The lady discards me; how shall I requite her kindness! (*Aloud.*) Lady, as I find my profession only begets disgrace, I will become a Bauddha mendicant;* I tell you my design, and beg you will keep it in your recollection.

Vas. Nay, friend, do nothing rashly.

Sañ. I am determined, lady. (*Going.*) In bidding adieu to gambling, the hands of men are no longer armed against me: I can now hold up my head boldly as I go along the public road. (*A noise behind the scenes.*) What is the matter now?

(*Behind the scenes.*) Vasantasená's hunting elephant has broken loose.

Sañ. I must go and see this furious beast;—yet why should I, as I purpose a pious life? [*Exit.*]

A continued clamour without till KARNÁPÚRAKA enters hastily.

Kar. Where is my lady?

* Literally a *Śākya-śramaṇa*, *śakkaśamaṇa*. The expression is rather remarkable, for it decides an important point in the religious history of the Hindus. The *Sarmanes* or *Germanes* of the days of *Alexander* have been supposed to be *Bauddha* ascetics only. Mr. Colebrooke, however, has shown that the term *Śramaṇa* is not restricted to the *Bauddha* sect, but is equally applicable to any ascetic; and although the probable original of *Sarmanes* and *Samanvans*, and usually expressing a *Bauddha*, it does not necessarily bear that import. This assertion is here confirmed, as the author thinks it necessary to add *Śākya* to *Śramaṇa*, to imply a mendicant the follower of *Śākya Muni*, or last living *Buddha*.

Mad. You unmannerly fellow ! what ails you ? Cannot you see your mistress and address her fittingly ?

Kar. Lady, I salute you.

Vas. Karṇapūraka, you seem highly pleased with something ; what is it ?

Kar. You have lost a great deal to-day in not witnessing your humble servant's achievement.

Vas. What achievement ?

Kar. Only hear. Your ladyship's fierce elephant *Khuṇṭamoraka** killed his keeper and broke his chain ; he then scoured off along the high road, making a terrible confusion. The people shouted and screamed, " Carry off the children, get up the trees, climb the walls, the elephant is coming ! " Away went girdles and anklets ; and pearls and diamonds were scattering about in all directions. There he was, plunging about in Ujjayin, and tearing everything to pieces with his trunk, his feet, and his tusks, as if the city had been a large tank full of lotus flowers. A mendicant came in his way ; the elephant broke his staff, water-pot, and platter, sprinkled him with water from his trunk, and held him up between his tusks ; all cried out, " The holy man will be killed."

Vas. Alas ! alas !

Kar. Don't be alarmed ; only hear. Seeing him thus at large, and handling the holy man so roughly, I, Karṇapūraka, my lady's humblest slave, determined to rescue the mendicant and punish my gentleman ; so I quickly snatched up an iron bar, and approaching him sidelong,† made a desperate blow at the animal.

Vas. Go on.

* The name of the elephant *Khuṇṭamoraka*, which is given in the text, is said to be a Mahratta compound, signifying the breaker of the post to which he is chained.

† *Vāmachalaṇēṇa jūḍā-lekkhaam ugghusia*, drawing a gaming-letter with the left foot, is the literal expression, the exact sense of which is not explained by the commentator.

Sporting awhile in desultory descant,
And still recurring to the tasteful theme.*

Mait. Come, my friend, the very dogs in the high road through the market-place are fast asleep; let us go home. See, see, the moon descends from his mansion in the skies, making his way through the darkness.

Chár. True have you said. From his high palace bowed,
And hastening to his setting, scanty gleams
The waning moon, amidst the gathering gloom;
In slender crescent, like the tusk's fine point,
That peers above the darkening wave, where bathes
The forest elephant.

Mait. Here we are at home. Holloa! Vardhamána, arise and open the door.

Vardh. (*Within.*) Hark, I hear Maitreya's voice: Chárudatta is returned; I must let him in. (*Opens the door.*) Sir, I salute you; you also Maitreya. Here are the couches ready spread; please you to repose. (*They enter and sit.*)

Mait. Vardhamána, tell Radaniká to bring water for the feet.†

Chár. Nay, nay, disturb not those who are asleep.

Vardh. I will bring water, and Maitreya here can wash your feet.

Mait. Do you hear, my friend, the son of a slave? he is to hold the water, and he sets me, who am a Brahman, to wash your feet.

* Some liberties have been here unavoidably taken with the text, for the precise force of several of the technical terms employed it is impossible to render without a familiarity with the musical theory of the Hindus, to which the translator makes no pretence. It is believed, however, that the deviation from their general tenor is not very excursive.

† Washing the feet upon a person's return home has always been the common practice of the oriental nations: it was equally the practice of the Greeks: thus *Philocleon* in the *Wasps*—

"Next my girl, sprightly nymph, brings her napkin and lymph,
Feet and ankles are quick in ablution."

Chdr. Do you, Maitreya, hold the water; Vardhamána can perform the rest.

Vardh. Come then, worthy Maitreya, pour out the water. (*Vardhamána washes Chárudatta's feet, and is going.*)

Chdr. Nay, Vardhamána, wash the feet of the Brahman.

Mait. Never mind; it is of little use; I must soon go tramping over the ground again, like a jackass.

Vardh. Most worthy Maitreya, you are a Brahman, are you?

Mait. To be sure I am; like the boa amongst serpents, so am I, a Brahman amongst Brahman.

Vardh. I cry you mercy: that being the case, I will wash your feet. (*Does so.*) Now, Maitreya, this gold casket, of which I have had the charge by day, it is your turn to take care of. (*Gives it to him, and exit.*)

Mait. So; it is safe through the day. What! have we no thieves in Ujjayin, that no one could have carried off this vile pilferer of my rest: pray let me carry it into the courtyard.

Chdr. Impossible, it has been left in trust;

And is not to be parted with to any

But the right owner; Brahman, take heed to it. (*Lies down.*)

Still do I hear the soothing strain.

Mait. Pray, sir, is it your intention to go to sleep?

Chdr. Assuredly.

I feel the drowsy deity invade

My forehead, and descend upon my eyelids.

Sleep, like decay, viewless and variable,

Grows stronger in its triumph o'er our strength.

Mait. Very true, so let us go to sleep. (*They sleep.*)

Enter ŚARVILAKA (outside).

Creeping along the ground, like a snake crawling out of his old skin, I effect with slight and strength a passage for my cowering frame. (*Looking up.*) The sovereign of the skies is in his decline: 'tis well. Night, like a tender mother, shrouds

with her protecting darkness those of her children whose prowess assails the dwellings of mankind, and shrinks from an encounter with the servants of the king. I have made a breach in the garden wall, and have got into the midst of the garden. Now for the house. Men call this practice infamous, whose chief success is gained from the sleep of others, and whose booty is won by craft. If not heroism, it is at least independence, and preferable to the homage paid by slaves. As to nocturnal attacks, did not *Aśwatthāman* long ago overpower in a night-onset his slumbering foes? * Where shall I make the breach? what part is softened by recent damp? where is it likely that no noise will be made by the falling fragments? where is a wide opening most practicable which will not be afterwards visible? in what part of the wall are the bricks old, and corroded by saline exudations? † where can I penetrate without encountering women? ‡ and where am I likely to light upon my booty? (*Feels the wall.*) The ground here is softened by continual sprinkling with water and exposure to the sun, and is crusted with salt. Here is a rat-hole. The prize is sure: this is the first omen of success the sons of *Skanda* have laid down. Let me see: how shall I proceed? The god of the golden spear § teaches four modes of breaching a house: picking out burnt bricks, cutting through unbaked ones, throwing water on a mud wall, and boring through one of wood. This wall is of baked bricks: they must be picked out, but I must give them a sample of my skill. Shall the breach be the lotus blossom, the full sun or the new moon, the lake, the

* This exploit forms the subject of a section of the *Mahābhārata*, the *Saṃpātika-Parvan*.

† These considerations, and much of what follows, are agreeably to the Thief's Manual, which is said to exist in Sanskrit, or a work on the *Chaturya-Vidyā*, the Science of Thieving, ascribed to *Yogāchārya*, who was taught the science by no less a person than the god *Kārttikeya*, resembling, in respect to the objects of this patronage, the Grecian Mercury.

‡ To be avoided either out of delicacy towards the sex or as a bad omen.

§ *Kārttikeya*.

svastika,* or the water-jar? It must be something to astonish the natives. The water-jar looks best in a brick wall;—that shall be the shape. In other walls that I have breached by night, the neighbours have had occasion both to censure and approve my talents. Reverence to the prince *Kārttikeya*, the giver of all good; reverence to the god of the golden spear; to *Brāhmaṣya*, the celestial champion of the celestials; the son of fire.† Reverence to *Yogāchārya*, whose chief scholar I am, and by whom well pleased was the magic unguent‡ conferred upon me, anointed with which, no eye beholds nor weapon harms me. Shame on me! I have forgotten my measuring-line,—never mind, my Brahmanical thread will answer the purpose. This thread is a most useful appendage to a Brahman, especially one of my complexion: it serves to measure the depth and height of walls, and to withdraw ornaments from their position; it opens a latch in a door as well as a key, and is an excellent ligature for the bite of a snake. Let us take measure, and go to work: so, so—(*extracting the bricks*)—one brick alone remains. Ha! hang it; I am bitten by a snake—(*ties the finger with the cord*)—’tis well again,—I must get on. (*Looks in.*) How! a lamp alight! the golden ray streaming through the opening in the wall shows amidst the exterior darkness, like the yellow streak of pure metal on the touchstone. The breach is perfect; now to enter.§ There is no one. Reverence to *Kārttikeya*. (*Enters.*) Here are two men asleep; let me set the outer door

* A magical diagram so called.

† These are all epithets of *Kārttikeya*, who in his military character corresponds to the Grecian Mars. He seems to have lost his reputation as the patron of thieves, who more usually worship some of the forms of *Durgā*.

‡ *Yogārochāṇḍ*. *Yoga* here is abstract devotion, for the purpose of obtaining supernatural power. What the article is may be doubted, but *rochāṇḍ* may be rendered unguent.

§ He talks in the text, however, of sending in a deputy first; the term is *pratipurusha*, a pro-man or substitute: it is questionable, however, what is precisely meant here, especially as no further allusion is made to such a character: it is probably a slip of the author.

insect.) Place and time requiring, let this insect fly. It hovers round the wick—with the wind of its wings the flame is extinguished. Shame on this total darkness, or rather shame on the darkness with which I have obscured the lustre of my race! how well it suits that Sarvilaka, a Brahman, the son of a Brahman, learned in the four *Vedas*, and above receiving donations from others, should now be engaged in such unworthy courses! And why? For the sake of a harlot, for the sake of Madaniká. Ah, well! I must even go on, and acknowledge the courtesy of this Brahman.

Mait. (*Half-awake.*) Eh, my good friend, how cold your hand is!

Sar. Blockhead! I had forgotten, I have chilled my hand by the water I touched; I will put it to my side. (*Chafes his left hand on his side and takes the casket with it.*)

Mait. (*Still only half-awake.*) Have you got it?

Sar. The civility of this Brahman is exceeding! I have it.

Mait. Now like a pedlar that has sold all his wares, I shall go soundly to sleep. (*Sleeps.*)

Sar. Sleep, illustrious Brahman! May you sleep a hundred years! Fie on this love! for whose dear sake I thus bring trouble on a Brahman's dwelling—nay, rather call down shame upon myself; and fie! and fie! upon this unmanning poverty, that urges me to acts which I must needs condemn. Now to Vasantasena to redeem my beloved Madaniká with this night's booty. I hear footsteps; should it be the watch—what then?—shall I stand here like a post?—no, let Sarvilaka be his own protection. Am I not a cat in climbing; a deer in running, a snake in twisting, a hawk in darting upon the prey, a dog in baying man, whether asleep or awake? In assuming various forms am I not *Máyá** herself, and *Saraswatí*† in the gift of tongues? A lamp in the night, a mule in a defile, a horse by land, a boat by water, a snake in motion, and a rock in

* The personification of illusion and unreality.

† The wife of *Brahmá*, and goddess of learning and the arts.

stability? In hovering about I compete with the king of birds, and in an eye to the ground, am keener than the hare. Am I not like a wolf in seizing, and like a lion in strength?

Enter RADANIKĀ.

Bless me! what has become of Vardhamāna? He was asleep at the hall door, but is there no longer. I must wake Maitreya. (*Approaches.*)

Sar. (*Going to stab her.*) Ha! a woman! she is safe, and I may depart. [*Exit.*]

Rad. Oh, dear me! a thief has broken into the house, and there he goes out at the door. Why, Maitreya! Maitreya! up, up, I say. A thief has broken into the house, and has just made his escape.

Mait. Eh, what do you say, you foolish toad? a thief made his escape?

Rad. Nay, this is no joke—see here.

Mait. What say you, hey, the outer door opened! Chāru-datta, friend, awake! a thief has been in the house and has just made his escape.

Chār. This is not an hour to jest.

Mait. It is true enough, as you may satisfy yourself.

Chār. Where did he get in?

Mait. Look here. (*Discovers the breach.*)

Chār. Upon my word, a not unseemly fissure; the bricks are taken out above and below; the head is small, the body large: there is really talent in this thief.

Mait. The opening must have been made by one of two persons; by a novice, merely to try his hand, or by a stranger to this city; for who in Ujjayin is ignorant of the poverty of our mansion?

Chār. No doubt, by a stranger—one who did not know the condition of my affairs, and forgot that those only sleep soundly who have little to lose. Trusting to the external semblance of this mansion, erected in more prosperous times, he entered full of hope, and has gone away disappointed.

What will the poor fellow have to tell his comrades? I have broken into the house of the son of the chief of a corporation, and found nothing.

Mait. Really, I am very much concerned for the luckless rogue. Ah, ha! thought he, here is a fine house; now for jewels, for caskets. (*Recollecting.*) By the by, where is the casket? oh yes, I remember. Ha, ha! my friend, you are apt to say of me, that blockhead Maitreya! that dunderhead Maitreya! but it was a wise trick of mine to give the casket to you: had I not done so, the villain would have walked off with it.

Chár. Come, come, this jesting is misplaced.

Mait. Jestng—no, no; blockhead though I be, I know when a joke is out of season.

Chár. When did you give the casket to me?

Mait. When I called out to you, "How cold your hand is!"

Chár. It must be so. (*Looking about.*) My good friend, I am much obliged by your kindness.

Mait. Why: is not the casket stolen?

Chár. It is stolen.

Mait. Then what have you to thank me for?

Chár. That the poor rogue has not gone away empty-handed.

Mait. He has carried off what was left in trust.

Chár. How! in trust, alas! (*Faints.*)

Mait. Revive, revive, sir! though the thief has stolen the deposit, why should it so seriously affect you?

Chár. Alas! my friend, who will believe it stolen?

A general ordeal waits me. In this world

Cold poverty is doomed to wake suspicion.

Alas! till now, my fortune only felt

The enmity of fate; but now its venom

Sheds a foul blight upon my dearer fame.

Mait. I tell you what. I will maintain that the casket was never entrusted to us. Who gave it, pray? who took it? where are your witnesses?

Mait. I will do no such thing. What ! are we to part with these gems, the quintessence of the four oceans, for a thing carried off by thieves, and which we have neither eaten nor drank, nor touched a penny for ?

Chdr. Not so ; to me, confiding in my care
And honesty, the casket was entrusted ;
And for that faith, which cannot be o'ervalued,
A price of high amount must be repaid.
Touching my breast, I therefore supplicate,
You will not hence, this charge not undertaken.
You, Vardhamána, gather up these bricks
To fill the chasm again ; we'll leave no trace
To catch the idle censure of men's tongues.
Come, come, Maitreya, rouse a liberal feeling,
Nor act in this a despicable niggard.

Mait. How can a pauper be a niggard ? he has nothing to part with.

Chdr. I am not poor, I tell thee, but retain
Treasures I prize beyond whate'er is lost.
Go then, discharge this office, and meanwhile
I hail the dawn with its accustomed rites. [Exit.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

VASANTASENÁ'S HOUSE.

Enter Female Attendant.

I am sent to the lady Vasantasená by her mother : oh, here she is, looking on a picture, and engaged in conversation with Madaniká.

Enter VASANTASENÁ as described.

Vas. But, Madaniká, is this a good likeness of Chárudatta ?

Mad. Very good.

Vas. How do you know ?

Mad. I conclude so, madam, from the affectionate looks which you bestow upon it.

Vas. How, wench, do you say this in the language of our profession ?

Mad. Nay, madam, surely even one of us is not incapable of speaking truth.

Vas. The woman, wench, that admits the love of many men is false to them all.

Mad. Yet, madam, when the eyes and thoughts are intent but on one object, it is very unnecessary to inquire the cause.

Vas. But tell me, girl, do I not seem ridiculous to my friends ?

Mad. Nay, not so, madam ; a woman is secure of the sympathy of her companions.

Attendant advances.

Att. Madam, your mother desires you to ascend your litter and repair to the private apartments.

Vas. To meet my Chárudatta.

Att. The person, madam, who has sent the chariot has sent very costly ornaments.*

Vas. Who is he?

Att. Saṁsthānaka, the Rāja's brother-in-law.

Vas. Begone, let me not hear him named.

Att. Forgive me, madam; I but deliver my message.

Vas. The message is odious.

Att. What reply am I to convey to your lady mother?

Vas. Tell her, if she would not have me dead, she must send me no more such messages.

Att. I shall obey.

[*Exit.*

The Outside of the House—A Garden.

Enter SARVILAKA (below).

Śar. My course is like the moon's, and with the dawn
Declines its fading beams: my deeds have shamed
The lazy night, have triumphed over sleep,
And mocked the baffled vigilance of the watch.
Yet I am scant secure, and view with terror
Him who appears to track my rapid steps,
Or seems to hasten where I rest my flight.—
Thus guilty conscience makes me fear, for man
Is ever frightened by his own offences. †
'Tis for Madanikā's dear sake alone
I perpetrate this violence, as I shun
The leader and his train, avoid the mansion
A woman sole inhabits, or I stand
Still as the door-post, while the town-guard passes,
And with a hundred tricks thus make the night
As full of action as the busy day.

Vas. (Within.) Here, girl, take the picture, lay it on my couch; and here, bring me my fan.

* Literally, ornaments to the value of ten thousand *savarāas*.

† It might be rendered, "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all." *Tam sarvaṁ tulayati dūshito 'ntarātmā swair doṣhair bhavati hi śānkito manushyaḥ.*

Mad. Ah ! Śarvilaka, for a transitory enjoyment you have endangered two valuable things.

Śar. And what are they ?

Mad. Your person and your reputation.

Śar. Silly girl ! fortune favours force.

Mad. (*Ironically.*) Your conduct is without blame ; the violence you have committed on my account is no doubt quite proper.

Śar. It may be venial, for I have not plundered
 A lovely woman graced with glittering gems,
 The blossoms of a creeper. I have not filched
 A Brahman's gold, for purposes of piety
 Collected, nor from the heedless nurse
 Have I borne off the innocent babe for hire.
 I have well weighed whate'er I have committed.
 Apprise your mistress, then, these gems are hers,
 That seem as they were made on purpose for her,
 If she will yield you up, but let her keep them
 Carefully concealed.

Mad. An ornament that must never be worn is but ill suited to my mistress. But come, let me see these trinkets.

Śar. Behold them.

Mad. I have certainly seen them before : where did you get them ?

Śar. That concerns not you ; ask no questions, but take them.

Mad. (*Angrily.*) If you can place no confidence in me, why seek to make me yours ?

Śar. I was informed, then, that near the Bazar resided the chief of his tribe, one Chárudatta.

VASANTASENÁ and MADANIKÁ both faint.

Śar. Madaniká, revive ! what ails the wench ?

Her limbs are all unstrung, her looks are wild.

Why, girl, is this your love ? is then so terrible

The thought to share your destiny with mine ?

Mad. Avoid me, wretch! Yet stay, I dread to ask. Was no one hurt or murdered in that mansion?

Sar. I touch not one who trembles or who sleeps.
Unharm'd by me were all in that abode.

Mad. In truth?

Sar. In very truth.

Vas. Do I yet live?

Mad. This is indeed a blessing.

Sar. (*With jealous warmth.*)

You seem to take strange interest in this business.

'Twas love of you that urg'd me to the act—

Me, sprung of virtuous and of pure descent.

Spurred by my passion, I have offer'd you

A life of credit and a faithful heart;

And this is my reward—to be reviled,

And find your cares devoted to another.

In vain the lofty tree of flowering youth

Bears goodly fruit, the prey of harlot birds.

Wealth, manhood, all we value, are consumed

By passion's fierce ungovernable fire.

Ah! what a fool is man, to place his trust

In woman or in fortune, fickle both

As serpent-nymphs! Be woman's love unwoo'd,

For humble love she pays with scorn. Let her

First proffer tenderness, and whilst it lasts

Be kind, but leave her as her fondness cools.

'Tis wisely said, for money woman weeps

And smiles at will, and of his confidence,

The man she trusts not, craftily beguiles.

Let then the youth of merit and of birth

Beware the wanton's charms, that baleful blow

Like flowers on charnel ground; the ocean waves

Are less unsteady, and the varying tints

Of eve less fleeting than a woman's fondness.

Wealth is her aim; as soon as man is drained

Of all his goods, like a squeezed colour bag,

She casts him off. Brief as the lightning's flash
 Is woman's love. Nay, she can look devotion
 To one man whilst another rules her heart,
 And even whilst she holds in fond embrace
 One lover, for his rival breathes her sighs.
 But why expect what nature has withheld?
 The lotus blooms not on the mountain's brow,
 Nor bears the mule the burthen of the horse;
 The grain of barley buds not into rice,
 Nor dwells one virtue in the breast of woman.*
 Fool that I was, to let that wretch escape;

'Tis not too late, and Chárudatta dies. (*Going.*)

Mad. (*Catching hold of him.*) You have talked a great deal of stuff, and are angry without rhyme or reason.

Śar. How, without reason?

Mad. These ornaments are in truth the property of Vasantasená.

Śar. Indeed!

Mad. And were left by her in deposit with Chárudatta.

Śar. For what purpose?

Mad. I will tell you. (*Whispers.*)

Śar. I am overcome with shame. The friendly branch
 That gave me shadow when oppressed with heat,
 My heedless hand has shorn of its bright leaves.

Vas. I am glad that he repents: he has acted without reflection.

Śar. What is to be done?

Mad. You are the best judge.

* In generalising some of these asperities the author is made to appear more of a misogynist than he really is; some of the aspersions are, however, addressed to the whole sex, and the application of the rest is not without countenance. The Hindu poets very rarely dispraise women; they almost invariably represent them as amiable and affectionate. In this they might give a lesson to the bards of more lofty nations, and particularly to the Greeks, who both in tragedy and comedy pursued the fair sex with implacable rancour. Aristophanes is not a whit behind Euripides, although he ridicules the tragedian for his ungallant propensities.

Vas. (Smiling.) Very true; let him advance, Madaniká.
*[She descends, and brings Śarvilakā forward as Vasan-
 tasenā enters below.]*

Śar. Lady, I salute you; peace be with you.

Vas. I salute you. Pray be seated. *(Sits.)*

Śar. The respected Chárudatta informs you, that as his house is very insecure, he is apprehensive this casket may be lost, and therefore begs you will take it back again. *(Gives it to Madaniká and is going.)*

Vas. Stay; I have a favour to request. Let me trouble you to convey to the worthy sender something from me.

Śar. (Aside.) Who the deuce is to give it to him? *(Aloud.)* What am I to take?

Vas. Madaniká.

Śar. I understand you not.

Vas. I understand myself.

Śar. What mean you?

Vas. The truth is, it was agreed between Chárudatta and me, that the person by whom he should send back these jewels should receive Madaniká as a present from me on his account: you are therefore to take this damsel, and thank Chárudatta for her. You understand me now.

Śar. (Apart.) She knows the truth; that is clear. No matter *(Aloud.)*

May all prosperity bless Chárudatta.

'Tis politic in man to nurture merit,

For poverty with worth is richer far

Than majesty without all real excellence.

Nought is beyond its reach; the radiant moon

Won by its worth a seat on Śiva's * brow.

Vas. Who waits? bring forth the litter. †

Śar. It attends. *(The carriage comes on.)*

Vas. My dear girl, Madaniká, ascend the litter; I have given you away: look at me well; do not forget me.

* The god Śiva wears the crescent moon as the ornament of his forehead.

† A small covered carriage on two wheels, drawn by oxen.

Mad. (*Weeping.*) I am discarded by my mistress. (*Falls at her feet.*)

Vas. Nay, wench, rise, it is now my place to stoop to you ; go take your seat, and keep me ever in your recollection.

Śar. Lady, may every good attend you ! Madanikā, with grateful looks survey your bounteous benefactress ; bow your head in gratitude to her to whom you owe the unexpected dignity that waits upon the title and the state of wife.*

[*They salute VASANTASENĀ as she departs, and ascend the car.*

(*Behind.*)

Who hears ? who hears ? the Governor commands. In consequence of a reported prophecy, that the son of a cowherd, named Āryaka, shall ascend the throne, his majesty Pālaka has deemed it expedient to apprehend him, and detain him in confinement. Let all men therefore remain quietly in their houses, and entertain no alarm.

Śar. How ! the king has seized my dear friend Āryaka, and I am thinking of a wife !

This world presents two things most dear to all men ;

A friend and mistress ; but the friend is prized

Above a hundred beauties. I must hence,

* And try to liberate him. (*Alights.*)

Mad. Stay but a while, my dearest lord ; consign me first to reputable friends, then leave me, if it must be so.

Śar. You speak my thoughts, love. Hark ye. (*To the servant.*) Know you the residence of Rebhila,

The chief of the musicians ?

Serv. I do, sir.

* *Vadhūśabdāvagunāhana*, the covering of the title of wife. At the same time Madanikā is of course only a wife for the nonce, or rather of an inferior degree ; an *amie de maison*, or a gentle concubine. In India these left-hand marriages are common amongst both Hindus and Mohammedans, and are considered by no means disreputable. It would be impossible to contract any other with a woman of Madanikā's past life and servile condition. On the ground of disparity of rank, left-hand marriages are still sanctioned in Germany, but they seem not essentially different from those here alluded to.

adamant.* The whole cries "away" to a poor man, whilst its splendour catches the eye of the wisest.

Att. This leads to the first court.† Enter, sir, enter.

(*They enter the first Court.*)

Mait. Bless me! why here is a line of palaces, as white as the moon, as the conch, as the stalk of the water-lily—the stucco has been laid on here by handfuls; golden steps, embellished with various stones, lead to the upper apartments, whence the crystal windows, festooned with pearls, and bright as the eyes of a moon-faced maid, look down upon *Ujjayin*. The porter dozes on an easy-chair as stately as a Brahman deep in the Vedas; and the very crows, crammed with rice and curds, disdain the fragments of the sacrifice,‡ as if they were no more than scattered plaster. Proceed.

Att. That is the second court. Enter.

(*They enter the second Court.*)

Mait. Oh, here are the stables; the carriage oxen are in good case, pampered with *javasa*§ I declare; and straw and oil-cakes are ready for them; their horns are bright with

* The correctness of the comparison is more evident in the original, where the word *vajra* implies both a diamond and the thunderbolt of Indra, with which he pierces the breasts of his foes.

† The interior of the houses at Pompeii conveys some idea of an Indian house, which like them is a set of chambers, of one or two stories, surrounding a central unroofed square. A house of a superior description is merely denoted by the superior extent of this square, and by its comprising a set or series of them, as in the text. The several entrances were in representation left, we may presume, to the imagination of the audience; something after the fashion which Sir Philip Sydney describes: "Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then you must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame, if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke; and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field."

‡ The last portion of the offering of rice, &c., thrown into the air for the spirits of ill, the *Bali*, of which notice was taken in the first scene.

§ A species of *hedysarum*.

grease. Here we have a buffalo snorting indignantly, like a Brahman of high caste whom somebody has affronted; here the ram* stands to have his neck well rubbed, like a wrestler after a match; here they dress the manes of the horses; here is a monkey tied as fast a thief;† and here the *mahauts*‡ are plying the elephants with balls of rice and *ghee*. Proceed.

Att. This, sir, is the third gateway.

(*They enter the third Court.*)

Mait. Oh, this is the public court, where the young bucks of *Ujjayin* assemble; these are their seats, I suppose—the half-read book lies on the gaming-table, the men of which are made of jewels. Oh, yonder are some old hangers-on, lounging about with many-coloured pictures in their hands, and skilled in the peace and war of love. What next?

Att. This is the entrance to the fourth court.

(*They enter the fourth Court.*)

Mait. Oh, ho! this is a very gay scene: here the drums, whilst beaten by taper fingers, emit, like clouds, a murmuring tone; there the cymbals beating time, flash as they descend like the unlucky stars§ that fall from heaven. The flute here breathes the soft hum of the bee, whilst here a damsel holds the *vīṭā* in her lap, and frets its wires with her finger-nails, like some wild minx that sets her mark on the face of her offending swain: some damsels are singing, like so many bees intoxicated with flowery nectar; others are practising the graceful dance, and others are employed in reading plays and

* Rams in India are commonly trained to fight.

† Monkeys are kept in stables as a sort of scape-goats apparently: hence the Persian proverb current in Hindustan, "The misfortune of the stable on the head of the monkey:" *Bilāi tavīlch ber seri maimun*.—Roebuck's Proverbs.

‡ Elephant-driver; the Sanskrit is *Mahāmātra*. The balls alluded to are the common food of the elephants.

§ The phrase is, the stars that have lost their virtue, *kṣhīṇapūṣhyā tārakā*. The notion is, that the stars are individuals raised to that honour for a time proportioned to the sum of their merits; this being exhausted, they descend to earth, often visibly, as in the case of shooting-stars.

poems.* The place is hung with water-jars, suspended to catch the cooling breeze. What comes next?

Att. This is the gate of the fifth court.

(They enter the fifth Court.)

Mait. Ah, how my mouth waters! what a savoury scent of oil and asafoetida! The kitchen sighs softly forth its fragrant and abundant smoke—the odours are delicious—they fill me with rapture. The butcher's boy is washing the skin of an animal just slain, like so much foul linen; the cook is surrounded with dishes; the sweetmeats are mixing; the cakes are baking. (*Apart.*) Oh that I could meet with some one to do me a friendly turn; one who would wash my feet, and say, eat, sir, eat. (*Aloud.*) This is certainly *Indra's* heaven; the damsels are *Apsarasas*, the *Bandhulas* are *Gandharbas*. Pray, why do they call you *Bandhulas*?

Att. We inhabit the dwellings of others and eat the bread of the stranger: we are the offspring of parents whom no tie connects: we exercise our indescribable merits in gaining men's money, and we sport through life as free and unrestrained as the cubs of the elephant.

Mait. What do we come to next?

Att. This is the sixth entry.

(They enter.)

Mait. The arched gateway is of gold and many-coloured gems on a ground of sapphire, and looks like the bow of *Indra*† in an azure sky. What is going forward here so busily? It is the jeweller's court: skilful artists are examining pearls, topazes, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, the lapis-lazuli, coral, and other jewels; some set rubies in gold, some work gold ornaments on coloured thread, some string pearls, some grind the lapis-lazuli, some pierce shells, and some cut coral. Here we have perfumers drying the saffron bags, shaking the musk bags, expressing the sandal-juice and compounding essences.

* Reading, *Nātyaśāstram saṅgingāram*.

† The rainbow.

all, though smooth, bright, and fragrant, the *champa** tree that grows on funeral ground is not to be approached. And pray, who is that lady dressed in flowered muslin?†—a goodly person truly; her feet shining with oil thrust into a pair of slippers: she sits in state, high on a gorgeous throne.

Att. That is my lady's mother.

Mait. A portly old hag, indeed: how did she contrive to get in here? Oh, I suppose she was first set up here, as they do with an unwieldy *Mahādeva*, and then the walls were built round her.‡

Att. How now, slave? What! do you make a jest of our lady, affected, too, as she is with a quartan ague?

Mait. A what? O mighty Fever, be pleased to afflict me with a quartan, if such are its symptoms!

Att. You will die, slave.

Mait. No, hussey; better that this bloated porpoise, swelled up with wine and years, die; there will then be a dinner for a thousand jackals. But no matter; what do you know about it? I had heard of Vasantasenā's wealth, and now I find it true; it seems to me that the treasures of the three worlds are collected in this mansion. I am in doubt whether to regard it as the dwelling of a courtesan or the palace of *Kuvera*.§ Where is your lady?

Att. She's in the arbour. Enter.

(*They enter the Garden.*)

Mait. A very lovely scene! the numerous trees are bowed down by delicious fruit, and between them are silken swings

* A handsome tree with fragrant blossoms (*Michelia champac*).

† *Phulla-pāvāraa-pāudā*, for *Pushpa-prāvāraka-prāvṛitā*, dressed in a garment of or with flowers, which the commentator explains to mean worked muslin: *Sāṅkhya-sūtra-pushpāñi kṛitrīmāñi yatra bhavanti sa tathā pushpa-pāta-prasiddhāḥ*. The cloth on which artificial flowers are worked in fine thread is well known as *Pushpapāt*, flowered cloth.

‡ The stone emblems of this deity are sometimes of great bulk and weight.

§ The God of Wealth.

the tables, a servant of the prince, is gone, no one knows whither.

Att. Lady, you are in luck; the grave Chárudatta turned gambler.

Vas. (*Apart.*) How? the casket has been stolen, and he says it was lost at play. Yet even in this I love him.

Mait. As the accident cannot now be helped, he requests, in lieu of the casket, you will accept this string of diamonds.

Vas. (*Apart.*) Shall I show him the ornaments? (*Considering.*) No, not so.

Mait. Will you not receive this equivalent?

Vas. (*Smiling.*) Why not, Maitreya? (*Takes and puts it to her heart.*) But how is this? do drops of nectar fall from the mango-tree after it has shed its blossoms? My good friend, tell that sad gambler, Chárudatta, that I shall call upon him in the evening.

Mait. (*Apart.*) So, so; she intends to get more out of him, I suppose. (*Aloud.*) I shall so inform him, madam. (*Apart.*) I wish he was rid of this precious acquaintance. [*Exit.*]

Vas. Here, girl, take the jewels and attend me to Chárudatta.

Att. But look, madam, look! a sudden storm is gathering.

Vas. No matter.

Let the clouds gather and dark night descend,

And heavy fall unintermitted showers;

I heed them not, wench, when I haste to seek

His presence, whose loved image warms my heart.—

Take charge of these, and lightly trip along. [*Exit.*]

As by his yellow garb, and bearing high
 The long white line of storks, the God's pure shell :*
 From the dark womb, in rapid fall descend
 The silvery drops, and glittering in the gleam,
 Shot from the lightning, bright and fitful, sparkle
 Like a rich fringe rent from the robe of heaven.
 The firmament is filled with scattered clouds,
 And, as they fly before the wind, their forms,
 As in a picture, image various shapes,
 The semblances of storks and soaring swans,
 Of dolphins and the monsters of the deep,
 Of dragons vast, and pinnacles, and towers.
 The spreading shade, methinks, is like the host
 Of *Dhítaráshtra* † shouting loud in thunder.
 Yon strutting peacock welcomes its advance,
 Like proud *Duryodhan*, vaunting of his might :
 From its dread enmity, the *Kóil* ‡ flies,
 Like luckless *Yudhishtíra*, § by the dice
 Bereaved of power, and scatter wild the swans,
 Like the proscribed and houseless *Pándavas*,
 Wandering from home and every comfort far,
 Through paths untrod, till then, and realms unknown.
 Maitreya long delays. Will not to-day
 Apprise me of the issue of his visit? (Retires.)

Enter MAITREYA.

What a rapacious, mean wretch is this harlot! Scarcely a word did she say, but, without any ceremony, pounced upon the necklace. With all her pomp and parade, she could not say to me, my good friend, Maitreya, take a little refreshment ; not

* The *śankha* or conch shell is borne by Vishnú in one of his hands.

† The father of *Duryodhana* and the other Kuru princes, whose war with their cousins, the sons of Pándú, is the subject of the *Mahábhárata*.

‡ The Indian cuckoo.

§ The eldest of the sons of Pándú, who with his brothers was banished from the realm of his forefathers and spent some time in the forests towards the South of India.

spy, or a jackass, find admission, they are sure to do mischief.

Chár. Enough of this unmerited reviling.

My fallen fortunes are a sure protection.

The fiery steed bounds fleetly o'er the plain
Till fading breath retards his lagging course ;
So man's desires first urge his heedless path,
But soon exhausted shrink into his bosom.

Believe me, friend, a female of this order,

A true wealth-hunter, troubles not the poor :

(*Apart.*) She, she, alone, bestows her love on merit.

(*Aloud.*) We are by wealth abandoned, and by her.

Mait. (*Apart.*) This love is the devil : he turns up his eyes and sighs from the very bottom of his heart. I see plainly my advice to him to conquer his passion only serves to confirm it.

(*Aloud.*) She desired me to say, she intends paying you a visit this evening. I suspect she is not satisfied with the necklace, and intends to demand something more valuable.

Chár. Well, let her come ; she shall depart contented.

Enter KUMBHILAKA, Vasantasenâ's Servant.

I wish every one to take notice, that the harder it rains, the more thoroughly do I get ducked, and the colder the wind that blows down my back, the more do my limbs shiver. A pretty situation for a man of my talents ; for one who can play the flute with seven holes, the *vîñâ* with seven strings, can sing like a jackass, and who acknowledges no musical superior, except perhaps *Tamburu** or *Nârada*.† *Vasantasenâ* sends me to *Chârudatta*'s house. (*Advances.*) There is *Chârudatta* in the garden, and that dunderhead *Maitreya* with him. I must throw out a signal to him. (*Throws a clod of earth at Maitreya.*)

Mait. Holloa ! who pelts me with a pellet, like a *kapittha*‡ tree in an orchard ?

* An attendant upon *Kuvera*, and one of the chief *Gandharvas* or choristers of heaven.

† The son of *Brahmâ*, the inventor of the Indian lute.

‡ The elephant or wood apple (*Feronia elephantum*).

Chdr. It was probably thrown down in their sport by the pigeons that tenant the top of the garden wall.

Mait. Wait a while, you saucy-son of a slave, and with this stick I will knock you off the wall, like a ripe mango from the tree.

Chdr. Sit down, sit down; fright not the gentle bird, nor chase him from his mate.

Kum. The blockhead! he sees the pigeons and cannot see me. I must give him another salutation. (*Throws another clod.*)

Mait. Hey, again! (*Looks up.*) O Kumbhilaka! is it you? Wait a while, and I will come to you. (*Goes to the door.*) Come in; how fares it?

Kum. I salute you, sir.

Mait. And what brings you here in such foul weather?

Kum. She sent me.

Mait. And who is she?

Kum. She—she—she.

Mait. She—she—she! What are you sputtering about, like an old miser when things are dear? Who—who—who?

Kum. Hoo—hoo—hoo! What are you too-whooping about, like an owl that has been scared from a sacrifice?*

Mait. Speak out, man, intelligibly.

Kum. I will; but first I'll give you something to guess.

Mait. I shall give you a box of the ears, I believe.

Kum. Never mind that. In which season, pray, does the mango blossom?

Mait. In the season of *Grishma*† to be sure, you block-head!

Kum. Blockhead yourself! it does no such thing.

Mait. Hey, how is that? I must ask my friend. Stop a moment. (*Goes to Chdrudatta.*) Pray, sir, in which season does the mango blossom?

* In the original, Kumbhilaka says *Esá áá*, to which Maitreya replies, *ká, cá, ká*. Kumbhilaka's answer is, What are you barking about, like the lover of Indra's sacrifice (a dog)?

† The hot season.

Chár. Why, you simpleton, in *Vasanta*.*

Mait. (To *Kumb.*) Why, you simpleton, the mango blossoms in *Vasanta*.

Kum. Very well. Now answer me one more question : Who guards wealthy towns ?

Mait. Why, the town guard, to be sure.

Kum. No ; that is not it.

Mait. No ? Let me see. (*Aside.*) I must consult *Cháru*datta. Pray, sir, who guards wealthy towns ?

Chár. The *Sená*† undoubtedly.

Mait. (To *Kum.*) The *Sená* undoubtedly.

Kum. Very well ; now put your answers together ; quick, quick !

Mait. Ha, I have it ! *Vasantasená*.‡

Kum. She is here.

Mait. I must apprise my friend. Sir, we have a dun§ here.

Chár. Here ? a dun in my house ?

Mait. I do not know anything about the house, but there is one at the door. *Vasantasená* is arrived.

Chár. Nay, now you jest ?

Mait. If you do not believe me, ask this fellow. Here, you *Kumbhilaka* !

Kum. (*Advancing.*) Sir, I salute you.

* Spring. It is necessary to keep the original words here, and in what follows.

† The army or military.

‡ This is sad quibbling, but may be vindicated by the example of much loftier genius ; it is sufficient to show, also, that the regular charade—for it is nothing else—is neither of modern nor western invention. There is some further quibbling in the text. *Maitreya* puts his answer together *Sená Vasanta*, and the wit lies in punning and blundering on *parivartaya*, turn round or transpose, and *pada* a foot or an inflected word. The very term might be suspected of etymological affinity to the English “Pan,” being *pahna*, the *Prúkit* form of *praśna*, a question, *Kumbhilaka* commencing his *facetiæ* with *Ale, pañham de daiśam*, I will give you a question.

§ *Dhanika*, a creditor, a dun.

Chdr. You are welcome ; tell me, is Vasantasena here ?

Kum. She is, sir.

Chdr. Never be grateful message unrewarded ; this for your pains. (*Gives him his garment.*)

Kum. (*Bows.*) I shall inform my mistress. [*Exit.*]

Mait. Now, I hope you are satisfied. To come out in such weather ; you can have no doubt what brings her.

Chdr. I do not feel quite confident.

Mait. Depend upon it, I am right ; the casket was worth more than the necklace, and she comes for the difference.

Chdr. (*Apart.*) She shall be gratified. (*They retire.*)

(*Outside of the Garden.*)

*Enter VASANTASENÁ splendidly dressed, attended by the Vita, a female servant, and one carrying a large umbrella.**

Att. Lady, upon the mountain's brow, the clouds
Hang dark and drooping, as the aching heart
Of her who sorrows for her absent lord ;
Their thunders rouse the peafowl, and the sky
Is agitated by their wings, as fanned
By thousand fans with costly gems incased.
The chattering frog quaffs the pellucid drops
That cleanse his miry jaws. The peahen shrieks
With transport, and the *Nipa* freshly blooms.
The moon is blotted by the driving scud,
As is the saintly character by those
Who wear its garb to veil their abject lives ;
And like the damsel whose fair fame is lost
In ever-changing loves, the lightning, true
To no one quarter, flits along the skies.

Vas. You speak it well, my friend : to me it seems—
The jealous night, as with the gloom she wantons,
Looks on me as a rival bride, and dreading
I may disturb her pleasures, stops my path
And bids me angrily my steps retrace.

* We have now an emulatively poetical description of the rainy season.

Att. Reply with courage, chide her to submission.

Vas. Reviling is the weakness of our sex,
And but of small avail,—I heed her not.
Let the clouds fall in torrents, thunder roar,
And heaven's red bolt dash fiery to the ground,
The dauntless damsel faithful love inspires,
Treads boldly on, nor dreads the maddening storm.

Vita. Like an invading prince, who holds his court
Within the city of his humbled foe,
Yon mighty cloud, advancing with the wind,
With store of arrowy shower, with thundering drums,
And blazing streamers, marches to assail
In his own heavens the monarch of the night.

Vas. Nay, nay, not so ; I rather read it thus :
The clouds, that like unwieldy elephants
Roll their inflated masses grumbling on,
Or whiten with the migratory troop
Of hovering cranes, teach anguish to the bosom.
The stork's shrill cry sounds like the plaintive tabor
To her who, while she wanders o'er its parchment,
Is lost in musings of her lord's return,
And every tone that hails the rainy season,
Falls on her heart like brine upon a wound.

Vita. Behold, where yonder ponderous cloud assumes
The stature of the elephant, the storks
Entwine a fillet for his front, and waves
The lightning, like a *chouri* o'er his head.

Vas. Observe, my friend, the day is swallowed up
By these deep shades, dark as the dripping leaf
Of the *tamala* tree, and, like an elephant
That cowering shuns the battle's arrowy sleet,
So shrinks the scattering ant-hill from the shower.
The fickle lightning darts such brilliant rays,
As gleam from golden lamps in temples hung,
Whilst, like the consort of an humble lord,
The timid moonlight peeps amidst the clouds.

Vita. There, like a string of elephants, the clouds
 In regular file, by lightning fillets bound,
 Move slowly at their potent god's commands.
 The heavens let down a silver chain to earth.
 The earth, that shines with buds and sheds sweet odours,
 Is pierced with showers, like diamond-shafted darts
 Launched from the rolling mass of deepest blue,
 Which heaves before the breeze and foams with flame;
 Like ocean's dark waves by the tempest driven,
 And tossing high their flashing surge to shore.*

Vas. Hailed by the peafowl with their shrillest cries,
 By the pleased storks delightedly caressed,
 And by the provident swans with anxious eye
 Regarded, yonder rests one threatening cloud
 Involving all the atmosphere in gloom.

Vita. The countenance of heaven is close concealed,
 By shades the lightning scant irradiates.
 The day and night confusedly intermix,
 And all the lotus eyes of either close,
 The world is lulled to slumber by the sound
 Of falling waters, sheltered by the clouds
 That countless crowd the chambers of the sky.

Vas. The stars are all extinct, as fades the memory
 Of kindness in a bad man's heart. The heavens
 Are shorn of all their radiance, as the wife
 Her glory loses in her husband's absence.
 In sooth, I think the firmament dissolves:
 Melted by Indra's scorching bolt it falls
 In unexhausted torrents. Now the cloud
 Ascends—now stoops—now roars aloud in thunder—
 Now sheds its streams—now frowns with deeper gloom,
 Full of fantastic change, like one new raised

* I have in this place, and in a few others, expanded the expression, in order to convey more accurately the idea intended by the simpler phraseology of the original.

By fortune's fickle favours.

Vita.

Now the sky

With lightning flames, now laughs with whitening
storks—

Now glows with *Indra's* painted bow, that hurls
Its hundred shafts—now rattles with his bolt—
Now loud it chafes with rushing winds, and now
With clustering clouds that roll their spiry folds
Like sable snakes along—it thickens dark,
As if 'twere clothed with vapours, such as spread
When incense soars in curling wreaths to heaven.

Vas. Shame on thee, cloud, that seekest to affright me
With thy loud threats, and with thy watery shafts
Wouldst stay my progress, hastening to my love.

Indra! I violate no vows to thee,
That thou shouldst thunder angrily reproof;
It ill becomes thee to obstruct my path.
Draw off thy clouds in pity to my passion,
If ever thou wert conscious of affection,
And for *Ahalyá** wore a husband's form.
Or be it so—rage on—still pour thy deluge,
And launch thy hundred-shafted bolt, in vain.
Thou canst not stop the faithful maid that flies
To lose her terrors in a lover's arms.
If the clouds roar—e'en be it so—it is
Their nature—all of man is ever savage.
But gentle lightning, how canst thou not know
The cares that agitate the female bosom?†

Vita. Enough—she now befriends us, like a lamp
That glows in *Indra's* palace, like a banner,
Whose white folds wave upon a mountain's brow,

* *Indra* having fallen in love with *Ahalyá*, the wife of the sage *Gautama*, and finding her not to be won to his purpose, deceived her by the Amphitryonic device of assuming her husband's shape.

† The clouds are male personifications, the lightning is a nymph.

Most heavily, and sleepless dragged my nights,
 But now your charms appear my cares are over,
 And this glad evening terminates my sorrows.
 Then welcome, welcome to my bower—be seated.

Mait. Take a seat, madam. (*They sit.*)

Chár. Maitreya, from the flowers that grace her ear
 Surcharged with rain, the drops have trickled down
 And bathed her bosom, like a young prince installed
 The partner of imperial honours.* Haste and bring
 A vest of finest texture to replace
 This chilling robe.

Fem. Att. Stop, Maitreya, I will assist my mistress if you please. (*Does so.*)

Mait. (*To Chárudatta.*) Now, sir, shall I inquire the object of this visitation?

Chár. Do so.

Mait. And now, madam, may I ask what has brought you out, on such a vile, dark, rainy evening?

Att. Lady, here's a smart Brahman!

Vas. Nay, an able one, so call him.

Att. My mistress, sir, wished to be informed of the real value of the necklace that you brought her.

Mait. There, I said so. (*To Chárudatta.*)

Att. The reason why she wishes to know is that she has pledged it at play, and the keeper of the tables, being a servant of the prince's, is gone on some duty, and is not to be found.

Mait. Umph, tit for tat.

Att. Until he can be heard of, and the necklace be redeemed, be pleased to accept in lieu of it this golden casket. (*Gives him the casket stolen by Śarvilaka. Maitreya examines it.*) You examine it very closely; one would suppose you had seen it before.

* Therefore sprinkled with holy water.

Vas. And now, worthy Chárudatta, believe me, when the casket was stolen, it was quite unnecessary to send me this equivalent.

Chár. Had I not sent it, lady, who had trusted me?—

I and my wealth in most men's eyes are equal,
And poverty will ever be suspected.

Mait. A word, damsel ; do you mean to take up your abode here?

Att. Fie, Maitreya, how you talk!

Mait. My good friend, the clouds are collecting again, and the heavy drops drive us from our easy seats.

Chár. 'Tis true, they penetrate the yielding clouds

As sinks the lotus stalk into its bed
Of plashy mire, and now again they fall
Like tears celestial from the weeping sky
That wails the absent moon.

The clouds, like *Baladeva's* vesture, dark,
Profusely shed a shower of precious pearls
From *Indra's* treasury—the drops descend
Rapid and rattling, like the angry shafts
From *Arjun's* quiver, and of like purity
As are the hearts of holy men.

See, lady, how the firmament, anointed
With unguent of the black tamála's hue,
And fanned by fragrant and refreshing gales,
Is by the lightning tenderly embraced,
As the loved lord whom fearlessly she flies to.

[*Vasantasená* gesticulates affection, and falls into
Chárudatta's arms.

Chár. (*Embracing her.*)

Louder and louder still roar on, ye clouds !
To me the sound is music, by your aid
My love is blessed, my heart expands with hope.

Mait. (*As to the cloud.*) You foul-faced rascal, you are a worthless reprobate, to have so scared her ladyship by your lightnings.

Chôr. Reprove it not, for let the rain descend,
The heavens still lour, and wide the lightnings launch
A hundred flames; they have befriended me,
And given me her for whom I sighed in vain.
Happy, thrice happy, they whose walls enshrine
The fair they worship, and whose arms enfold
Her shivering beauties in their warm embrace.
Look, love, the bow of Indra arches heaven;
Like outspread arms, extended with fatigue,
It stretches forth; the yawning sky displays
Its lightning tongue—its chin of clouds hangs low—
All woo us to repose—let us retire: the drops
Fall musical, and pattering on the leaves
Of the tall palm, or on the pebbly ground,
Or in the brook, emit such harmony
As sweetly wakens from the voice and lute. [Exit.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

ACT VI.

CHÁRUDATTA'S HOUSE,

*Inside and Outside as before.**Inside.—Enter Female Servant.*

Hey-day! does not my lady mean to rise this morning? I shall make bold to call her. Madam!

Enter VASANTASENÁ.

Look, madam, it is day.

Vas. How! why the morning dawns as darkling as if it still were night.

Ser. It is morning to us, though it may be night to you, madam.

Vas. Where is your gambler?

Ser. Chárudatta, madam, having given his orders to Vardhamána, is gone to the old flower garden *Pushpakarañña*.

Vas. What orders gave he?

Ser. To get your litter ready.

Vas. Whither am I to go?

Ser. Whither Chárudatta is gone.

Vas. Very well, girl, I have scarcely yet beheld him; to-day will gratify me with his sight. What! did I find my way into the inner apartments?

Ser. Not only that, madam, but into every one's heart.

Vas. I fear me his family are vexed.

Ser. They will be vexed then only when——

Vas. When?

Ser. When you depart.

Vas. Then is it my place first to be afflicted. Here, girl, take this necklace to my respected sister,* and say from

* That is, to Chárudatta's wife.

me, I am Chárudatta's handmaid and your slave, then be this necklace again the ornament of that neck to which it of right belongs.

Ser. But, lady, Chárudatta will be displeased.

Vas. Go, do as I bid you; he will not be offended.

Ser. As you command. [*Exit, and returns presently.*]

Madam, thus says the lady: you are favoured by the son of my lord; it is not proper for me to accept this necklace. Know that the only ornament I value is my husband.

Enter RADANIKÁ and CHÁRUDATTA'S CHILD.

Rad. Come along, my child, let us ride in your cart.

Child. I do not want this cart; it is only of clay—I want one of gold.

Rad. And where are we to get the gold, my little man? Wait till your father is rich again, and then he will buy you one: now this will do. Come, let us go and see Vasantasená. Lady, I salute you.

Vas. Welcome Radaniká. Whose charming boy is this? although so ill-attired, his lovely face quite fascinates me.

Rad. This is Rohasena, the son of Chárudatta.

Vas. (*Stretching out her arms.*) Come here, my little dear, and kiss me. (*Takes him on her lap.*) How like his father!

Rad. He is like him too in disposition. Chárudatta dotes on him.

Vas. Why does he weep?

Rad. The child of our neighbour had a golden cart, which this little fellow saw and wanted. I made him this of clay, but he is not pleased with it, and is crying for the other.

Vas. Alas, alas, this little creature is already mortified by another's prosperity. O fate! thou sportest with the fortunes of mankind, like drops of water trembling on the lotus leaf. Don't cry, my good boy, and you shall have a gold cart.

Child. Radaniká, who is this?

Vas. A handmaid purchased by your father's merits.

Rad. This is your lady mother, child.

Child. You tell me untruth, Radaniká; how can this be my mother when she wears such fine things?

Vas. How piteous a speech for so soft a tongue! (*Takes off her ornaments in tears.*) Now I am your mother. Here, take this trinket and go buy a gold cart.

Child. Away, I will not take it, you cry at parting with it.

Vas. (*Wiping her eyes.*) I weep no more. Go, love, and play. (*Fills his cart with her jewels.*) There go, get you a golden cart.
[*Exit RADANIKÁ with CHILD.*]

*Outside.—Enter VARDHAMÁNA with the litter.**

Radaniká, let the lady know the carriage waits for her at the private door.

Inside.—Enter RADANIKÁ.

Lady, the covered litter attends you at the back-door.

Vas. Stay a moment whilst I prepare myself.

Rad. Stay a moment, Vardhamána, the lady is not quite ready.

Var. And I have forgotten the cushions of the carriage. Wait till I bring them. These oxen are not steady enough to be left; I will drive back and return presently.

[*Exit with the car.*]

Vas. (*Inside.*) Bring me my things, girl, I can put them on myself. (*Dressing.*)

Outside.—Enter STRÁVARAKA, the Servant of Samsthánaka, with a carriage.

I am ordered by the king's brother-in-law, my master, to take this vehicle with all speed to the old flower-garden, *Pushpakarañda*. Come up, come up. (*Looking.*) Why, the road is blocked with country carts. Holloa there! get out of

* A car of two wheels drawn by oxen and enclosed with curtains. The introduction of this kind of stage property is so constant and essential, that it must have been real, and shows that the place appropriated to the representation must have been level and spacious. It renders it probable that the open court within the house was the spot where the drama was exhibited.

the way. What says he, whose carriage is it? Śaṁsthānaka's, the king's brother-in-law; quick, quick! clear the road. (*Drives on.*) Who should that be, that looked at me so curiously, and then stole off down another road, like an unlucky gambler that runs away from the table-keeper? No matter; I must get on. Holloa you! out of the way there! What! Come and give you a turn of the wheel: it sticks, does it! It is very likely that the king's brother-in-law's man shall assist you to a twist of the wheel. Oh, it is a poor miserable rustic, and alone too. Well, I will lend you a hand. This is Chārudatta's postern door. I can leave the carriage here in the meantime so, stop there, I will be with you.

[*Exit, leaving the carriage at the door.*]

Ser. (*Inside.*) I hear the wheels: the carriage is returned, madam.

Vas. Quick, quick! I feel strangely flurried;—open the door.

Ser. 'Tis done.

Vas. Go you to rest.

Ser. As you command.

[*Exit.*]

Vas. (*Goes forth and ascends Śaṁsthānaka's carriage.*) My right eye twinkles;† never mind, meeting Chārudatta will prove it causeless. (*Draws the curtains.*)

Re-enter STHÁVARAKA.

I have helped him, and now have a clear road. (*Mounts and proceeds.*) Why, the vehicle is heavier than it was, or it appears so to me, because I am tired with helping yonder cart. No matter, I must proceed;—come up.

(*Behind the scenes.*)

Who ho, there, guards! look to it; be vigilant—sleep not at your posts; the cowherd has burst his bonds, slain his gaoler, and broken from his prison; he is now in flight—seize him! seize him!

* This is to prepare the entrance of Āryaka, who has just fled from prison.

† An unlucky omen for a woman, lucky for a man.

Shd. Here's a precious uproar ! I had better get clear of it.

[*Exit with the car.*]

Enter ĀRYAKA as in flight.

I have swam thus far to shore, and from the wave
 Of fell captivity, the tyrant Pálaka
 Had plunged me into, once more have escaped.
 Like a tame elephant from his stall broke loose,
 I drag along with me my ruptured chain.
 Sarvilaka, my friend, to thee I owe
 My freedom and my life. Condemned to pine
 In the dark dungeon, where the monarch's fears,
 Awakened by the sage's prophecies,
 Cast me to die, dragged from my humble home. (*Weeps.*)
 What crime have I committed, to be sought
 Thus like a venomous snake, to be destroyed !
 If such my destiny, as is foretold,
 In what consists my guilt ? be fate accused—
 Fate is a power resistless, and a king
 Alike demands our homage. Who contends
 With force superior ? mine is to submit.
 Yet for my life I fly—ah ! whither now
 Shall I find refuge ? See, yon door invites me !
 Some good man's gate is open, and like me
 Its withered fortunes, for the bolt is broken,
 And the broad valves are shattered and decayed :
 It calls me kinsman, and it proves my friend.

VARDHAMĀNA returning with Chārudatta's carriage (without).

Come up, come up !

(*ĀRYAKA listening.*)

A carriage, and it comes this way.
 If it should be a village car, not freighted
 With passengers uncourteous, or a vehicle
 For women, but its fair load not received,
 Or be it travelling from the town, and fit
 For decent occupancy—be it but empty
 And unattended, and my fate befriends me.

Enter VARDHAMĀNA with the carriage.

What ho ! Radanikā, I have got the cushions, and the car is ready : so inform the lady Vasantasenā ; tell her to ascend, that I may set off for *Pushpakarañḍaka*.

Āry. It is a courtesan's, and travelling outwards ;

'Tis fortunate—I mount. (*Advances.*)

Vard. (*Listening and hearing the ringing of Āryaka's chain.*) I hear the sound of the anklets, she is hear. Get up quick, lady ; get up behind ; the cattle are impatient, I must not leave them.

ĀRYAKA ascends.

Vard. The sound has ceased, and the carriage is heavier than it was : her ladyship must be seated, so here goes.

[*Exit with the car.*]

Scene—Another Street.

Enter VĪRAKA, Captain of the Watch, attended.

Halloa ! Jaya, Jayamāna, Chandanaka, Mangala, Pushpabhadra, and the rest, follow quick, and we shall catch the villain, though he has broken his prison and the king's slumbers. Here, fall in ; go you to the east gate, you to the west, you to the south, you to the north : on this pile of broken bricks, Chandanaka and I will stop and look about us. What ho, Chandanaka !

Enter CHANDANAKA attended, in a bustle.

What ho ! Vīraka, Viśalya, Bhīmāṅgada, Dañḍakāla, Dañḍasūra, quick, quick ! never let the king's fortune move off into another family : away with you, search the streets, the roads, the gardens, the houses, the stalls, the markets, and let no suspicious corner pass unexamined ;—away ! (*Exeunt guard.*) Well, Vīraka, what say you ? will any one convey this runaway cowboy out of peril ? Verily, whoever dares to carry him off whilst Chandanaka lives, had better have had at his birth the Sun in the eighth mansion, the Moon in the fourth, Venus in

the sixth, Mars in the fifth, Jupiter in the sixth, and Saturn in the ninth.*

Vtr. He must have had assistance, no doubt, valiant Chandanaka; but, by your heart, I swear that he escaped before dawn.

Enter VARDHAMÁNA with the car and ÁRYAKA concealed.

Chan. What ho, there! see, see, a covered litter passes along the high road; inquire whose it is and whither going.

Vtr. What ho, driver! stop and answer. Whose vehicle is this; who is inside; and where are you going?

Var. The carriage belongs, sir, to the worthy Chárudatta; the lady Vasantasená is inside, and I am carrying her to the old flower-garden to meet Chárudatta there.

Chan. Let him pass.

Vtr. Without inspection?

Chan. Undoubtedly.

Vtr. On what surety?

Chan. Chárudatta's.

Vtr. And who is Chárudatta, or who is Vasantasená, that the carriage is to pass free?

Chan. Do you not know who they are? If you know not Chárudatta and Vasantasená, you know not the moon and moonlight when you see them together in the skies. Who is there that is not acquainted with that moon of mildness, that lotus of merit, that liberator from sorrow, that pearl, the essence of the four oceans, Chárudatta? Both are of the highest respectability, the boast and pride of the city, the lovely Vasantasená and virtuous Chárudatta.

Vtr. Phoo, phoo! I know them well enough, but in the discharge of my duty my own father must be a stranger.

Áryaka. (*In the car.*) Yon Víraka has ever been my foe,

* This appears to be the literal import of the passage; its astrological signification is not so clear. According to the commentary, these planetary conjunctions forbode severally pain, colic, fatuity, consumption, sorrow, and indigence.

Like the poor bird that, flying from the hawk,
 Falls in the fowler's net, art thou my prize,*
 And, luckless wretch, appliest to me for aid?
 He is in Chárudatta's car, his crime
 Is none; Śarvilaka, to whom I owe
 My own life, is his friend; but then—
 My duty to the prince. What's to be done?
 Even be it so—I told him not to fear;
 The words have passed my lips. I must befriend him,
 Come on't what will: the succour once assured,
 Must be extended, though the end be ruin.†

(*Returning.*) I have seen—Árya—Áryá Vasantasená, and she says right; it is indecorous to detain her on the road when she has an appointment with Chárudatta.

Vir. Excuse me, Chandanaka; I have some doubts in the matter.

Chan. How so?

Vir. You seem flurried, and it was with some indistinctness you call out first Árya, then corrected yourself, and said Áryá Vasantasená.‡ I have some strange misgivings.

Chan. Misgivings, indeed! why, you know, we of the South are not very nice in our articulation, and are apt to con-

* Another instance of the familiar use of apologues.

† The importance attached to the duty of affording protection to those who solicit it is repeatedly urged in the Hindu writings: thus in the *Hitopadeśa*:

"What even are called here great gifts, such as donations of land, gold, cattle, and food, are all inferior to the gift of protection, and he who affords succour to the helpless that fly to him for aid, obtains a reward equal to that of performing the *Aśwamedha* sacrifice, which confers the enjoyment of every desire."—*Hit.*

This feeling seems to have pervaded the heroic times both of Greece and Rome, and to have secured Adrastus an asylum at the court of Cræsus, and Coriolanus a refuge in the halls of Aufidius.

‡ The difference of masculine and feminine terminations, *Árya* and *Áryá*, the first being either the same with *Áryaka*, a name, or "the respectable," as applied to a man; the second means the same as applied to a woman.

found sounds. Being accustomed to speak the dialects of a number of barbarous and other outcast tribes,* it would be all the same to us, whether it was *Ārya* or *Āryā*, masculine, feminine, or neuter.

Vir. Ah, well—I shall take a look myself: such are the prince's orders—he knows he can trust me.

Chan. And am I not trusted by him?

Vir. True, but I must obey his orders.

Chan. (*Apart.*) If it is known that the cowherd was seized in Chārudatta's carriage, *he* will be involved in the punishment. I must give my friend here a specimen of Carnatic eloquence. (*Aloud.*) Hark ye, *Vīraka*, I have already inspected the carriage; why are you to inspect it again? who the deuce are you, I should like to know?

Vir. And who are you, pray?

Chan. I'll tell you: one entitled to your most profound respect: you should recollect your caste.

Vir. My caste, what is it then?

Chan. Oh, I do not wish to say.

Vir. Say, say if you like, and if you don't like it, leave it alone.

* The original specifies the countries, and the list is not only curious in itself, but it is worthy of remark, on account of the character of *Mlechchha* or barbarous tribes (that is to say, other than Hindu) being assigned to people who are chiefly, if not wholly, natives of Southern India. We might suppose that the nations of the Peninsula were not universally Hindus at the period when this play was written; they must, however, have received the religion, not only of the Vedas, but even of the Purāṇas, before the Christian era, as the name of Cape Comari proves; so called, according to Arrian, from a temple dedicated to a goddess, or in fact to *Kumari*, a name of *Parvati* or *Uma*, the virgin bride of *Śiva*. The countries specified are *Khasa*, *Khattikhaṇḍa*, *Kaṭattha*, *Avilaka*, *Karṇāṭa* (Carnatic), *Karṇā*, *Pravarāṇa*, *Andhara* (Telīngana), *Vida* (Virat or Berar), *Chola* (Coromandel), *Viṇa*, *Barbara*, *Kherakhaṇa*, *Mukha*, *Madhughāta*. Most of these we cannot identify; they are very possibly distorted by the copyists. Their general application to the South is, however, not only indicated by the few which are recognisable, but by Chandanaka calling himself a *Dakṣiṇāṭṭa* or *Dakṣiṇāṭya*, a dweller of the South.

Chan. I do not wish to shame you : let it be ; it is not worth while to break a wood apple.

Vīr. Nay, I insist.

[*Chan. intimates by signs that Vīraka is a Chamār, or worker in leather.*

Vīr. It is false—I deny it.

Chan. You were wont to carry a dead jackal in your hand,* to replace dislocated joints, and to flourish a pair of shears ; and you are now a general. A very pretty general !

Vīr. You are a most high and mighty hero, no doubt, far above your real origin.

Chan. What was my origin ?

Vīr. Excuse me.

Chan. I defy you,—my caste is as pure as the moon.

Vīr. No doubt ; vastly pure, when your mother was a tabor, your father a kettle-drum, and your brother a tam-borine ; † but you—you are a general.

Chan. I a *Chamār*, I *Chandanaka*, a *Chamār* ; mighty well, mighty well ! Look, by all means.

Vīr. Ho, driver ! Stay till I inspect the car.

* Whose skin he is about to employ. The second attribute of this caste is rather derogatory to surgical science, if it be correctly rendered, which is not certain ; the expression is *Purisdnañ kuchcha gañthisaññhabano—Purushānām kunchagranthisaññsthāpakāñ* ; the rectifier of men's crooked joints.

† Instruments covered with skins and made by out-castes. The expressions for the last are *Ḍummuha karaḍa-abhāddā* (*Durmukha-karaḍaka-bhrātā*). *Karaḍa* has various meanings, one of which, a musical instrument, may apply, especially as the like designations are given to the parents. The chief difficulty is the not knowing what sort of instrument, but conformably to the main purport of the speech it must be a kind of drum. A consideration of some importance, however, is the possibility of *karaḍaka* being intended for the jackal of the *Hitopadeśa* so named. The animal is associated with the *Chamār* in the speech of *Chandanaka*, and a similar allusion may be intended here. How this would affect our speculations as to the date of the play is another question. It does not necessarily involve any difference of opinion, as the apologue may be of considerable antiquity, and prior to the Christian era. There is no doubt of its being widely diffused a few centuries subsequent.

Amidst the dark recesses of these groves,
 Or shall I dare encounter with the owner
 Of this befriending car? 'Twere far more grateful
 To meet with Chárudatta, than to hear
 His pity only as I darkling lurk
 Among these shades. My new acquired liberty
 Will yield him pleasure, and my wasted form
 Will grow once more to vigour from the interview.

Var. This is the place :—what ho ! Maitreya.

Mait. Welcome, Vardhamána ; I have been looking out for you.

Var. Well, here I am ; and so is Vasantasená.

Mait. But, you son of a slave, what has detained you so long ?

Var. Do not be angry, Maitreya. I was obliged to go back to find the cushions which I had at first forgot.

Chár. Well, well.—Maitreya, assist Vasantasená to alight.

Mait. What ! has she got fetters on her feet, that she cannot come down by herself ? (*Goes to the car and looks in.*) Holloa ! what have we here ?* This is not Vasantasená—it is Vasantasena, I suppose.

Chár. Refrain your mirth, my friend ; love ill-sustains
 The least delay. I help her to alight. (*Rises.*)

Áry. Here comes the worthy Chárudatta ;
 Cheering his voice, and gentle is his aspect :
 I need not fear.

Chár. (*Looking in.*) How ! who is this ?
 His arms are like the elephant's vast tusks—
 His breasts, his shoulders, brawny as the lion's—
 His eyes are coppery-red and roll in anger—
 How should a person of such goodly presence
 Bear fetters on his limbs ? Who art thou, say ?

Áry. My name is *Áryaka* : to tend the herds

* The masculine form of the same noun, *Vasantasenus* est, non *Vasantasena*.

The duty I was born to ; and to thee
I hither come, a suppliant for protection.

Chár. Art thou that *Áryaka*, our prince's fears
Dragged from his humble station to a prison ?

Áry. The same.

Chár. Fate, that has brought thee hither, is thy friend.

My life I may resign, but cannot turn
Away from one who sues to me for refuge.

Vardhamána, remove those fetters.

Var. (*Obeys.*) The chains are off, sir.

Áry. (*To Chár.*) And chains more lasting by this aid imposed.

Mait. Then now pray take yourself off too. Come, my good
friend, now this gentleman is at large, I think we had better
get home as quick as we can.

Chár. Fie on thy speech ! what need of haste ?

Áry. Excuse* me, *Chárudatta*, that I mounted,
Nor sought permission first, into this car.

Chár. You have graced me by such courtesy.

Áry. Have I your leave to leave you ?

Chár. It is yours.

Áry. I will descend.

Chár. Nay, friend, not so.

Your steps still labour from the weighty bond
So recently removed : besides, the car
Will unsuspected bear you on your way
Beyond our boundaries—pray keep your seat.

Áry. As you direct.

Chár. Auspicious be your way
To join your friends.

Áry. I hope I leave one here.

Chár. 'Tis one who hopes to be remembered by you
In other times.

Áry. Can I forget myself ?

Chár. The gods protect your path.

* A very civil and nationally characteristic dialogue ensues.

Áry. It is to you

I owe my safety.

Chár. Not so, you owe it

To your bright fortunes.

Áry. Of the which, indeed,

I hold you as the cause.

Chár. But Pálaka

Must still be heeded ; and around he sends

A numerous guard, who may detain your steps.

Use no delay ; but with all speed depart.

Áry. To meet again.

[*Exit.*

Chár. The deed that I have done will little please

The king, should it be known ; and kings behold

Their subjects' actions by their spies. 'Twere well

To leave this spot at once. Maitreya, cast

The fetters deep into this ancient well. (*His eyes throbbing.*)

'Tis sad to miss a meeting with my love—

But that such chance to-day at least is hopeless

My left eye indicates ; and without cause

A sudden languor creeps into my heart.

Let us leave this. (*Going.*) Ha, an evil omen !

A heretic * approaches us. (*Stops.*) Yet—hold—

Let him advance—we'll take another path. [*Exit.*

* A *Bauddha* mendicant or *Śramaṇaka*. Avoiding him is in harmony with the Brahmanical doctrine on this subject ; at the same time, it is clear that the period of intolerance and persecution had not arrived, or he would not have so openly made his appearance in the presence of a Brahman.

The *Śramaṇaka* is our old acquaintance the *Saṃvāhaka*, see Act II.

END OF THE SEVENTH ACT.

this garden belonging to the Rájá's brother-in-law, and wash it in the pool, and then I shall proceed more lightly. (*Does so.*)

(*Behind.*) What, ho ! you rascally Sramañaka, what are you doing there ?

Sram. Alas, alas ! here he is, Samsthánaka himself. He has been affronted by one mendicant, and whenever he meets another he sends him off with his nose slit like an ox. Where shall I fly to ?—the lord *Buddha* be my refuge.

Enter SAMSTHÁNAKA with the VITÁ, his sword drawn.

Saṁs. Stop, you vile vagabond, or off I take that head of thine, as they snap off the top of a red radish in a dram-shop.* (*Beats him.*)

Vitá. Nay, nay, hold ! beat not the poor wretch thus clad in the coloured garment of humility. This garden was intended by your excellency to be the seat of delight, and these trees were destined to afford shade and relief to the unsheltered ; but now they are disappointed of their objects ; they fail their promise, like the no longer hidden villainy of a scoundrel, and are only to be enjoyed at the risk of peril, like a new sovereignty disposed of before it is yet subdued.

Sram. Mercy, sir ; be my protector, my saviour.

Saṁs. Hear him, the scoundrel, how he abuses me.

Vitá. How so ?

Saṁs. He calls me a *shaver*.†

* Where it is eaten as a relish to excite thirst and improve the flavour of the liquor.

† The original pun is *Upāsaka*, which means a worshipper or a barber. It was not possible to retain the sense and the pun also : as it is, the attempt to preserve anything like a quibble is so bad, that it is not attempted to follow the original in two more specimens of this sort of wit, resting on the words *dhanya*, meaning prosperous or an atheist, and *puñya*, pious or a brick trough. The whole passage is this :—

" *Sra.* Sádādam, paśídadu ubásake.

" *Sak.* Bháve bháve, pekkha pekkha, akkośādi mam.

" *Vit.* Kim bravíti.

" *Sak.* Ubásaketti mam bhañādi ; kim ? Hagge nābide.

" *Vit.* Buddhopāsaka ! iti bhavantaṁ stanti.

Vita. Not so, he entreats you humbly.

Saṁs. And what are you doing here?

Śram. I was about to cleanse my garment in this pond.

Saṁs. Villain, was 'this superlative garden given to me by my sister's husband, the Rájá, for such a base purpose? Dogs drink here by day, and jackals by night: exalted in rank as I am, I do not bathe here, and shall you presume here to wash your foul and fetid rags;—but I shall make short work with you.*

Vita. In that case I suspect he will not have long followed the profession.

Saṁs. How so?

Vita. Observe: his head shines as if it had only been lately shaven; and his garment has been so little worn that there are no scars† on his shoulder. The ochry dye has not yet fully stained the cloth, and the open web, yet fresh and flaccid, hangs loosely over his arms.

Śram. I do not deny it, worthy sir; it is true I have but lately adopted the profession of a beggar.

Saṁs. And why so? why did you not become a beggar as soon as you were born, you scoundrel? (*Beats him.*)

Śram. Glory to Buddha.

Vita. Enough, enough! now let him go. (*To the Śram.*) Away with you.

Saṁs. Stop, stop! I must first ask leave.

Vita. From whom?

Saṁs. My own mind.

Vita. Well, he is not gone.

* *Śak.* Thunu, samanaka, thunu.

* *Śra.* Tumam dhaññe, tumam puññe.

* *Śak.* Bhāve, dhaññe puññetti maṁ bhaññi: kim? haḡge śalāvake, koṣṭake koṁbhakāle bā.

* *Vit.* Kāṭṭhīmātaḥ! naṁ dhanyas twaṁ, puñyas twaṁ: iti bhavantam stanti.

* *Tumam ekkapahāṁ kalemī*,—I shall make you a man of one blow.

† Why they should be expected is very doubtful: the expression is *kāṭṭhaya alpataya cha chivarakṛitā skandhe na jātaḥ kiñak*.

I cannot help thinking of Vasantasenā : she holds her place in my heart, and rankles like the abuse of a blackguard.

Vita. (*Aside.*) To little purpose are these thoughts indulged :

So true it is—

The scorn of woman in ignoble breasts,

But adds fresh fuel to the scorching flame.

The manly heart disdain with scorn repays,

And soon subdues its unrequited passion.

Saṁs. What hour is it? That fellow Sthāvaraka was ordered to be here early ; what can be the reason he does not make his appearance? It is almost noon ; I feel hungry, and it is impossible to think of walking at this time of day. The sun is now in mid-heaven, and looks as fierce as an angry ape ; and the ground is as dry and shrivelled as *Gāndhārī* looked when her hundred sons were slain.

Vita. 'Tis true : the cattle dozing in the shade

Let fall the unchamped fodder from their mouths ;

The lively ape with slow and languid pace

Creeps to the pool to slake his parching thirst

In its now tepid waters ; not a creature

Is seen upon the public road, nor braves

One solitary passenger the sun.

Perhaps the carriage from the heated track

Has turned aside, and waits a cooler hour.

Saṁs. Very likely, and I am left here to furnish a lodgment in my brains for the rays of the sun. The birds have all slunk into shelter amongst the branches, and passengers panting and breathing flame, are glad to mount the umbrella even in the shade. That fellow will not be here to-day ; come let us amuse ourselves : I will give you a song.

(*He sings.*)

There, sir, what say you to that?

Vita. Say? That you are verily a *Gandharba*.*

Saṁs. How should I fail being so ; I make a practice of

* A chorister of *Swarga* or *Indra's* heaven.

taking asafoetida, cummin-seed, orris-root, treacle and ginger ; my voice must necessarily be very *sweet*.* I will give you another specimen. (*Sings.*)

There, what think you now ?

Vita. That you are a very *Gandharba*.

Saṁs. I knew you would think so ; but I take care to train myself suitably. I always feed upon meat presented to me by some of my slaves, and I have it fried in oil and ghee, and seasoned well with asafoetida and black pepper ; that is your only diet for a sweet voice. Oh, that scoundrel, he will never arrive !

Vita. Have patience : he will soon be here. (*They retire.*)

Enter STHÁVARAKA *with the Car in which* VASANTASENÁ *is.*

Sthá. I am in a terrible fright ; it is near noon ; my master will be in a violent rage. Come up.

Vas. (*In the car.*) Alas ! alas ! that is not Vardhamána's voice. Who can it be ? Whose vehicle is this ? Has Cháru-datta sent another car and servant to spare his own ? Ha ! my right eye throbs, my heart flutters, my sight is dim, everything forebodes misfortunes.

Saṁs. Master, the car is here.

Vita. How do you know ?

Saṁs. Do you not hear a snorting like an old hog's ?

Vita. You are right ; here it is.

Saṁs. How, my good fellow, Sthávaraka, are you come at last ?

Sthá. Yes, sir.

Saṁs. And the car ?

Sthá. Here it is, sir.

Saṁs. And the oxen ?

Sthá. Here they are.

Saṁs. And yourself ?

Sthá. We are all together, your honour.

* He is, in fact, punning or blundering upon *ganḍha*, fragrance, and *Gandharba*, a singer of heaven.

I will beguile this blockhead. (*Descends.*)

There is indeed a devil in the car.

Saṁs. Indeed! how happens it she has not run off with you? If a thief, how is it she has not eaten you up?

Vita. Never mind.

Hence to Ujjayin a line of groves affords

Unbroken shade; let us walk there, 'twere better.

Saṁs. How so?

Vita. 'Twill yield us healthy exercise, and spare

The jaded cattle.

Saṁs. So be it. Come, Sthāvaraka, follow us with the carriage.—No, stop; I go on foot only before gods and Brahmans—I cannot walk along the road; I must get into the car, and then as I pass, the citizens will say to each other, There, that is he, his excellency the prince's most noble brother-in-law.

Vita. (*Apart.*) What is to be done? the case is critical,—

The remedy not obvious: yes, this were best.

(*Aloud to the prince.*) I did but jest. There is no female fiend.

Vasantasenā has come here to meet you.

Vas. Ah me!

Saṁs. Am I not, master, a fine fellow, another *Vāsudeva*?

Vita. Undoubtedly.

Saṁs. It is therefore that this unparalleled goddess waits upon me. I lately displeased her; I will now go and cast myself at her feet.

Vita. Well devised.

Saṁs. I go. (*Kneels to Vasantasenā.*) Celestial Mother, listen to my prayers; behold me with those lotus eyes thus lowly at thy feet, and mark my hands uplifted thus to thy heavenly countenance. Forgive, most graceful nymph, the faults that love has urged me to commit, and accept me for thy servant and thy slave.

Vas. Away! your regard is my abhorrence. (*Spurns him with her foot.*)

Saṁs. (*Rising in great wrath.*) What! shall this head that

bows not to the gods, this head that my mother caressed, be humbled to the ground, to be treated like a dead carcass by the jackals in a thicket? What ho! Sthávaraka, where did you pick up this woman?

Sthá. Why, sir, to tell you the truth, some village carts blocked up the road near Chárudatta's garden; I got down to clear the way, and in the meantime left the carriage at his gate; I fancy she then came out of his house and ascended the car, mistaking it for another.

Sarás. A mistake! Oh, then, she did not come here to seek me. Come down, madam, this carriage is mine. You come, I suppose, to meet that beggar's brat, the son of a higgler, and you take advantage of my cattle,—but turn out directly, I say.

Vas. That which you make my blame I make my boast;

As for the rest, whatever must be may be.

Sarás. With these fair hands, armed with ten nails, and dexterous in inflicting punishment, I drag you from the carriage by the hair of your head, as *Jatáyu** seized upon the wife of *Báli*.†

Vita. Forbear, forbear, nor rudely thus invade

These graceful tresses. What destructive hand

Would roughly rend the creeper from the tree,

Or tear the blossom from the slender stem?

Leave her to me, I'll bring her from the car.

(Goes and hands *Vasantasená* down.)

Sarás. (*Aside.*) The wrath that her disdainful treatment justly kindled is now more violent than ever: a blow! a kick! to be spurned! I am resolved,—she dies. (*Aloud.*) Master, if you have any relish for a mantle with a broad border and a

* *Jatáyu* is the name of a hero bird, the son of *Garuda* by *Syent*; he was slain by *Ravana* in attempting to rescue *Sita* when carried off by that demon.

† Here is a great confusion of persons; *Báli* carried off *Rumá*, the wife of *Sugriva*.

To love such excellence exalts my life,
 And sheds a lustre on my humble lot.
 And why should I forego it? Can I leave
 The mango's stately stem to twine around
 The low and worthless *dhák*?

Saṁs. What! dare you compare the beggar Chárudatta to a mango-tree, and me to the *dhák*,* not even a *kiṁśuka*!† Is it thus you treat me and cherish the recollection of Chárudatta?

Vas. How can I cease to think of one who dwells for ever in my heart?

Saṁs. We'll soon try that, and cut short your recollections and yourself together. Stop, you inamorata of a beggarly Brahman.

Vas. Delightful words! proceed, you speak my praise.

Saṁs. Let him defend you if he can.

Vas. Defend me! I were safe if he were here!

Saṁs. What! is he Śakra, or the son of Bāli—Mahendra, or the son of Rambhá—Kālanemi, or Subhandu—Rudra or the son of Droṇa—Jatāyu—Chāśakya—Dhundhumāra or Trisanku?† If he were all these together, he could not aid you. As Sītā was slain by Chāśakya, as Draupadī by Jatāyu, so art thou by me. (Seizes her.)

* They are both the same apparently; but from the former growing on arid and conary soils it is stunted and mean, whilst the latter grows to a respectable tree.

† Several of these have been named before. Śakra is a name of Indra, the king of the gods: the son of Bāli is Angada, a fierce monkey chief, one of Rāma's confederates. Mahendra is another name of Indra. The son of Rambhá is a personage of whom no notice has been found elsewhere, unless it be a mistake for the son of Radhā, Karṇa. Kālanemi is a Daitya of some celebrity, and one of Rāvaṇa's attendants. Subhandu has not been identified. Rudra is a name of Śiva. The son of Droṇa is a celebrated hero in the Mahābhārata named Aśvatthāman. Jatāyu is a fabulous bird killed by Rāvaṇa. Chāśakya is a statesman, the minister of Chandragupta. Dhundhumāra is the name of a king of Oude of the Solar line, properly called Kuvālayāsīva, but termed Dhundhumāra from slaying a demon named Dhundhu who annoyed the Saint Uttanka. Trisanku is a prince of the same family, elevated to heaven during his life by the sage Viśvāmitra. All these persons occur in the Mahābhārata or Rāmāyaṇa.

Vas. Oh, my dear mother! Oh, my loved Chárudatta!

Too short and too imperfect are our loves—

Too soon I perish. I will cry for succour—

What! shall Vasantasená's voice be heard

Abroad? Oh, that were infamy! No more

But this. Bless, bless my Chárudatta.

Saṁs. Still do you repeat that name! Once more, now.
(*Seizing her by the throat.*)

Vas. (*In a struggling tone.*) Bless my Chárudatta.

Saṁs. Die, harlot, die. (*Strangles her with his hands.*) 'Tis done, she is no more. This bundle of vice, this mansion of cruelty, has met her fate, instead of him whom she came in her love to meet. To what shall I compare the prowess of this arm? Destroyed in the fulness of her hopes, she has fallen like *Sítá* in the *Bhárata*. Deaf to my desires, she perishes in my resentment. The garden is empty; I may drag her away unperceived. My father and my mother, that *Draupadī*, as well as my brothers, may regret that they did not see the valiant actions of my mother's son.* The old jackal will be here again presently. I will withdraw and observe him.

Enter the VITA and STHÁVARAKA.

Vita. I have brought back Sthávaraka. Where is he? Here are foot-marks,—these are woman's!

Saṁs. (*Advances.*) Welcome, master: you are well returned, Sthávaraka.

Vita. Now render back my pledge.

Saṁs. What was that?

Vita. Vasantasená.

Saṁs. Oh, she is gone.

Vita. Whether?

Saṁs. After you.

Vita. She came not in that direction.

* This passage is in the original somewhat obscure. *Sevā vanchida-bhādruke mama pidā, mādeva, śī Doppadī, je śī pekkhadi hēdisam vavaśidam puttāha śūlattaṇaṁ.*

Saṁs. Which way went you?

Vita. To the east.

Saṁs. Ah, that accounts for it; she turned off to the south.

Vita. I went south too.

Saṁs. Then, I suppose, she went north.

Vita. What mean you? I comprehend you not. Speak out.

Saṁs. I swear by your head and my feet,* that you may make yourself perfectly easy. Dismiss all alarm; I have killed her.

Vita. Killed her!

Saṁs. What! you do not believe me? Then look here, see this first proof of my prowess. (*Shows the body.*)

Vita. Alas, I die! (*Faints.*)

Saṁs. Hey-dey! is it all over with him?

Śthā. Revive, sir; it is I who am to blame: my inconsiderately bringing her hither has caused her death.

Vita. (*Reviving.*) Alas! Vasantasena,

The stream of tenderness is now dried up,
And beauty flies us for her native sphere.
Adorned with every grace, of lovely aspect,
Radiant with playfulness, alas! poor wench,
River of gentle feeling, isle of mirth,
And friendly refuge for all such as I am;
Alas! love's richest store, a mart exhaustless
Of exquisite delights, is here broke open.
This crime will amply be avenged. A deed
Done by such hands, in such a place committed,
Will bring down infamy upon the state,
And drive our guardian goddess from our city.
Let me reflect;—this villain may involve
Me in the crime—I will depart from hence.

[*The prince lays hold of him.*]

Detain me not; I have already been
Too long your follower and friend.

* A very insulting oath.

Sanhs. Very likely, indeed. You have murdered Vasantasená, and seek to accuse me of the crime. Do you imagine I am without friends?

Vita. You are a wretch.

Sanhs. Come, come, I will give you money, a hundred *suvarñas*, clothes, a turban. The consequence of abuse is common to all men.

Vita. Keep your gifts.

Sthá. Shame! shame!

Sanhs. Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughing.*)

Vita. Restrain your mirth. Let there be hate between us.

That friendship that confers alone disgrace

Is not for me; it must no more unite us.

I cast it from me, as a snapped

And stringless bow.

Sanhs. Come, good master, be appeased. Let us go bathe.

Vita. Whilst you were free from crime you might exact

My duty, but obedience to you now

Would but proclaim myself alike unworthy.

I cannot wait on guilt, nor, though I know

My innocence, have courage to encounter

Those speaking glances every female eye

Will cast abhorrent upon one who holds

Communion with a woman's murderer.

Poor, poor Vasantasená! may thy virtues

Win thee in after-life a happier portion;

And may the days of shame, and death of violence

That thou hast suffered in existence past,

Ensure thee honoured birth, the world's regard,

And wealth and happiness, in that to come. (*Going.*)

Sanhs. Where would you fly? In this, my garden, you have murdered a female; come along with me, and defend yourself before my brother-in-law. (*Seizes him.*)

Vita. Away, fool. (*Draws his sword.*)

Sanhs. (*Falls back.*) Oh, very well, if you are afraid, you may depart.

Vita. I am in danger here ; yes, I will join
 Sarvilaka and Chandana, and with them seek
 The band that Árya has assembled. [Exit.

Sarás. Go, fool, to death. Well, Sthávaraka, my lad, what
 think you of this business ?

Sthá. That it is most horrible.

Sarás. How, slave, do you condemn me ? With all my
 heart, be it so. Here, take these. (*Gives him his ornaments.*) I
 make you a present of them, that when I am full dressed, you
 may be suitably equipped to attend me : it is my com-
 mand.

Sthá. These are too costly,—what am I to do with them, sir ?

Sarás. Take them, take them, and away with you. Con-
 duct the carriage to the porch of my palace, and there wait
 my coming.

Sthá. I obey, sir. [Exit.

Sarás. My worthy preceptor has taken himself off in alarm.
 As to the slave, as soon as I return I will put him in confine-
 ment ; so my secret is safe, and I may depart without appre-
 hension. Hold ! let me be sure,—is she dead, or must I kill her
 again ? no, she is safe. I will cover the body with my mantle.
 Stop ! it bears my name, and will discover me. Well thought
 of,—the wind has scattered about a quantity of dry leaves ; I
 will cover her over with them. (*Collects the leaves and piles them
 over Vasantasená.*) Now to the court, where I will enter an
 accusation against Chárudatta of having murdered Vasanta-
 sená for her wealth. Ingeniously devised ! Chárudatta will be
 ruined ; the virtuous city cannot tolerate even the death of
 an animal.* Now to my work. (*Going.*) Here comes that
 rascally mendicant again, and by the very road I was about to
 take ; he owes me a grudge for threatening to slit his nose, and
 should he see me here, he will out of revenge come forward
 and tax me with this murder. How shall I avoid him ? I
 can leap the broken wall here. Thus I fly, as the monkey

* This may imply the wide diffusion of Bauddha tenets.

Mahendra leaped through heaven, over earth and hell, from Hanumat* Peak to Lanká. (*Jumps down.*)

Enter the ŚRAMAÑAKA or Mendicant, as before.

I have washed my mantle, and will hang it on these boughs to dry. No, here are a number of monkeys; I'll spread it on the ground. No, there is too much dust. Ha! yonder the wind has blown together a pile of dry leaves; that will answer exactly; I'll spread it upon them. (*Spreads his wrapper over Vasantasenā and sits down.*) Glory to Buddha! (*Repeats the moral stanzas as above.*) But enough of this. I covet not the other world, until in this I may make some return for the lady Vasantasenā's charity. On the day she liberated me from the gamester's clutches she made me her slave for ever. Holloa! something sighed amidst yon leaves! or perhaps it was only their crackling, scorched by the sun, and moistened by my damp garment. Bless me, they spread out like the wings of a bird. (*One of Vasantasenā's hands appears.*) A woman's hand, as I live, with rich ornaments—and another; surely I have seen that hand before. It is, it is—it is the hand that once was stretched forth to save me. What should this mean! (*Throws off the wrapper and leaves, and sees Vasantasenā.*) It is the lady Vasantasenā; the devoted worshipper of Buddha. (*Vasantasenā expresses by signs the want of water.*) She wants water: the pool is far away; what's to be done? Ha! my wet garment. (*Applies it to her face and mouth and fans her.*)

Vas. (*Reviving.*) Thanks, thanks, my friend; who art thou?

Śram. Do you not recollect me, lady? You once redeemed me with ten *suvarñas*.

Vas. I remember you; aught else I have forgotten. I have suffered since.

Śram. How, lady?

Vas. As my fate deserved.

Śram. Rise, lady, rise; drag yourself to this tree: here,

* Hanumat is the monkey; Mahendra, the mountain.

hold by this creeper.* (*Bends it down to her ; she lays hold of it and rises.*) In a neighbouring convent dwells a holy sister ; † rest a while with her, lady, and recover your spirits : gently, lady, gently. (*They proceed.*) Stand aside, good friends, stand aside ; make way for a young female and a poor beggar. It is my duty to restrain the hands and mouth, and keep the passions in subjection. What should such a man care for kingdoms ? His is the world to come. [Exit.

* To a Bauddha ascetic female contact is unlawful. His observance of the prohibition, in spite of his gratitude and regard for Vasantasena, is a curious and characteristic delineation of the denaturalizing tendency of such institutions.

† The expression is *Edasmiñ vihāre mama dhammabhaginiā chisīdāmi*. *Etasmiñ vihāre mama dharmabhaginī tishīdāmi*. Convents for women are very characteristically Bauddha institutions : they did exist in the Burman empire till of late years, and are still to be met with in Nepaul and Tibet.

END OF THE EIGHTH ACT.

ACT IX.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

*(Exterior and Interior.)**Enter OFFICER.*

I AM commanded to prepare the benches in this hall for the judges. (*Arranges them.*) All is ready for their reception, the floor is swept, and the seats are placed, and I have only now to inform them all is ready. (*Going.*) Ha! here comes the king's brother-in-law, a worthless fellow; I will get out of his way. (*Retires.*)

Enter SAMSTHÁNAKA, splendidly dressed.

I have bathed in limpid water and reposed in a shady grove, passing my time like—a celestial chorister of elegant form, amidst an attendant train of lovely damsels, now tying my hair, then twisting it into a braid, then opening it in flowing tresses, and again gathering it into a graceful knot. Oh! I am a most accomplished and astonishing young prince, and yet I feel a vacancy, an interior chasm; such as is sought for by the fatal worm that works its darkling way through the human entrails. How shall I fill it up?—on whom shall I satiate my craving? Ha! I recollect; it is designed for the miserable Chárudatta. So be it. I will repair to the court, and cause an accusation to be registered against him, of the death of Vasantasená, asserting that he has robbed and murdered her. The court is open, I see. (*Enters.*) How! the seats are ready for the arrival of the judges. I shall wait their coming on this grass plot.

Doorkeeper. Here comes the Court; I must attend.

demand justice ; I, a man of rank, a *Vāsudeva*, and brother-in-law of the Rāja ;—I have a plaint to enter.

Off. Have the goodness to wait a moment, your excellency, whilst I apprise the Court. (*Returns.*) So please your worship, the first plaintiff is his Majesty's brother-in-law.

Judge. The Rāja's brother-in-law to proffer a plaint? An eclipse of the rising sun foreruns the downfall of some illustrious character : but there are other matters before us. Return and tell him his cause cannot come on to-day.

(*Officer returns to Sasthánaka.*)

Off. I am desired to inform your honour that your cause cannot be tried to-day.

Sasth. How ! not to-day ? Then I shall apply to the King, my sister's husband. I shall apply to my sister, and to my mother, and have this judge dismissed, and another appointed immediately. (*Going.*)

Off. Stay one moment, your honour, and I will carry your message to the Court. (*Goes to the judge.*) Please your worship, his excellency is very angry ; and declares if you do not try his suit to-day, he will complain to the royal family, and procure your worship's dismissal.

Judge. The blockhead has it in his power, it is true. Well, call him hither : his plaint shall be heard.

Off. (*To Sasth.*) Will your excellency be pleased to enter ; your plaint will be heard.

Sasth. Oh, oh ! first it could not be tried ; now it will be heard ; very well ; the judges fear me : they will do what I desire. (*Enters.*) I am well pleased, gentlemen ; you may therefore be so too, for it is in my hands to distribute or withhold satisfaction.

Judge. (*Apart.*) Very like the language of a complainant this ! (*Aloud.*) Be seated.

Sasth. Assuredly. This place is mine, and I shall sit where I please. (*To the Provost.*) I will sit here ; no (*to the Recorder*), I will sit here ; no, no (*puts his hands on the judge's head, and then sits down by his side*), I will even sit here.

Judge. Your excellency has a complaint?

Sańs. To be sure I have.

Judge. Prefer it.

Sańs. I will, in good time; but remember, I am born in a distinguished family. My father is the Rája's father-in-law; the Rája is my father's son-in-law; I am the Rája's brother; and the Rája is my sister's husband.

Judge. We know all this; but why dwell on family honours? Personal excellence is more important; there are always thorn-bushes in the fairest forests: declare therefore your suit.

Sańs. This it is; but it involves no fault of mine. My noble brother-in-law, in his good pleasure, presented me, for my ease and recreation, the best of the royal gardens, the ancient *Pushpakarańdaka*. It is my practice to visit it daily, and see it well swept and weeded, and kept in order; and having, as my wont, gone this day thither, what should I behold, but—I could scarcely believe my eyes—the dead body of a female!

Judge. Did you know the person?

Sańs. Alas! too well. She was once our city's greatest pride. Her rich attire must have tempted some execrable wretch to beguile her into the lonely garden; and there, for the sake of her jewels, was the lovely Vasantasená strangled by his hands, not by me. (*Stops himself.*)

Judge. What neglect in the police! You heard the plaint, gentlemen; let it be recorded, including the words "not by me."

Rec. (*Writes it.*) It is done.

Sańs. (*Apart.*) Vile carelessness! My heedlessness has plunged me into peril, like a man crossing a narrow bridge precipitately, who tumbles into the stream: it cannot now be helped. (*Aloud.*) Well, sagacious administrators of justice, you make a mighty fuss about a trifle. I was going to observe, not by me was the deed beheld. (*Puts his foot on the record, and wipes out the last part.*)

Judge. How, then, do you know the truth of what you have stated, that for the sake of her ornaments she was strangled by some person's hands?

Saṁs. I conclude so, for the neck was bare and swollen, and her dress rifled of its ornaments.

Prov. The case is likely enough.

Saṁs. (*Apart.*) Good; I am alive again.

Prov. Whom else do we require in this suit?

Judge. The case is twofold, and must be investigated both in relation to assertion and facts; the verbal investigation relates to plaintiff and respondent, that of facts depends upon the judge.

Prov. The cause then requires the evidence of Vasantasena's mother.

Judge. Undoubtedly. Officers, go and civilly call Vasantasena's mother into court.

Off. (*Exit Officer, and returns with the old woman.*) Come along, dame.

Moth. My daughter is gone to a friend's house. This old fellow comes and says to me: "Come along; his honour the judge has sent for you." I am ready to faint, and my heart flutters so.—Very well, sir, very well, sir, lead me to the court.

Off. Here we are;—enter. (*They enter.*)

Moth. Health and happiness to your worships!

Judge. You are welcome;—sit down. (*She sits.*)

Saṁs. Oh, old procuress, you are there, are you?

Judge. You are the mother of Vasantasena?

Moth. I am.

Judge. Where is your daughter?

Moth. At a friend's house.

Judge. The name of that friend?

Moth. (*Apart.*) Oh dear me, this is very awkward. (*Aloud.*) Surely, your worship, this is not a fit question for your worship to ask.

Judge. No hesitation;—the law asks the question.

Prov. and Rec. Speak out ; the law asks the question ; there is no impropriety in answering.

Moth. Why then, gentlemen, to say the truth, she is at the house of a very nice gentleman :—the son of Sagaradatta, grandson of the Provost Vinayadatta, whose own name is Charudatta ; he lives near the Exchange : my daughter is with him.

Sams. You hear, judges ;—let this be registered. I accuse Charudatta.

Prov. Charudatta, her friend ! he cannot be criminal.

Judge. The cause, however, requires his presence.

Prov. Certainly.

Judge. (*To the Scribe.*) Dhanadatta, write down that Vasantasena last went to Charudatta's residence : this is the first step. Let me consider ; how can Charudatta be summoned hither ? However, the law must be enforced. Officer, repair to Charudatta, and say to him, the magistrate, with all due respect, requests to see him at his perfect convenience.

(*Officer goes out, and re-enters with Charudatta.*)

Off. This way, sir.

Char. The prince well knows my rank and character,

And yet thus calls me to his public court.

Haply he may have heard my car conveyed

The fugitive he feared beyond his reach,

Borne to his ear by some unfriendly spy.

Or haply—but away with fancies ; soon

I learn the truth, arrived at the tribunal.

Off. This way, this way, sir.

Char. What should this mean ? his harshest note, yon crow

Responsive utters to his fellow's call,

With croak repeated. Ha ! my left eye throbs ;

What new misfortunes threaten ?

Off. Proceed, sir, never fear.

Char. Facing the sun, on yonder blighted tree,

The bird of evil augury is perched ;

Ha ! on my path, the black snake sleeping lies.

Roused from his slumber, he unfolds in wrath
 His spiry length, and threatening beats the ground
 With bulk inflated, as he turns on me
 His angry eyes, and from between his fangs
 Protrudes his hissing tongue. I slip, yet here
 No plashy mire betrays my heedless feet.—
 Still throbs my left eye, and my left arm trembles;
 And still that bird in flight sinistral cries,
 To warn me of impending ill. Yes, death—
 Terrible death awaits me. Be it so—
 It is not mine to murmur against destiny,
 Nor doubt that righteous which the gods ordain.

Off. This is the court, sir, enter.

Chár. (*Entering and looking round.*)

The prospect is but little pleasing.
 The court looks like a sea,*—its councillors
 Are deep engulfed in thought; its tossing waves
 Are wrangling advocates; its brood of monsters
 Are these wild animals—death's ministers—
 Attorneys skim like wily snakes the surface—
 Spies are the shell-fish cowering 'midst its weeds,
 And vile informers, like the hovering curlew,
 Hang fluttering o'er, then pounce upon their prey:
 The beach, that should be justice, is unsafe,
 Rough, rude, and broken by oppression's storms.

[*As he advances he knocks his head against the door-frame.*]

More inauspicious omens! they attend
 Each step I take; fate multiplies its favours.

* That the translator may not be thought to have had an English rather than an Indian court in his eye, he enumerates the terms of the original for the different members of which it is said to consist. *Mantrins*, councillors; *Dútas*, the envoys or representatives of the parties; the wild animals, death's ministers, are *Nágas* and *Aśwas*, elephants and horses employed to tread or tear condemned criminals to death; the *Cháras* are spies or runners; *Nándvdsakas*, disguised emissaries or informers; and *Káyasthas* are scribes by profession, who discharge the duties of notaries and attorneys.

your hand into flame, will it not be burnt? and think you that if you revile Chárudatta, the earth will not open and swallow you? This is Chárudatta—how can such a man have committed such a crime? He has exhausted in lavish munificence the ocean of his disregarded wealth, and is it possible that he, who was best among the best, and who has ever shown the most princely liberality, should have been guilty of a deed most hateful to a noble mind, for the sake of plunder?

Sańs. I say again, it is not your province to undertake his defence; you are to try the cause.

Moth. I say the accusation is false. When in his distress my daughter intrusted a casket of jewels to his care, and it was stolen from him, even then he replaced it with a necklace of still greater value; and can he now, for the sake of wealth, have turned murderer? Oh, never! Alas! would that my daughter were here! (*Weeps.*)

Judge. Inform us, Chárudatta, how did she leave you—on foot or in a carriage?

Chár. I did not see her depart, and know not.

Enter VÍRAKA in haste.

Now go I to the court, to tell them how I have been maltreated, kicked, and abused for keeping a good look-out after the runaway. Hail to your worships!

Judge. Ha! here is Víraka, the captain of the watch: what brings you hither, Víraka?

Vír. Hear me, your honour. Whilst engaged last night in quest of Áryaka, who had broke loose, we stopped a covered carriage: the captain, Chandanaka, looked into it, and I was going to do so too, when he prevented me, pulled me back, and cuffed and kicked me. I beg your honours will take proper notice of this business.

Judge. We will. Whose was the carriage, do you know?

Vír. The driver said it belonged to this gentleman, Chárudatta; and that it carried Vasantasená to meet him in *Pushpakarańdaka*.

Saṁs. You hear, sirs !

Judge. Truly this spotless moon is threatened by the demon of eclipse ; the limpid stream is sullied by the falling of the banks. We will inquire into your complaint, Viraka ; in the meantime mount one of the messenger's horses at the gate ; go to *Pushpakaraṇḍaka* with all speed, and bring us word whether the body of a murdered woman lies there.

Vīr. I shall. (*Goes out, and presently returns.*) I have been to the garden, and have ascertained that a female body has been carried off by the beasts of prey.

Judge. How know you it was a female ?

Vīr. By the remains of the hair, and the marks of the hands and feet.

Judge. How difficult it is to discover the truth : the more one investigates, the greater is the perplexity. The points of law are sufficiently clear here, but the understanding still labours like a cow in a quagmire.*

Chār. (Apart.) When first the flower unfolds, as flock the bees
To drink the honeyed dew, so mischiefs crowd
The entrance opened by man's falling fortune.

Judge. Come, Chārudatta, speak the truth.

Chār. The wretch that sickens at another's merits,
The mind, by passion blinded, bent to ruin
The object of its malice, do not claim
Reply, nor any heed to what they utter,
Which from their very nature must be falsehood.
For me—you know me—would I pluck a flower,
I draw the tender creeper gently to me,
Nor rudely rob it of its clustering beauty.
How think you then ?—could I with violent hands
Tear from their lovely seat those jetty locks,
More glossy than the black bee's wing, or how
So wrong my nature, and betray my love,
As with remorseless heart to blast in death
The weeping charms that vainly sued for mercy ?

* Rather an undignified simile for a judge.

Sańs. I tell you, judges, you will be held as the defendant's friends and abettors, if you allow him longer to remain seated in your presence.

Judge. Officer, remove him from his seat. (*Officer obeys.*)

Chár. Ministers of justice, yet reflect. (*Sits on the ground.*)

Sańs. (*Apart.*) Ha, ha! my deeds are now safely deposited on another's head; I will go and sit near Chárudatta. (*Does so.*) Come, Chárudatta, look at me: confess; say honestly, "I killed Vasantasená."

Chár. Vile wretch, away! Alas! my humble friend,

My good Maitreya, what will be thy grief
To hear of my disgrace? and thine, dear wife,
The daughter of a pure and pious race?
Alas! my boy, amidst thy youthful sports
How little think'st thou of thy father's shame!
Where can Maitreya tarry? I had sent him
To seek Vasantasená, and restore
The costly gems her lavish love bestowed
Upon my child—where can he thus delay?

Outside—Enter MAITREYA with Vasantasená's jewels.

I am to return these trinkets to Vasantasená; the child took them to his mother; I must restore them, and, on no account, consent to take them back again. Ha! Rebhila; how now Rebhila, what is the matter? You seem agitated, what has chanced? (*Listening.*) Hey! what say you, my dear friend? summoned to the court? this is very alarming. Let me think:—I must go to him, and see what it means; I can go to Vasantasená afterwards. Oh, here is the court. (*Enters.*) Salutation to your worships! where is my friend?

Judge. There.

Mait. My dear friend, all happiness——

Chár. Will be hereafter.

Mait. Patience.

Chár. That I have.

Mait. But why so downcast? what are you brought here for?

Chár. (*To Mait.*) In an ill hour these jewels spring to light.
Such is my fate, their fall will lead to mine.

Mait. Why not explain?

Chár. The regal eye is feeble to discern
The truth amidst perplexity and doubt.
I can but urge—I have not done the deed,
And poverty like mine must hope to gain
Unwilling credence; shameful death awaits me.

Judge. Alas! Mars is obstructed and Jupiter obscured, and
a new planet like a comet wanders in their orbits.

Prov. Come hither, lady (*to Vasantasend's mother*); look at
this casket; was it your daughter's?

Moth. It is very like, but not the same.

Sańs. Oh, you old baggage! your eyes tell one story and
your tongue another.

Moth. Away, slanderer!

Prov. Be careful of what you say: is it your daughter's, or
is it not?

Moth. Why, your worship, the skill of the workman
makes it difficult to trust one's eyes; but this is not my
daughter's.

Judge. Do you know these ornaments?

Moth. Have I not said? They may be different, though
like: I cannot say more; they may be imitations made by
some skilful artist.

Judge. It is true. Provost, examine them: they may be
different, though like; the dexterity of the artists is no doubt
very great, and they readily fabricate imitations of ornaments
they have once seen, in such a manner, that the difference
shall scarcely be discernible.

Prov. Are these ornaments your property, Chárudatta?

Chár. They are not.

Prov. Whose then?

Chár. This lady's daughter's.

Prov. How come they out of the owner's possession?

Chár. She parted with them.

Judge. Chárudatta, the business of proof it was ours to effect, the sentence rests with the prince. Officer, apprise the royal Pálaka, that the convicted culprit being a Brahman, he cannot according to Manu be put to death, but he may be banished the kingdom with his property untouched.

Off. I obey. (*Goes out and returns.*) I have been, and the king thus commands. Let the ornaments of Vasantasená be suspended to the neck of the criminal; let him be conducted by beat of drum to the southern cemetery, and there let him be impaled; that, by the severity of this punishment, men may be in future deterred from the commission of such atrocious acts.

Chár. Unjust and inconsiderate monarch.*

'Tis thus that evil councillors impel
The heedless prince into the scorching flames
Of fierce iniquity and foul disgrace;
And countless victims perish by the guilt
Of treacherous ministers, who thus involve
Both prince and people in promiscuous ruin!
My friend Maitreya, I bequeath to you
My helpless family; befriend my wife,
And be a second parent to my child.

Mait. Alas! when the root is destroyed, how can the tree remain?

Chár. Not so; a father lives beyond his death
And in his son survives; 'tis meet my boy
Enjoy that friendship which thou show'dst his sire.

Mait. You have ever been most dear to me, most excellent Chárudatta; I cannot cherish life deprived of you.

Chár. Bring my boy to me.

Mait. That shall be done.

* Possibly the political events described in this piece were not wholly matter of fiction, and Pálaka, leaning to the Bauddda doctrines, and disregarding Brahminical privileges, provoked the insurrection that is recorded in the drama.

Judge. Officer, lead him forth. Who waits there? Let the *Chândâlas** be called. [Exit with Court.

Off. This way.

Châr. Alas, my poor friend!†

Had due investigation been allowed me,
Or any test proposed—water or poison,
The scales or scorching fire,‡ and I had failed
The proof, then might the law have been fulfilled,
And I deservedly received my doom.§
But this will be avenged: and for the sentence
That dooms a Brahman's death on the mere charge
Of a malicious foe, the bitter portion
That waits for thee, and all thy line, O king,
Is hell. Proceed—I am prepared. [Exeunt.

* Whose caste makes them public executioners.

† The following lines are uttered *akâśe* or in the air, according to the original; that is, they are not spoken by any of the *dramatis personæ*. They are, however, so suitable to Chârudatta as to warrant a departure from the stage direction.

‡ The different modes of trial by ordeal.

§ Literally, the saw might have been applied to the body; *Krakachâm śarîre dâtavyam*.

END OF THE NINTH ACT.

ACT X.

THE ROAD TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

Enter CHÁRUDATTA with two CHÁNDÁLAS as Executioners.

1st *Chán.* Out* of the way, sirs! out of the way! room for Chárudatta. Adorned with the *karavíra* † garland, and attended by his dexterous executioners, he approaches his end like a lamp ill-fed with oil.

Chár. Sepulchral blossoms decorate my limbs,
Covered with dust, and watered by my tears,
And round me harshly croak the carrion birds,
Impatient to enjoy their promised prey.

2d *Chán.* Out of the way, sirs! what do you stare at? a good man whose head is to be chopped off by the axe of destiny? a tree that gave shelter to gentle birds to be cut down? Come on, Chárudatta.

Chár. Who can foresee the strange vicissitudes
Of man's sad destiny?—I little thought
That such a fate would ever be my portion,
Nor could have credited I should live to be
Dragged like a beast to public sacrifice,
Stained with the ruddy sandal spots and smeared
With meal—a victim to the sable goddess.‡
Yet as I pass along, my fellow-citizens

* The Prákrít spoken by the Chándálas is exceedingly rude and difficult; the commentator is often evidently at fault, and furnishes very imperfect and unsatisfactory interpretations: several passages have been accordingly omitted, but none of any importance.

† Sweet-scented oleander, or rose bay. *Nerium odorum*.

‡ This is an addition of the commentator: the text implies that he is equipped as a victim, but does not say to what deity.

Chár. Dreadful reverse—to hear such wretches herald
 My death, and blacken thus with lies my fame :
 Not so, my sires—for them the frequent shout
 Has filled the sacred temple, where the crowd
 Of holy Brahmans to the gods proclaimed
 The costly rite accomplished : and shall I,
 Alas ! Vasantasená, who have drunk
 Thy nectared tones from lips whose ruby glow
 Disgraced the coral, and displayed the charms
 Of teeth more pearly than the moon's chaste light,
 Profane my ears with such envenomed draughts
 Of infamy whilst yet my soul is free ?

[Puts his hands to his ears.]

1st Chán. Stand apart there—make way !

Chár. My friends avoid me as I pass, and, hiding
 Their faces with their raiment, turn away.
 Whilst fortune smiles each stranger is a friend,
 But friends are strangers in adversity.

1st Chán. The road is now tolerably clear,—bring along the
 culprit.

(Behind.) Father ! father !

My friend ! my friend !

Chár. My worthy friends, grant me this one indulgence.

1st Chán. What ! will you take anything of us ? *

Chár. Disdain not my request. Though basely born,
 You are not cruel, and a gentle nature
 Ranks you above your sovereign. I implore you,
 By all your future hopes, oh once permit me
 To view my son, ere I depart to death !

1st Chán. Let him come.—Men, stand back, and let the
 child approach : here, this way.

Enter MAITREYA with ROHASENA.

Mait. Here we have him, boy, once more ; your dear
 father, who is going to be murdered.

* That is, how can a *Brahman* condescend to accept anything from a
Chánáda ? There is some bitterness in the question.

Roha. Where do you lead my father, vile Chánáála ?

Chán. I go to death, my child ; the fatal chaplet
Of *Karavira* hangs around my neck ;
The stake upon my shoulder rests,* my heart
Is burdened with despair, as, like a victim
Dressed for the sacrifice, I meet my fate.

1st Chán. Hark ye, my boy : they who are born *Chánáálas*
are not the only ones ; they who oppress the virtuous are
Chánáálas too.

Roha. Why, then, want to kill my father ?

1st Chán. The king orders us ; it is his fault, not ours.

Roha. Take and kill me ; let my father go.

1st Chán. My brave little fellow, long life to you !

Chár. (*Embracing him.*)

This is the truest wealth ; love equal smiles
On poor and rich ; the bosom's precious balm
Is not the fragrant herb, nor costly unguent—
But nature's breath, affection's holy perfume.

Mait. Come now, my good fellows, let my worthy friend
escape : you only want a body,—mine is at your disposal.

Chár. Forbear, forbear !

1st Chán. Come on ! stand off ! what do you throng to see ?
a good man who has lost his all and fallen into despair, like
a gold bucket whose rope breaks and it tumbles into the
well.

2d Chán. Here stop : beat the drum, and proclaim the
sentence. (*As before.*)

Chár. This is the heaviest pang of all ; to think

Such bitter fruit attends my closing life.

And oh ! what anguish, love, to hear the calumny,

Thus noised abroad, that thou wast slain by me !

[*Exeunt.*]

* So condemned malefactors, according to the Roman code, bore their
cross or gibbet to the place of execution.

witness of my guilt. I have ill-secured him. It shall be so. (*Aloud.*) Hear ye, my masters: this is my slave; he is a thief, and for theft I punished and confined him: he owes me a grudge for this, and has made up this story to be revenged. Confess (*to Sthāvaraka*), is it not so? (*Approaches and in an under-tone.*) Take this (*offers him a bracelet*); it is yours;—recall your words.

Sthā. (*Takes the bracelet and holds it up.*) See here, my friends, he bribes me, even now, to silence!

Sarṅs. (*Snatches the bracelet.*) This is it; the very ornament I punished him for stealing; look here, Chāndālas: for pilfering from my treasury, which was under his charge, I had him whipped; if you doubt me, look at his back.

1st Chāṇ. It is very true; and a scorched slave will set anything on fire.

Sthā. Alas! this is the curse of slavery, to be disbelieved even when we speak the truth. Worthy Chārudatta, I can do no more. (*Falls at his feet.*)

Chār. Rise, thou who feelest for a good man's fall,
And com'st a virtuous friend to the afflicted.
Grieve not thy cares are vain. Whilst destiny
Forbids my liberation, all attempts
Like thine will profit nothing.

1st Chāṇ. As your honour has already chastised this slave, you should let him go.

Sarṅs. Come, come. What is this delay, why do you not dispatch this fellow?

1st Chāṇ. If you are in such haste, sir, you had better do it yourself.

Rohā. Kill me and let my father live.

Sarṅs. Kill both; father and son perish together.

Chār. All answers to his wish. Return, my child,
Go to thy mother, and with her repair
To some asylum, where thy father's fate
Shall leave no stain on thee. My friend, conduct them
Hence without delay.

Mait. Think not, my dear friend, that I intend to survive you.

Chár. My good Maitreya, the vital spirit owes not
Obedience to our mortal will: beware
How you presume to cast that life away:
It is not thine to give or to abandon.

Mait. (Apart.) It may not be right, but I cannot bear to live when he is gone. I will go to the Brahman's wife, and then follow my friend. *(Aloud.)* Well, I obey; this task is easy. *(Falls at his feet, and rising, takes the child in his arms.)*

Sańs. Holloa! did I not order you to put the boy to death along with his father? *(Chárudatta expresses alarm.)*

1st Chán. We have no such orders from the Rája—away, boy, away. *(Forces off Maitreya and Rohasena.)* This is the third station, beat the drum, and proclaim the sentence. *(As before.)*

Sańs. (Apart.) The people seem to disbelieve the charge. *(Aloud.)* Why, Chárudatta, the townsmen doubt all this; be honest; say at once, "I killed Vasantasená." *(Chárudatta continues silent.)* Ho! Chánídála, this vile sinner is dumb; make him speak: lay your cane across his back.

2d Chán. Speak, Chárudatta. *(Strikes him.)*

Chár. Strike! I fear not blows; in sorrow plunged,
Think you such lesser ills can shake my bosom?
Alone I feel the flame of men's reports,
The foul assertion that I slew my love.

Sańs. Confess, confess!

Chár. My friends and fellow-citizens, ye know me.

Sańs. She is murdered.

Chár. Be it so.

1st Chán. Come; the execution is your duty.

2d Chán. No; it is yours.

1st Chán. Let us reckon. *(They count.)** Now, if it be my turn, I shall delay it as long as I can.

* They write or make marks or lines in various ways; such is the stage direction, but what is intended is not exactly known.

2d Chán. Why?

1st Chán. I will tell you :—my father, when about to depart to heaven, said to me, “Son, whenever you have a culprit to execute, proceed deliberately ; never do your work in a hurry ; for, perhaps, some worthy character may purchase the criminal’s liberation ; perhaps a son may be born to the Rája, and a general pardon be proclaimed ; perhaps an elephant may break loose and the prisoner escape in the confusion ; or, perhaps, a change of rulers may take place, and every one in bondage be set at large.”

Saás. (*Apart.*) A change of rulers !

1st Chán. Come, let us finish our reckoning.

Saás. Be quick, be quick ! get rid of your prisoner. (*Retires.*)

1st Chán. Worthy Chárudatta, we but discharge our duty ; the king is culpable, not we, who must obey his orders : consider—have you anything to say ?

Chár. If virtue yet prevail, may she who dwells

Amongst the blest above, or breathes on earth,

Clear my fair fame from the disastrous spots

Unfriendly fate and man’s accusing tongue

Have fixed upon me—whither do you lead me ?

1st Chán. Behold the place, the southern cemetery, where criminals quickly get rid of life. See, where jackals feast upon one-half of the mangled body, whilst the other yet grins ghastly on the pointed stake !

Chár. Alas, my fate ! (*Sits down.*)

Saás. I shall not go till I have seen his death. How—sitting !

1st Chán. What ! are you afraid, Chárudatta ?

Chár. (*Rising.*) Of infamy I am, but not of death.

1st Chán. Worthy sir, in heaven itself the sun and moon are not free from change and suffering : how should we, poor weak mortals, hope to escape them in this lower world : one man rises but to fall, another falls to rise again ; and the vesture of the carcase is at one time laid aside, and at another resumed :

upwards, and one blow sends you to heaven. (*Chárudatta obeys, the Chánáála goes to strike, and drops his sword.*) How? I held the hilt firmly in my grasp! yet the sword, as unerring as a thunderbolt, has fallen on the ground! Chárudatta will escape; it is a sure sign. Goddess of the *Sahya* hills,* be pleased to hear me! If Chárudatta be yet set free, the greatest favour will be conferred upon the whole Chánáála race.

2d Chán. Come, let us do as we are ordered.

1st Chán. Be it so. (*They are leading Chárudatta to the stake, when Vasantasená rushes through the crowd.*)

Vas. Forbear, forbear! in me behold the wretch

For whom he dies!

1st Chán. Hey! who is this that with dishevelled locks and uplifted arms calls us to forbear?

Vas. Is it not true, dear, dearest Chárudatta? (*Throws herself on his bosom.*)

Śram. Is it not true, respected Chárudatta? (*Falls at his feet.*)

1st Chán. Vasantasená! The innocent must not perish by our hands.

Śram. He lives! Chárudatta lives!

1st Chán. May he live a hundred years!

Vas. I revive.

1st Chán. Away! bear the news to the king; he is at the public place of sacrifice. (*Some go out.*)

Saás. (*Seeing Vasantasená.*) Alive still! Who has done this? I am not safe here, and must fly. [*Exit.*]

1st Chán. (*To the other.*) Hark ye, brother, we were ordered to put to death the murderer of Vasantasená: we had better therefore secure the Rája's brother-in-law.

2d Chán. Agreed; let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

Chár. Who thus, like showers to dying grain, has come
To snatch me from the uplifted sword and face
Of present death? Vasantasená,

* A form of *Durgá*, worshipped formerly in the *Vindhya* range, near Ougein.

Can this be she? or has another form
 Like hers from heaven descended to my succour?
 Am I awake, or do my senses wander—
 Is my Vasantasená still alive?
 Speeds she from spheres divine, in earthly charms
 Arrayed again, to save the life she loved,
 Or comes some goddess in her beauteous likeness?

Vas. (Falls at his feet.)

You see herself, the guilty cause that brought
 This sad reverse upon thy honoured course.

Chár. (Taking her up and looking at her.)

My love, Vasantasená, is it thou?

Vas. That ill-starred wretch.

Chár. Vasantasená—can it—can it be?

And why these starting tears?—away with grief!
 Didst thou not come, and like the wondrous power
 That brings back life to its deserted source,*
 Redeem triumphant from the grasp of death
 This frame to be henceforward all thine own?
 Such is the force of love omnipotent,
 Who calls the very dead to life again!
 Behold, my sweet, these emblems, that so late
 Denoted shame and death, shall now proclaim
 A different tale, and speak our nuptial joy—
 This crimson vesture be the bridegroom's garb,
 This garland be the bride's delightful present,
 And this brisk drum shall change its mournful sounds
 To cheerful tones of marriage celebration.

Vas. Ingenious ever is my lord's device.

Chár. Thy plotted death, dear girl, was my sad doing.

The Rája's brother has been long my foe;
 And in his hate, which future doom will punish,
 He sought, and partly worked his will, my fall.

Vas. Forbear, nor utter such ill-omened words.

By him, and him alone, my death was purposed.

* The mythological drug that restores the dead to life.

Of valour and of conduct destitute
 The foe has fallen—the citizens behold
 Well pleased the change, and thus has noble daring
 Wrested an empire from its ancient lords,
 And won a sway as absolute on earth
 As that which *Indra* proudly holds in heaven.
 This is the spot ;—he must be near at hand
 By this assemblage of the people. Well begins
 The reign of *Áryaka*, if his first cares
 Reap the rich fruit of *Chárudatta*'s life.
 Give way, and let me pass ; 'tis he !—he lives !—
Vasantasená too !—my monarch's wish
 Is all accomplished. Long this generous Brahman
 Has mourned his sullied brightness like the moon
 That labours in eclipse, but now he bounds
 Again to honour and to happiness,
 Borne safely o'er a boundless sea of troubles
 By firm affection's bark, and favouring fate.
 How shall I, sinner as I am, approach
 Such lofty merit ; yet the honest purpose
 Is everywhere a passport. *Chárudatta*,
 Hail, most worthy sir !

[Joins his hands and raises them to his forehead.]

Chár. Who thus addresses me ?

Śar. In me behold

The plunderer, that desperate forced his way
 By night into your mansion, and bore off
 The pledge intrusted to your care : I come
 To own my fault and throw me on your mercy.

Chár. Not so, my friend, you may demand my thanks.

(Embraces him.)

Śar. And further I inform you, that the king,
 The unjust *Pálaka*, has fallen a victim,
 Here in the place of sacrifice, to one
 Who has avenged his wrongs and thine ; to *Áryaka*,
 Who ready homage pays to birth and virtue.

Chár. Hold, hold! may I be heard?

Śar. Assuredly.

Saṁs. Most excellent Chárudatta, I have flown to you for refuge; oh, protect me! spare me now, I will never seek your harm any more.

Mob. Kill him, kill him! why should such a wretch be suffered to live? (*Vasantasenā takes the garland off Chárudatta's neck, and throws it round Saṁsthánaka's.*)

Saṁs. Gentle daughter of a courtesan, have pity upon me: I will never kill you again, never, never!

Śar. Give your commands, sirs, that he may be removed, and how we shall dispose of him.

Chár. Will you obey in what I shall enjoin?

Śar. Be sure of it.

Chár. In truth?

Śar. In very truth.

Chár. Then for the prisoner——

Śar. Kill him.

Chár. Set him free.

Śar. Why so?

Chár. An humbled foe, who prostrate at your feet

Solicits quarter, must not feel your sword.

Śar. Admit the law, then give him to the dogs.

Chár. Not so!

His punishment be mercy.

Śar. You move my wonder, but shall be obeyed.

What is your pleasure?

Chár. Loose him, and let him go.

Śar. He is at liberty. (*Unties him.*)

Saṁs. Huzza! I am again alive.

(*Without.*) Alas, alas! the noble wife of Chárudatta, with her child vainly clinging to her raiment, seeks to enter the fatal fire, in spite of the entreaties of the weeping crowd.

Enter CHANDANAKA.

Śar. How now, Chandanaka, what has chanced?

Chan. Does not your excellency see yon crowd collected on

Mait. Lady, forbear! your purpose is a crime:—our holy laws declare it sinful for a Brahman's wife to mount a separate pile.*

Wife. Better I sin than hear my husband's shame—

Remove my boy; he keeps me from the flames.

Rad. Nay, madam; I would rather give him help.

Mait. Excuse me: if you determine to perish, you must give me precedence; it is a Brahman's duty to consecrate a funeral fire.

Wife. What! neither listen to me! My dear child,

Remain to offer to your helpless parents

The sacred rites they claim from filial duty.

Alas! you know no more a father's care.

Chár. (*Coming forward and takes his Child in his arms.*)

His father still will guard him.

Wife. His voice! his form!—it is my lord, my love!

Rohā. My father holds me in his arms again! Now, mother, you are happy.

Chár. (*Embraces his Wife.*)

My dearest love, what frenzy drove thy mind

To seek destruction whilst thy lord survived?

Whilst yet the sun rides bright along the sky

The lotus closes not its amorous leaves.

Wife. True, my loved lord; but then his glowing kisses

Give her glad consciousness her love is present.

Mait. And do these eyes really see my dear friend once more? The wonderful effect of a virtuous wife! Her purpose of entering the fire has reunited her with her lord. Long life to Chárudatta.

Chár. My dear, my faithful friend. (*Embraces him.*)

Rad. Sir, I salute you. (*Falls at his feet.*)

Chár. Rise, good Radaniká. (*Puts his hand upon her shoulder.*)

Wife. (*To Vasantasend.*) Welcome, happy sister!

* This is still the law.

VIKRAMA AND URVAŚÍ,
OR
THE HERO AND THE NYMPH.

A Drama,

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL

SANSKRÍT.



accession of PURÚRAVAS to these terms URVAŚÍ became his bride, and they dwelt together in the forest of *Chaitraratha*, near *Alaká*, the capital of *Kuvera*, for sixty-one years,* in perfect happiness and undiminished affection.

The absence of URVAŚÍ was very soon felt in the upper sphere, and the inhabitants of *Swarga* found their enjoyments stale and unprofitable, no longer heightened by the agreeable manners and entertaining society of the nymph. The whole body of *Apsarasas*, *Siddhas*, *Gandharbas*, and other tenants of Indra's heaven, regretted her loss, and determined to attempt her recovery as soon as the period of her exile, as denounced by the imprecation, should have expired. When this period arrived, they deputed some of the *Gandharbas* on the expedition, who undertook to bring about the violation of the terms on which the alliance of the king and the nymph depended. With this intent they entered the sleeping chamber of the monarch, and carried off one of the rams. The bleat of the animal woke URVAŚÍ, who echoed its cries with her lamentations, and aroused the prince. Apprehensive, however, of appearing before his bride undressed, PURÚRAVAS hesitated to pursue the thief, and thus incurred the angry reproaches of his spouse for his indifference to her loss. Presently the *Gandharbas* bore away the second ram, and the grief of URVAŚÍ was afresh excited; the king's indignation also could no longer be restrained, and, determined to pursue and punish the ravishers, he leaped naked out of bed, trusting that the darkness of night would screen him from the eye of his consort. This was what his enemies desired, and he was no sooner off the couch than a vivid flash of lightning revealed him to view, and put an end to his union with the nymph of *Swarga*. URVAŚÍ immediately disappeared, accompanying the *Gandharbas* to the halls of INDRA.

* This is, however, a mere moment in the extravagant duration of the life of *Purúravas* according to the *Purāṇas*: there is nothing of the kind in the play.

When PURÚRAVAS was conscious of his loss, his grief was so intense that it affected his intellects, and he long wandered frantic over the world in quest of his bride. After many years had elapsed he came to a lake in *Kurukshetra*, where he found several nymphs sporting on the bank ; amongst them was URVAŚÍ. Recognizing her at once, he ran to her and with wild energy implored her return ; the nymph, however, was no longer disposed, even if she had been permitted, to comply with his wishes, and was deaf to all his entreaties ; and at last she succeeded in convincing him of the unreasonableness of his solicitations, and prevailed on him to resume his station, and the duties of a king, engaging on those terms to pay him an annual visit. PURÚRAVAS, however reluctantly, was compelled to submit, and returned sorrowfully but composed to his capital. His annual interviews with URVAŚÍ were punctually repeated, and the fruit of this intercourse was the birth of six sons,* A'YUS, DHÍMAT, AMÁVASU, VIŚWÁVASU, ŚATÁYUS, and ŚRUTÁYUS, who were the progenitors of the lunar race of kings.

The occasional interviews with his bride granted to PURÚRAVAS were far from satisfying his desires, and he still sighed for the permanent enjoyment of her society. The *Gandharbas* at last, pitying his distress, engaged to promote his reunion with the nymph, and sent the king a brazier charged with fire, with which they directed him to perform a sacrifice in the forest, to attain the gratification of all his wishes. The king repaired to the woods, but reflecting that he had quitted URVAŚÍ in order to celebrate this rite, giving up the substance for the shadow, he returned to seek the nymph, leaving the vessel of fire in the thicket. Not finding his consort, he again directed his steps to the forest, but there the brazier was gone, and on the spot where it had stood, a *samí* † and *aśvattha* ‡ tree

* All this part of the story, Urvaśí's loss and recovery, and the birth of Áyus, are totally different in the play.

† *Mimosa suma*.

‡ Religious fig.

had sprung up. After a little consideration PURÚRAVAS broke a branch from either tree, and carried them back to the palace, where, reciting the *Gáyatri* * and rubbing the sticks together, he generated fire with the friction: this primeval fire he divided into three portions, and with them he performed various sacrifices and oblations, until he obtained the rank of a *Gandharba*, and being elevated to the regions of *Swarga*, there enjoyed the constant society of his beloved URVÁŚÍ.†

The latter circumstances of this legend seem to indicate the introduction of fire-worship into India by PURÚRAVAS, considered as a historical personage.‡ There may have been some old tradition to that effect, whence the *Paurāṇik* writers derived the groundwork of their fable; but it is not noticed in the play, neither is any allusion made to it in the version of this story in another work in which it is found, the *Vṛihat-Kathá*, which differs in many particulars from both the play and the *Purāṇa*. The story there, however, is very concisely narrated, and the author has clearly taken merely the personages and course of the fable from what was currently known, and given his own colouring to the incidents. It adds, therefore, nothing to the history of the narrative, and may be either anterior or subsequent to the forms in which it is now presented to English readers. Another authority, however, the *Matsya-Purāṇa*, tells the story more agreeably to the tenor of the drama, as follows:

“When a year had elapsed, the divine *Túrá* bore a son of surpassing splendour, arrayed in celestial raiment of a yellow colour, and richly decorated with heavenly gems. From his youth he was versed in regal duties, and was so skilled in the

* The holiest verse of the *Vedas*.

† The play makes no allusion to these incidents, closing with the appearance of the elder son, *Áyus*.

‡ The three fires are: the *gárhapatya*, or perpetual fire maintained by a householder; the *ahavaniya*, or consecrated fire taken from the preceding and prepared for receiving oblations; and the *dakṣhiṇāgni*, fire taken from either of the former and placed towards the south.

established *Indra* on his throne, which the demon had endangered. For this service *Indra* repaid the monarch with his friendship, and gave him additional power, splendour, and glory.

"Having invited the king to a festival, at which was represented the celebrated story of *Lakshmi's* election of a husband, the invention of BHARATA, INDRA commanded MENAKÁ, RAMBHÁ, and URVÁŚÍ to perform their respective parts. URVÁŚÍ, who represented *Lakshmi*, being engrossed by admiration of the king, forgot what she had to enact, and thereby incurred the high displeasure of the sage, who sentenced her to separation from the prince on earth, and condemned her to pine fifty-five years transformed to a vine, until restored to the regrets of PURÚRAVAS. URVÁŚÍ having made the king her lord, resided with him, and after the term of the curse had expired bore him eight sons: *Āyus*, *Dhṛitāyus*, *Aśvadyus*, *Dhānāyus*, *Dhṛitimat*, *Vasu*, *Divijāta*, and *Sūttāyus*, all endowed with more than human power."

This story is evidently that of the play, although related less in detail, and with a few variations according to Paurāṇik taste; but it is clear that it is either derived from a common source with the narration of the drama, or which is not improbable, that it has borrowed from the latter its general complexion. The nature of the relation which exists between the fiction as it appears in the drama, and in the *Purāṇas*, our readers will be able to appreciate for themselves after perusal of the former.

PRELUDE.

Enter the MANAGER.

MAY that *Śiva** who is attainable by devotion and faith;† who is the sole male‡ of the Vedānta,§ spread through all space, to whom alone the name of Lord|| is applicable, and who is sought with suppressed breath¶ by those who covet final emancipation,** bestow upon you final felicity.

* The term used in the text is *Sthānu*, a name of ŚIVA, from *sthā* to stay or be, the existent or eternal.

† *Bhakti* faith, and *yoga* the practice of abstract meditation.

‡ The *ekapuruṣa*, the active instrument in creation.

§ The theological or metaphysical portion of the Vedas.

|| *Īśvara*, which is derived from *īś*, to have power, or *aś*, to pervade: in the latter case the vowel is changed.

¶ The exercise of *prāṇāyāma*, or breathing through either nostril alternately, and then closing both during the repetition mentally of certain formulae.

** Inferior enjoyment in heaven is not an object of desire to the more enthusiastic of the Hindus, as it is but finite, and after its cessation the individual is born again in the world, and exposed to the calamities of a frail existence. The great aim of devotion is union with the supreme and universal spirit, in which case the soul no more assumes a perishable shape. The character of this benediction corresponds with that of *Śakuntalā* and the *Mālavikāgnimitra*, and all three indicate the author's belonging to that modification of the Hindū faith in which the abstract deism of the Vedānta is qualified by identifying the supreme, invisible, and inappreciable spirit with a delusive form, which was the person of *Rudra* or *Śiva*. It is of a more practical character, therefore, than pure *Vedāntism*, and it is equally different from both the metaphysical and theistical *Sāṅkhya*. It is, in fact, the doctrine of the *Śaiva-Purāṇas*. (See *As. Res.*, vol. xvii.) The Brahmins of the south and west are mostly of this sect; and whatever *Śaṅkara-Swāmī* may have taught, it is that of his descendants the *Daśnāmī-Goswāmins*. The sect is probably the oldest of all now existing in India.

Man. (*Looking off the stage.*) Ho ! *Mārisha*,* come hither.

Enter ACTOR.

Act. Here am I, sir.

Man. Many assemblies have witnessed the compositions of former dramatic bards:† I therefore propose to exhibit one not hitherto represented, the drama‡ of *Vikrama* and *Urvashi*.§ Desire the company to be ready to do justice to their respective parts.

Act. I shall, sir.

Man. I have now only to request the audience that they will listen to this work of *Kālidāsa* with attention and kindness, in consideration of its subject and respect for the author.||

* A term by which it is proper to address one of the principal performers.

† *Kālidāsa* is therefore not the oldest dramatic writer.

‡ The *Trolaka*, a drama in five, eight, or nine acts, the characters of which are mixed, or heavenly and human. See the Introduction, p. xxxi.

§ Mr Lenz, in his very excellent edition and version of this play (Berlin, 1833), seems to think the title, *Urvashi-vikrama*, *Urvasīa incessus*, would be preferable to that of *Vikramorvasī*, as the latter, if not a *Dvandwa* compound, is not capable of satisfactory translation, and if a *Dvandwa* compound, is not conformable to rule: the latter is matter of little moment with the poets; and that *Vikramorvasī* is the author's reading, appears from the text. The addition of *nāma*, *Vikramorvasī nāma trolakam*, makes no difference, as indeed the commentator shows, who entitles his comment, *Vikramorvasī-prakāśikā*, the explanation of the *Vikrama* and *Urvasī*. With regard to the meaning of *Vikrama*, which is properly "heroism," it may be observed, that it is often used in a way where "king" or "hero" alone can be signified by it: thus *Vikramāditya* is as often called simply *Vikrama* as not. The traditions relating to him are termed the *Vikramacharitra*: the nine gems are said to be *ratnāni nava Vikramasya*. The word is applied also attributively, as *Dīpakarṇīr iti khyāto rājābhūd rājya-vikramah*: There was a king named *Dīpakarṇī*, the *Vikrama* of the realm. Here it might be thought equivalent to the Alexander or the Cæsar of his age, but it could not be so employed as a synonym of the Hindu Alexander himself, nor could it be so used in the universally-current (in India) title of the play. There can be no doubt, therefore, that by a poetic license *heroism* is here put for *hero*, and the compound is of the *Dvandwa* class, in despite of the grammarians.

|| The original may be so understood, although it is not quite clear.—*Pradāyishu dākshinīyavaśād yadi vā sadvastu-purusha-bahumānat—āśrīnuta*

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.

PART OF THE HIMÁLAYA RANGE OF MOUNTAINS.

Enter in the Air a Troop of Apsarasas or Nymphs of Heaven.

Nymphs. Help, help! if any friend be nigh,
To aid the daughters of the sky!

Enter PURÚRAYAS in a heavenly car, driven by his Charioteer.*

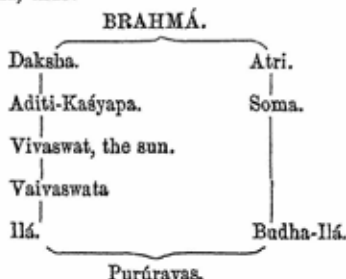
Pur. Suspend your cries; in me behold a friend,
Purúrayas, returning from the sphere
Of the wide-glancing sun: command my aid,
And tell me what you dread.

Rambhá. A demon's violence.

Pur. What violence presumes the fiend to offer?

Menaká. Great king, it thus has chanced: we measured back
Our steps from an assembly of the gods

* *Purúrayas* is a king of high descent, being sprung by his mother *Ilá* from the sun, and his father *Budha* from the moon, being the grandson of the latter and great grandson of the former. His origin is ultimately derived from *Brahmá*, thus:



Held in *Kuvera's** hall. Before us stepped
 The graceful *Urvaśī*, the nymph whose charms
 Defeated *Indra's* stratagemst† and shamed
 The loveliness of *Śrī*‡ the brightest ornament
 Of heaven : when on our path the haughty *Dānava*,
Keśin, the monarch of the golden city,§
 Sprang fierce and bore the struggling nymph away.

Pur. Which path pursued the wretch?

Sahajanyā. 'Tis yonder.

Pur. Banish your fears ;

I go to rescue and restore your friend.

Rambhā. The act is worthy of your high descent.

Pur. Where wait you my return?

Rambhā. Here, on this peak.

The towering *Hemakūta*.||

Pur. (To the Charioteer.) Bend our course

To yonder point, and urge the rapid steeds

To swiftest flight. 'Tis done ; before the car

Like volley'd dust the scattering clouds divide ;

The whirling wheel deceives the dazzled eye,

And double round the axle seems to circle.

The waving chowrie on the steed's broad brow

Points backward, motionless as in a picture ;

And backward streams the banner from the breeze

We meet—immovable.¶ We should outstrip

* The god of riches.

† See the note ‡ in page 201.

‡ The wife of *Vishṇu*, goddess of prosperity and beauty.

§ *Hiraṇyapura* is the name in the text.

|| The golden or snowy peak.

¶ A very similar description, but less picturesque and just, occurs in the beginning of *Sakuntalā*, and the truth of it is rendered less striking by a loose translation. Sir William Jones translates *Nishkampa-chāmara-sikhā*, "they tossed their manes," when it means "their manes and the chowries on their heads are unagitated," that is, they point against the wind without waving—a predicate much more indicative of a rapid advance against the breeze than the undulation of either. The *chāmara* or chowrie, the white

The flight of *Vainateya*,* and must surely
O'ertake the ravisher.

[*Exeunt.*

Rambhá. Now, sisters, on, and blithely seek
The golden mountain's glittering peak ;
Secure the king extracts the dart
That rankles in each anxious heart.

Menaká. We need not fear.

Rambhá. Yet hard to quell,
The demon race.

Menaká. The brood of hell

Shall feel his prowess. Aid to bring
From mortal realms to *Swarga's* king—
He comes, and to his hand is given
Command o'er all the hosts of heaven.

[*They proceed.*

Rambhá. Joy, sisters, joy, the king advances ;
High o'er yon ridgy rampart dances
The deer-emblazoned banner. See
The heavenly car rolls on ;—'tis he.

*Enter PURÚRAVAS in his car slowly ; URVÁŚÍ in the car fainting,
supported by CHITRALEKHÁ.*

Chitral. Dear friend, revive.

Pur. Fair nymph, resume your courage.

Still wields the thunderer his bolt, and guards
The triple world from harm ; the foes of heaven
Are put to flight :—why cherish this alarm
When its just cause is o'er ? Unclose those lids—
The lotus opens when the night retires.

Chitral. Alas ! her sighs alone declare her conscious.

Pur. Soft as the flower, the timid heart not soon

Foregoes its fears. The scarf that veils her bosom

bushy tail of the Tibet cow, fixed on a gold or ornamented shaft, rose from between the ears of the horse like the plume of the war horse of chivalry ; the banner or banneret, with the device of the chief, rose at the back of the car ; sometimes several little triangular flags were mounted on its sides.

* *Garuda*, the son of *Vinatá*.

Hides not its flutterings, and the panting breast
Seems as it felt the wreath of heavenly blossoms
Weigh too oppressively.

Chitral. Revive, my friend ;

This weakness ill becomes a nymph of heaven.

Pur. Have patience ; she recovers, though but faintly.

So gently steals the moon upon the night
Retiring tardily ; so peeps the flame
Of evening fires through smoky wreaths ; and
thus,

The Ganges slowly clears her troubled wave,
Engulphs the ruin that the tumbling bank
Had hurled across her agitated course,
And flows a clear and stately stream again.*

Chitral. Awake, dear friend, the enemies of heaven
Are baffled in despair.

Urv. (*Reviving.*) By Indra's prowess.

Chitral. By prowess not inferior to *Mahendra's* :

By this most holy prince,† *Purúravas*.

Urv. (*Looking at Purúravas ; then apart.*)

What thanks I owe the *Dánava* !

Pur. (*After looking at Urvastí ; then apart.*) What marvel,
The nymphs celestial blushed with humbled charms,
When, to rebuke their wantonness, the sage
Willed that this wondrous beauty should appear.

The creature of a sage !—it cannot be :

How could an aged anchoret,‡ grown old

* The idea in the last four lines is somewhat expanded, to convey more distinctly to European readers what one-fourth of their number would at once convey to those acquainted with the subject of the description. The original lines are exceedingly sweet and beautiful.

† He is always called a *Rájarshi* (*Rája-Rishi* or royal saint). In the classification of sages there are three orders ; the *Rájarshi*, or kingly sage, such as *JANAKA* ; the *Brahmarshi*, or Brahman sage, as *VASISHTHA* ; and the *Devarshi*, or divine sage, as *NÁRADA*.

‡ *Nara* and *Nárdyaña* were two saints, the sons of *Dharma* and *Ahimsá* : they devoted themselves to ascetic exercises which alarmed the gods, and

Rambhá. Attended by each brilliant star,
 Like *Chandra** in his radiant car,
 The king appears, and with him borne
 Behold our sister nymphs return.

Menaká. For both the boons our thanks be poured :
 The prince unharmed and friends restored.

Sahajanyá. Now, sister, see how hard to quell
 By mortal might the sons of hell.

Pur. To yonder lofty mountain guide the car.
 (*Apart.*) Not vain our journey hitherward : 'tis much
 In the unsteady rolling of the chariot
 But for a moment to have touched the form
 Of this celestial nymph ; the blissful contact
 Shoots ecstasy through every fibre. Here (*aloud*)
 Arrest our course. The maid's companion choir
 Press on to her embrace, like flowery vines,
 That bend to catch the beauty of the spring.

Chorus. Joy to the king. Propitious heaven
 Has victory to his prowess given.

Pur. Behold in these my triumph !

[*Presenting Urvaś and Chitrakēkhā.*

Urv. My dear, dear sisters, little did I hope
 But late to feel once more this loved embrace.

[*Embraces them.*

Chorus. May countless ages blest survey
 The mighty *Purúravas*' sway. [*A noise without.*

Charioteer. (*To the king.*)

Sire, from the east the rushing sound is heard
 Of mighty chariots ; yonder like clouds they roll
 Along the mountain cliffs ; now there alights
 A chief in gorgeous raiment, like the blaze
 Of lightning playing on the towering precipice.

Nymphs. Our king, great *Chitraratha*.

* Like the moon with the two stars of *Vikākhā*, one of the lunar asterisms containing two stars.

Enter CHITRARATHA, the king of the Gandharbas (attended).*

Chitrar. Illustrious victor, friend of Indra, hail !

Pur. King of the heavenly quiristers, receive
The welcome of a friend.† What brings you hither ?

Chitrar. When Indra learnt from Nárada the rape
Of this fair damsel by the *Daitya*, Keśin,
He bade me gather the *Gandharba* train
And hasten to her rescue. I obeyed ;
But ere we marched, news of your triumph came
And stopped our progress. For your friendly aid
I bear you now our monarch's thanks, and more—
His wish to see you in the heavenly courts
Your worth has opened to your welcome visit.
This service is most dear to him. The nymph
Is now your boon—first given by *Nárdyaśa*
To grace the halls of *Swarga*—now redeemed
From hands profane by your resistless valour.

Pur. You rate the deed too high. Not mine the glory,
But his, the Thunderer's, from whom derived
The strength of those who conquer in his cause.
The very echo of the lion's roar,
As through the rocky rifts it spreads and deepens,
Appals the mighty elephant.

Chitrar. 'Tis well.

This modesty becomes your worth. Humility
Is ever found the ornament of valour.

Pur. Excuse me to the monarch. Other claims
Demand my distant presence ; lead the nymph
Back to the king.

Chitrar. Your will shall be obeyed.

* The *Gandharbas* are the male attendants and choristers in the courts of *Śiva*, *Indra*, and *Kuvera*.

† The stage direction here is, "They shake hands:" "*Parasparam hastau spriśatañ.*"

Urv. (Apart to Chitralekhá.)

Speak for me, my dear friend; my lips refuse
To bid adieu to my protector.—Speak.

Chitral. (To the king.)

Illustrious sir, my friend commands me ask
Your leave to carry back with her to heaven,
As one she dearly cherishes, your fame.

Pur. Farewell!—I trust ere long to meet again.

*The GANDHARBAS and APSARASAS ascend; URVÁSÍ loiters
and pretends to be stopped.*

*Urv. A moment pause! (To Chitralekhá.) Dear girl, this
straggling vine*

Has caught my garland—help me to get loose.

*Chitral. No easy task, I fear—you seem entangled
Too fast to be set free: but come what may,
Depend upon my friendship.*

*Urv. Thanks, thanks,
Be mindful of your promise.*

[Chitralekhá employed in disengaging her.]

*Pur. A thousand thanks, dear plant, to whose kind aid
I owe another instant, and behold,
But for a moment and imperfectly,
Those half-averted charms.*

*Charioteer. Come, royal sir,
Let us depart. The demon foes are hurled
Deep in the ocean wave—just punishment
For their rebellion against Swarga's king.
Now let the shaft, whose headlong force resembles
The blast of fate, sleep in its wonted quiver,
As cowers the snake within his gloomy covert.*

[They mount.]

Pur. Ascend the car.

*Urv. Ah! me; ah! when again
Shall I behold my brave deliverer!*

[Departs with Chitralekhá and the nymphs.]

Pur. (Looking after her.)

What idle dreams does frantic love suggest !
What arduous tasks inspire ! The beauteous nymph
Bears off my heart in triumph through the path
Her sire* immortal treads : so flies the swan
Through the mid air, charged with its precious spoil,
The milky nectar of the lotus stem.

[Exit in his car.

* *Nārāyaṇa* or *Viṣṇu*, according to the commentator.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

THE GARDEN OF THE PALACE OF PURÚRAVAS AT
PRAYÁGA (*Allahabad*).**Enter MĀNAVAKA, the Vidyushaka.*

It is mighty inconvenient this, for a Brahman like myself, one so much sought after and subject to such frequent invitation, to be burthened with the king's secret! Going so much into company as I do, I shall never be able to set a guard upon my tongue. I must be prudent, and will stay here by myself in this retired temple, until my royal friend comes forth from the council chamber. (*Sits down and covers his face with his hands.*)

Enter NIPUŃIKĀ, an Attendant on the Queen.

The daughter of the king of Kāśī† is quite sure, that since the king returned from the regions of the sun, he is no longer the same; he must have left his heart behind him,—what else can be the reason? I must try and find it out: if that crafty Brahman be in the secret, I shall easily get at it. A secret can rest no longer in his breast than morning dew upon the grass. Where can he be?—eh!—yes, there he sits deep in thought,

* It is also in other places called Pratiśthāna, and is described as at the confluence of the Yamunā and Ganges on the bank of the latter: it should seem, therefore, so late as the composition of this drama the ancient city still stood opposite to its present site. The ruins, according to Hamilton, are still to be seen at Jhusi on the left bank of the Ganges. (*Hamilton's Genealogies of the Hindus.*) Allahabad or Prayāga was a holy place, having been the seat of *Bharadvāja's* hermitage; but it never was a city until Akber made it one.

† The ancient name of Benares, which is recognizable in the *Cassidia* of Ptolemy.

like a monkey in a picture. Now to attack him, that is all I have to do. *Ārya** *Mānavaka*, I salute you!

Mān. Prosperity attend you. (*Apart.*) The king's secret is bursting forth at the mere sight of that hussy *Nipuṇikā*. (*Aloud.*) Well, *Nipuṇikā*, how is it you leave your music-practice† for the garden?

Nip. The queen has sent me to pay you a visit, sir.

Mān. And what may be her Majesty's commands?

Nip. She bids me say that she has ever esteemed you as her good friend, and that it is, therefore, with some surprise she finds you utterly indifferent to her present anxiety.

Mān. Why, what's the matter? Has my royal friend done anything to displease her?

Nip. Oh, that is not the point! My mistress knows the cause of his melancholy well enough; nay more, he let out the secret himself, and, in a fit of absence, addressed the queen by the very name of his new love.

Mān. (*Apart.*) Indeed! Oh, if his Majesty cannot keep his own secrets, why should I be plagued with them? (*Aloud.*) Why, what the deuce, *Nipuṇikā*, did he call the queen?—*Urvaśī*?

Nip. And, pray, who is *Urvaśī*?

Mān. The nymph, the *Apsaras*. Ever since the king saw her, he has been out of his senses; he not only neglects her grace, but annoys me and spoils my dinner.

Nip. (*Apart.*) So, so; I have settled that matter, as I expected. (*Aloud.*) Well, I must return to the queen. What am I to say to her?

Mān. Tell her I am weary of attempting to cure my friend, the king, of this idle fancy of his. The only remedy is the sight of her lotus countenance.

Nip. You may depend upon me.

[*Exit.*]

The Warder. (*Without.*)

All hail to the monarch who toils through the day,

* A term of respect.

† *Sāṅgīda-vyāpāra* for *Sāṅgīta-vyāpāra*: practice of music, singing, and dancing.

To shed o'er his subjects the light of his sway,
 As travels unceasing the sun in his sphere
 To chase from the universe darkness and fear.
 The lord of lone splendour an instant suspends
 His course at mid-noon ere he westward descends ;
 And brief are the moments our young monarch knows,
 Devoted to pleasure or paid to repose.*

Mdh. (Listening.) Ha ! my royal friend has arisen from his seat, and is coming hither ; I will await him.

* Frequent occasion will occur to notice the *Vaidika*, a sort of poetical warder or bard, who announces fixed periods of the day, as dawn and evening, &c., in measured lines, and occasionally pours forth strains arising from any incidental occurrence. He here announces the arrival of the sixth hour or watch of the day, about two or three o'clock, in which alone he says the king can follow his own inclination. It appears, indeed, that the royal station was by no means a sinecure. The *Agni-Purāṇa* lays down rules for the apportioning of the regal day ; but the same are more fully detailed in the last story of the *Daśa-Kumāra*, upon the authority of *Chāṅkya*, the celebrated minister of *Chandragupta*, who is always cited as the author of the *Nīti*, or Institutes of Government. From the *Daśa-Kumāra* it appears that the day and night was each divided into eight portions, corresponding accordingly to one hour and a half, and they are thus disposed of : Day—first portion, the king being dressed is to audit his accounts ; second, he is to pronounce judgment in suits appealed to him ; third, he is to breakfast ; fourth, he is to receive and make presents ; fifth, to discuss political questions with his ministers and councillors ; sixth, he is, as stated in the drama, his own master ; seventh, he is to review the troops ; eighth, he holds a military council. Night—first portion, the king is to receive the reports of his spies and envoys ; second, he sups or dines ; third, he retires to rest after the perusal of some sacred work ; the fourth and fifth portions, or three hours, are allowed for sleep ; in the sixth, he must rise and purify himself ; in the seventh, he holds a private consultation with his ministers, and furnishes the officers of government with instructions ; and the eighth is appropriated to the *Purohita* or priest, the Brahman and religious ceremonies, after which the business of the day is resumed. The author of the play has conformed to this distribution ; bringing *Purāvas* from council at the sixth portion of the day. The precise hour depends upon the period of the year, the different portions being reckoned from sunrise. We may infer that the poet intends this to be about two P.M., as at the end of the act he makes the king describe the time as being past noon, when the heat is most oppressive ; the sixth watch accordingly begins in the drama about one o'clock.

Enter PURÚRAVAS.

Pur. One glance sufficed ; the unerring shaft of love
Laid bare the path, and gave a ready access
To that celestial nymph, to seat herself
Throned in my heart.

Mán. (*To himself.*) Ah ! that is exactly what the poor
daughter of *Kástrāja* complains of.

Pur. (*To the Vidúshaka.*) You have kept my secret safe ?

Mán. (*Apart.*) That baggage must have betrayed me ! Why
else should he ask the question ?

Pur. (*Alarmed.*) How, you are silent ?

Mán. Don't be alarmed ; the fact is, that my tongue is so
accustomed to the restraint I have put upon it, that I cannot
answer off-hand even your inquiries.

Pur. 'Tis well ! Now then for recreation—

What shall we do ?

Mán. Pay a visit to the kitchen.

Pur. With what intent ?

Mán. Why, the very sight of the savoury dishes in course
of preparation will be sufficient to dissipate all melancholy
ideas.

Pur. With you it may, for what you covet there

You may obtain ; what my desires affect

Is hopeless ! Where should I then seek diversion ?

Mán. May I ask if the person of your Highness was not
beheld by the lady *Urvaśí* ?

Pur. What then ?

Mán. Why, then, I should think her not quite so uncomeat-
able.

Pur. The fit compeer of beauty such as hers

Must needs be more than human.

Mán. What you say only adds to my surprise. What sig-
nifies madam *Urvaśí*'s unrivalled beauty ? Am I not equally
without a peer, in ugliness ?

Pur. Words cannot paint her every excellence.

Hear her, *Mánavaka*, described in brief.

Pur. How avoid them ?

What I affect is of no light attainment :
 The very thought presumption, and now love,
 The five-armed god,* whose shafts already pierce me,
 Call to his aid these passion-breathing blossoms,
 The mango's fragrant flowers and pallid leaves,
 Light wafted round us by the southern breeze.

Mdā. Away with despondence ! Be assured that in a little time *Ananga* † will be your friend, and help you to obtain your desires.

Pur. I take your words as ominous.

Mdā. But now let your Highness notice the beauty of this garden, heralding, as it were, the presence of the spring.

Pur. I mark it well. In the *kuravaka*,
 Behold the painted fingers of the fair
 Red-tinted on the tip and edged with ebony ;
 Here the *āsoka* puts forth nascent buds
 Just bursting into flowers, and here the mango
 Is brown with blossoms, on whose tender crests
 Scant lies the fragrant down ; methinks I see
 The pride of spring on either hand attended
 By budding infancy and flowering youth.

Mdā. The bower of jasmines yonder, with its slab of black marble, is studded thick with blossoms, and the bees crowd about them in heaps ; it invites your Majesty to repose.

[*They enter the arbour.*]

Pur. As you please.

Mdā. Now, seated in this shade, you may dissipate your cares by contemplating the elegant plants around us.

Pur. How should I learn composure ? As my eye

* The Hindu Cupid is armed with a bow strung with bees and five arrows, each tipped with a flower, and exercising peculiar influence on the heart.

† Love, the unembodied deity ; having been once destroyed by *Śiva*, burnt to ashes by the fire of his eye, in resentment of *Kāma*'s aiming his darts at him.

delineate a portrait of the lady Urvaśī, and recreate your imagination by gazing on her picture.

Urv. Be of good cheer, my heart!

Pur. I fear me both impracticable.

How can I hope to taste repose that dreams
Might give me Urvaśī, while fierce the shaft
Of *Kāma** rankles in my breast! And vain
The task her blooming graces to portray;
The tears of hopeless love at every line
Would fill my eyes, and hide her beauties from me.

Chitral. You hear?

Urv. I do,—yet scarcely yet confide.

Māt. Ah well! my ingenuity extends no farther.

Pur. Cold and relentless; little does she know,
Or knowing, little heeds my fond despair.
Yet cannot I reproach the archer god,
Although, by giving to my hope such aim,
He tortures me with barren, wild desires.

Chitral. What say you now?

Urv. I grieve that he should deem me
Cold and unfeeling. I cannot now appear
Before I make these charges some reply:
I'll make a *bhūrja* leaf,† and will inscribe
My thoughts on it, and cast it in his way.

[*She writes upon the leaf and lets it fall near the
Vidūshaka, who picks it up.*]

Māt. Holla! what is here, the slough of a snake dropped
upon me to eat me up?

Pur. It is no snake-skin, but a leaf and something written
on it.

Māt. No doubt the lady Urvaśī, unperceived, has over-
heard your lamentations, and sends this billet to console you.

* The Hindu Cupid.

† A kind of birch, the leaf of which is used as paper in some parts of
Upper India, as that of the palm is in the Peninsula.

Pur. Hope dawns upon my passion. (*Reads the leaf.*)
Your guess was right.

Máh. Oblige me, then, by letting me hear what is written.

Urv. Indeed! sir, you are curious.

Pur. (*Reads.*)

“Thou wrongst me, lord, to think I do not feel
Alike the pains that o’er thy bosom steal.
The breeze that softly floats through heavenly bowers,
Reclined upon my couch of coral flowers,
Sheds not on me its cool reviving breath,
But blows the hot and scorching gale of death:
O’er all my form the fevered venom flies,
And each bright bud beneath me droops and dies.”

Máh. I hope you are pleased. You have now as much cause for rapture, as I should consider it to be civilly asked to dinner when I felt hungry.

Pur. How say you! cause for rapture? This dear leaf
Conveys indeed assurance most delightful:
Yet still I sigh to interchange our thoughts,
Met face to face, and eye encountering eye.

Urv. Our sentiments accord.

Pur. The drops that steal
Fast from my tremulous fingers may efface
These characters traced by her tender hand:
Take you the leaf, and as a sacred trust
With care preserve it.

Máh. Phoo! what matters it now? Since, by the assenting sentiments of the lady *Urvaśí*, your desire has borne flowers, will it not bear fruit?

Urv. Now, *Chitralkhá*, whilst I summon courage
To issue into view, do you appear,
And give the monarch notice of my purpose.

Chitral. I shall obey. (*Becomes visible.*) Hail, to the king!

Pur. Fair damsel, you are welcome; yet forgive me,
The less, your lovely friend comes not along:

Eager to view the scene that genius fires,
That passion animates, and truth inspires.

Kāmadeva—of the *Apsarasas*.

Nandi, the bull of *Śiva*—of all quadrupeds.

Hiraṇyāksha and *Hiraṇyakaśipu*—of the *Daityas*.

Viprachitti—of the *Dānavas*.

Mahākālā—of the *Gaṇas* or *Śiva's* attendants.

Vritra—of the children of *Anāyusha*, the wife of *Tvaṣṭīrī*.

Rāhu—the son of *Sinhikā*—of evil portents and prodigies.

Samvatsara—of the divisions of time, from the twinkling of an eye to the period of an age.

Suparṇā—of birds of prey.

Garudā—of the winged race.

Aruṇa—the brother of *Garudā*, was made by *Indra* ruler in the East.

Yama, the son of *Āditya*—in the South.

The son of *Kaśyapa*, *Amburāja*—in the West.

Pingala, the son of *Pulastya*—in the North.

Having thus nominated the presiding spirits, various *Lokas* or districts were created by *Swayambhū*, as brilliant as the sun or fire, radiant as lightning, or chastely beaming as the moon, of various colours, movable at will, many hundreds of *yojanas* in extent, the fit abodes of the pious, exempt from sin and pain. Those Brahmans whose merit shines conspicuous are elevated to these regions, those who practise piety and worship devoutly, who are upright and benevolent, free from cupidity and cherishers of the poor.

Having thus distributed his sons, *Brahmā* departed to his own dwelling *Pushkara*. The deities rambled through the districts, and engaged in the charges respectively assigned them, being all cherished by *Mahendra*. The gods, with *Indra* at their head, as placed by *Swayambhū*, discharging their guardian duties obtained fame and heaven, and receiving their share of sacrifices enjoyed prosperity and happiness.

Some of the early sections of the *Kāśī-khaṇḍa* of the *Skanda-Purāṇa*, or from the 9th to the 23d, contain a description of the several *Lokas*, the cities or spheres of the different divinities, as they are traversed by *Śivaśarman* on his way from earth to the region of *Śiva*. He passes in this route the *Lokas* of the nymphs, of the sun, of *Indra*, *Agni*, *Nirṛita*, *Varuṇa*, *Vāyu*, *Kuvera*, of the *Gaṇas*, or attendants of *Śiva*, of *Soma*, of the lunar asterisms, of *Budha*, *Śukra*, *Bhāuma*, *Guru*, and *Śani*, or the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, of the seven *Rishis*, of *Dhruva*, the *Lokas*, called *Maharloka*, *Janaloka*, and *Tapoloka*, and that called *Satyaloaka*, the abode of *Brahmā*, and *Vaiṣṇātha* and *Kailāsa*, or the regions severally of *Vishṇu* and *Śiva*. This disposition of the spheres, however, has evidently received a peculiar colouring from the Paurāṇik cosmography, and the sectarian bias of the *Skanda-Purāṇa*.

Chitral. Hear you, my friend? be speedy in your parting.

Urv. I cannot speak.

Chitral. My friend, great prince, requests

Permission to depart. She owes obedience

To heaven's high king, and dreads lest her delay

Incur his wrath.

Pur. Not mine to interrupt

The tasks your mighty Lord assigns. Farewell!

Do not forget me!

[*Urvaś and Chitrakṣhā depart.*]

Pur. (*To the Vidūshaka.*) She disappears! What else deserves my gaze?

Mān. Why, perhaps, this. (*Looking for the bhārja leaf.*)

(*Apart.*) Bless me, I have been so fascinated myself by the smiles of the lady Urvaś, that the leaf with her billet upon it has unconsciously slipped out of my hands.

Pur. You were about to speak.

Mān. Yes, I was going to say, do not lose your fortitude. The nymph is firmly attached to you, and her going hence will not relax the attachment.

Pur. Of that I feel assured. The sighs that heaved
Her panting bosom as she hence departed,
Exhaled her heart, and lodged it in my bosom,
Free to dispose of it, although her person
Be forced to wait upon a master's will.*

Mān. (*Apart.*) I am all in a flutter lest he should ask me for that abominable leaf.

Pur. What shall console my eyes! Give me the leaf.

Mān. The leaf! dear me, it is not here!—it was a leaf of heaven, and must have gone after Urvaś.

Pur. Heedless blockhead!

* Rowe is less daring, although in the *Rival Queens* he makes Alexander say something of this kind:

"*Alex. (To Statira.)* My fluttering heart, tumultuous with its bliss, would leap into thy bosom."

Mán. Let us search for it. Here, here!

[They search for the leaf and retire.]

Enter in the foreground, AUŚÍNARÍ, the QUEEN, with NIPUÑIKÁ and Attendants.

Auś. You saw his Highness, you are sure, Nipuníká,

Entering the arbour with Mánavaka.

Nip. Why should your Majesty doubt my report?

Auś. Well, let us seek him then, and unobserved,
Amidst these shades we may detect the truth.

But what is yon that meets us like a shred

Of some rent garment, floating on the wind?

Nip. A *bhojpatra* leaf;—there seem to be some marks like letters upon it; it is caught by your Grace's anklet. *(Picks it up.)* Will it please you read it?

Auś. Glance o'er its tenor, and if not unfit

To meet our ear, peruse what there is written.

Nip. It looks like a memorial verse. Eh, no! now it strikes me, they must be lines addressed by Urvaśi to the king; this is some carelessness, now, of that blockhead Mánavaka.

Auś. Read, I shall conceive its purport.

Nip. *(Reads the lines as above.)*

Auś. Enough!—proceed; and with this evidence

We shall confound our nymph-enamoured swain.

They go round the arbour, the KING and MÁNAVAKA advance.

Mán. Eh! is not that the leaf yonder on the mount, just on the edge of the garden?

Pur. Breeze of the south, the friend of love and spring,
Though from the flower you steal the fragrant down
To scatter perfume, yet why plunder me
Of those dear characters, her own fair hand,
In proof of her affection, traced? Thou knowest,
The lonely lover that in absence pines
Lives on such fond memorials.

Mán. No, I was mistaken; I was deceived by the tawny hue of the peacock's tail.

stay at home to look after the holy fire. Were the immortals pleased with the specimen of our master's skill?

Pail. How could they choose but be pleased?—there was eloquence and melody for them. The drama was *Lakshmi's* choice of a lord;* the nymph *Urvasi* quite lost herself in the impassioned passages.

Gdl. There is something not quite right implied in your applause.

Pail. Very true, for unluckily *Urvasi* stumbled in her part.

Gdl. How so?

Pail. You shall hear. *Urvasi* played *Lakshmi*; *Menaka* was *Váruṇī*. The latter says:—

Lakshmi, the mighty powers that rule the spheres
Are all assembled: at their head appears
The blooming *Kesava*. Confess, to whom
Inclines your heart?

Her reply should have been—To *Puru-shottama*; but instead of that—To *Purú-ravas*, escaped her lips.

Gdl. The intellectual faculties are but the slaves of destiny. Was not the Sage much displeased?

Pail. He immediately denounced a curse on her, but she found favour with *Mahendra*.

Gdl. How so?

Pail. The sentence of the Sage was, that as she had forgotten her part, so should she lose her divine knowledge. But when the performance was over, *Indra* observing her, as she stood apart, ashamed and disconsolate, called her to him.

* Or the *Lakshmi-Swayamvara*. It was common in the Hindu society of former times for princesses and women of rank to select a husband for themselves. The candidates for the hand of the lady were invited to her father's house, and after previous festivities for some days, were collected in a hall, round which the damsel passed and selected her future lord, by throwing a garland round his neck: the marriage rite was then celebrated as usual. The custom is the subject of much pleasing poetic description in the *Mahabharata*, the *Naisiadha*, and other works. A translation of the *Swayamvara* of *Draupadi* from the former is published in the *Calcutta Quarterly Magazine* for September 1825.

skirts the slender *karāṅkara* spreads its brilliant blossoms. I will wait him here.

Enter PURÚRAVAS and the VIDÚSHAKA, with female attendants carrying torches.*

So ends the day ; the anxious cares of state
Have left no interval for private sorrow.
But how to pass the night : its dreary length
Affords no promise of relief.

Chamberlain. (Advances.) Glory to the king ! So please your Grace, her Majesty expresses a wish to be honoured with your presence on the terrace of the pavilion of gems, to witness from it the entrance of the moon into the asterism Rohiṇī.

Pur. Go, my good friend, apprise her Majesty
She may dispose of us. *[Exit Chamberlain.*
What object, think you, that the queen, in truth,
Proposes by the vow she has assumed ?

Mān. I suppose she repents of her pettishness, and wishes to be friends with you again. This is but an excuse to bring you to her presence, when she may efface the recollection of the indignity with which she treated you.

Pur. 'Tis very likely. Prudent wives full soon
Repent the scorn that urged them to repel
An humbled husband, and are glad to seek
Some fair pretext to win his love again—
We will indulge her Grace. On to the chamber.

Mān. 'Tis here. Ascend these steps of crystal, smooth shining as the waters of the Ganges. The pavilion of gems is particularly lovely when evening sets in. *(They ascend.)* The moon is just about to rise ; the east is tinged with red.

* This might be supposed a copy of Mohammedan manners, but it is not necessarily so, having been the practice of the Hindus before the Christian era ; for the king's person, when within the palace, used to be attended by women, his guards and other troops being stationed without the gates. Thus Strabo : "Regis corpus mulieres curant, ea quoque de parentibus emptæ, qui regem custodiunt, et reliquus exercitus manent extra portas." IV. 15.

Pur. 'Tis even so : illumined by the rays
 Of his yet unseen orb, the evening glooms
 On either hand retire, and in the midst
 The horizon glows, like a fair face that smiles
 Betwixt the jetty curls on either brow
 In clusters pendulous. I could gaze for ever !

Mān. Ho ! here he comes, the king of the Brahmans, as
 beautiful as a ball of almonds and sugar.

Pur. Oh, base similitude ! Your thoughts, my friend,
 Have rarely nobler prompter than your stomach.
*[Carries his hands to his forehead, and bows to the
 moon now risen.*

Hail, glorious lord of night ! whose tempered fires
 Are gleaned from solar fountains, but to yield
 The virtuous fruit eternal, as they light
 The flame of holy sacrifice, whose stores
 Ambrosial serve but to regale the gods
 And the immortal fathers of mankind—
 All hail to thee ! whose rising ray dispels
 The glooms of eve, and whose pale crescent crowns
 The glorious diadem of *Mahādeva*.*

Mān. Enough, sir ; your grandfather bids you, by me his
 interpreter, sit, that he may repose himself.

Pur. *(Makes the Vidyāshaka sit, and then seats himself.)*
 The splendour of the moon is light enough :
 Remove the torches and command my train
 Retire to rest.

* The first of these specifications refers to the astronomical facts of the moon's deriving its light from the sun, and by its positions forming the days of the lunar month, on which particular ceremonies are to be observed. In the latter case it is supposed to move in the *Mañḍala*, the sphere or orbit of the sun, and when in conjunction, as at the new moon or *Amāvāsya*, funeral obsequies are specially to be celebrated. According to mythological notions also, the moon is the grand receptacle and storehouse of *amṛta* or ambrosia, which it supplies during the fortnight of its wane to the gods, and on the last day to the *Pitris* or deified progenitors. As personified, the moon is the father of *Budha* and grandfather of *Purūravas*, as already shown. The half-moon, as frequently noticed, is worn by *Śiva* upon his forehead.

The fever of my heart. She, she alone,
 The goddess I adore, or secret converse,
 That ever speaks of her, can yield me rest.
 These limbs that pressed her side, when on we drove
 Through fields of ether, are still warm with life ;
 All else a lifeless load that burthens earth.

Urv. I need no more concealment. [*She advances hastily.*

Woe is me ;

He deigns not to regard me.

Chitral. In your haste

You have forgotten to put off the veil

That screens you from his sight.

(*Behind.*) This way, your Grace.

[*All listen ; Urvast throws herself into the arms of
 Chitrakēkhā.*

Mān. The queen is here ! we had better be mute.

Pur. Assume the resemblance of indifference.

Urv. What shall we do ?

Chitral. Remain invisible.

Not long her purposed stay : by her attire

She holds some sacred vow.

*Enter the QUEEN, with attendants bearing offerings ; the Queen is
 dressed in white ; flowers are her only ornaments.*

Queen. This union with the constellation yields

New brilliance to the lord of Rohinī.*

Att. Such effect attends your Grace's encounter with his
 Majesty.

Mān. (*To Purúravas.*) She comes, I imagine, to offer her
 benedictions ; or under the resemblance of a solemn vow, she
 wishes to obliterate the recollection of the indignity with which
 she lately repelled your advances. Well, I think her Majesty
 looks very charming to-day.

Pur. In truth she pleases me. Thus chastely robed

In modest white, her clustering tresses decked

* The moon.

With sacred flowers alone,* her haughty mien
Exchanged for meek devotion ; thus arrayed
She moves with heightened charms.

Queen. (Advancing.) Hail to the king !

Att. Hail to the king !

Pur. Madam, you are welcome. [*Leads her to a seat.*

Urv. (Behind.) She merits to be called divine ;† the bride
Of heaven's great king‡ boasts not surpassing dignity.

Chitral. Your commendations speak you free from envy.

Queen. My gracious lord, I would perform a rite
Of which you are the object, and must beg you
Bear with the inconvenience that my presence
May for brief time occasion you.

Pur. You do me wrong ;
Your presence is a favour.

Māh. May such inconvenience often befall me as to pronounce a benediction on like occasions.

Pur. (To the queen.) How call you your observance ?

Nip. (On the queen's turning to her.) The conciliation of regard.§

Pur. Is it even so ? Yet, trust me, it is needless
To wear this tender form, as slight and delicate
As the lithe lotus stem, with rude austerity.
In me behold your slave, whom to propitiate
Claims not your care ; your favour is his happiness.

Urv. (Smiling scornfully.) He pays her mighty deference.

Chitral. So he should—

When the heart strays, the tongue is most profuse
Of bland professions to the slighted wife.

Queen. Not vain my vow, since it already wins me
My lord's complacent speech.

* Or with the blossoms of the holy *Dārva* grass.

† *Devī*, or goddess, is one of the titles appropriate to the state of queen.

‡ *Śachi*, the wife of Indra.

§ *Piā-ppasadda*.

Mán. Enough said on both sides ; these civilities require no further reply.

Queen. Come, girls, the offerings, that I may present them
To the bright deity, whose rays diffuse
Intenser lustre on these splendid walls.

Att. Here are the perfumes, madam, here the flowers.

[Gives them, and the queen goes through the usual form of presenting the Arghya or oblation of fruits, perfumes, flowers, &c.]

Queen. These cakes present Mánavaka, and these
Give to the chamberlain.

[The attendant takes a tray of sweetmeats first to the Vidúshaka and then to the Kanchukin.]

Mán. Prosperity attend your Highness ; may your fast prove fortunate.

Chamberlain. Prosperity to the queen !

Queen. Now, with your Grace's leave, I pay you homage.

[Presents oblations to the king, bows, and falls at his feet, then rises.]

Resplendent pair who o'er the night preside,
Lord of the Deer-borne* banneret, and thou
His favourite, Rohiní†—hear and attest
The sacred promise that I make my husband.

* The car of the moon is decorated with a small flag on which a deer is represented.

† *Chandra*, or the moon, is fabled to have been married to the twenty-seven daughters of the patriarch *Daksha*, or *Aśviní* and the rest, who are in fact personifications of the Lunar Asterisms. His favourite amongst them was *Rohiní*, to whom he so wholly devoted himself as to neglect the rest. They complained to their father, and *Daksha* repeatedly interposed, till finding his remonstrances vain, he denounced a curse upon his son-in-law, in consequence of which he remained childless and became affected by consumption. The wives of *Chandra* having interceded on his behalf with their father, *Daksha* modified an imprecation which he could not recall, and pronounced that the decay should be periodical only, not permanent, and that it should alternate with periods of recovery. Hence the successive wane and increase of the moon. (*Padma-Purāṇa*, *Svarga Khaṇḍa*, Sec. II.) *Rohiní* in astronomy is the fourth lunar mansion, containing five stars, the principal of which is Aldebaran.

You are fairly given over by her, like a sick man by his physician.

Pur. I fear I am, by faithless Urvaśī.

Would she were here ; and that the gentle music
Of her rich anklets murmured in my ears ;
Or that her lotus hands, as with light step
She stole behind me, spread a tender veil
Before my eyes ; that in this shady bower
She deigned descend spontaneous, or drawn hither
With welcome violence by some fair friend,—
Ha ! the lovely daughter of *Nārāyaṇa* !

[Urvaśī has advanced behind the king and covers his eyes with her hands.]

Vid. How knows your Grace ?

Pur. It must be Urvaśī,—

No other hand could shoot such ecstasy
Through this emaciate frame. The solar ray
Wakes not the night's fair blossom—that alone
Expands when conscious of the moon's dear presence.

Urv. (*Appearing.*) Joy to the king !

Pur. All hail, bright nymph of heaven !

[Leads her to a seat.]

Chitral. (*Advancing.*) Be the king blest !

Pur. I feel I am already.

Urv. The queen, my friend, has just presented me
This pious prince, and therefore I approach
His person, as the object of my love.
You cannot say I claimed a part in him
Before the right was granted me.

Mān. What ! were you here ever since sunset ?

Pur. I have no purpose to dispute the claim.
But let me ask, if such assent were needed,
Who was it that first granted you permission
To rob me of my heart.

Chitral. My friend, I know,
Can proffer no reply—then let this be.

Now grant me my request ; I must depart
 To minister to *Súrya* at the term
 Of the spring festival : till my return
 Be careful that this nymph have never cause
 To mourn the heaven she has resigned for thee.

Mán. Heaven, indeed ! why should she ever think of such a place ?—a place where they neither eat, nor drink, nor close their eyes even for a twinkle.*

Pur. The heaven of *Indra* is the eternal source
 Of joy ineffable : it cannot be
 The cares of *Purúravas* should efface
 The memory of immortal bliss—
 Yet, nymph, of this be confident, my soul
 Shall know no other sovereign than your friend.

Chitral. 'Tis all I ask : be happy, *Urvaśi*,
 And bid me now adieu !

Urv. (*Embracing her.*) Forget me not.

* The gods are supposed to be exempt from the momentary elevation and depression of the upper eyelid, to which mortals are subject, and to look with a firm unintermitted gaze. Hence a deity is termed *Animisha* and *Animesha*, one whose eyes do not twinkle. Various allusions to this attribute occur in poetry. When *Indra* visits *Sitá* to encourage her, he assumes at her request the mark of divinity—he treads the air, and suspends the motion of the eyelids (*Rámáyana*). When *Agni*, *Varuṇa*, and *Indra*, all assume the form of *Nala* at the marriage of *Damayantí*, she distinguishes her mortal lover by the twinkling of his eyes, whilst the gods are *stabdha-lochana*, fixed-eyed (*Mahábhárata*, *Nalopakhyaṇa*). And when the *Aśvini-Kumáras* practise the same trick upon the bride of *Chyavana*, she recognizes her husband by this amongst other indications (*Padma-Puráṇa*). The notion is the more deserving of attention, as it is one of those coincidences with classical mythology which can scarcely be accidental. *Heliodorus* says : “The gods may be known by the eyes looking with a fixed regard, and never closing the eyelids ;” and he cites *Homer* in proof of it. An instance from the *Iliad* which he has not noticed, may be cited perhaps as an additional confirmation, and the marble eyes of *Venus*, by which *Helen* knew the goddess, and which the commentators and translators seem to be much perplexed with, are probably the *stabdha-lochana*, the fixed eyes, of the Hindus, full, and unveiled even for an instant, like the eyes of a marble statue.

Chitral. That I should rather beg of you, thus blest
With one the only object of your wishes.

[*Bows to the king, and exit.*]

Mán. Fate is propitious and crowns your Majesty's desires.

Pur. 'Tis true, I reach the height of my ambition.

The haughty canopy that spreads its shade
Of universal empire o'er the world ;
The footstool of dominion, set with gems,
Torn from the glittering brows of prostrate kings,
Are in my mind less glorious than to lie
At Urvasí's fair feet and do her bidding.

Urv. I have not words to speak my gratitude.

Pur. Now I behold thee thus ! how changed is all
The current of my feelings—these mild rays,
Cool, vivifying, gleam ; the shafts of *Madana*
Are now most welcome—all that was but late
Harsh and distasteful to me, now appears
Delightful by your presence.

Urv. I lament,

I caused my lord to suffer pain so long.

Pur. Nay, say not so ! the joy that follows grief
Gains richer zest from agony foregone.
The traveller who faint pursues his track
In the fierce day, alone can tell how sweet
The grateful shelter of the friendly tree.

Mán. The moon is high ; it were as well to go in.

Pur. Conduct the way : and, dearest, may the hours
With thee be still prolonged, as when, without thee,
They tardy brought the day.

[*Exeunt into the pavilion.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

And lament, as together they fly,
 The friend they encounter no more.
 So, sad and melodious awakes
 The plaint of the swan o'er the stream,
 Where the red lotus blossoms, as breaks
 On the wave, the day's orient beam.

Enter CHITRALEKHÁ and SAHAJANYÁ.

Chitral. (Looking up.)

The swans along the stream that sail
 A fond companion's loss bewail—
 With murmuring songs they soothe their grief,
 Or find from tender tears, relief.

Sah. Now, Chitralkhá, what has chanced to cloud
 Your countenance ; it indicates your heart
 Is ill at ease ; what causes your distress ?
 Tell me, that I may share and soothe your sorrow.

Chitral. It is not all unknown to you. Engaged
 Amidst our band in paying wonted service
 To the all-seeing Sun, I have not shared
 The vernal sports, my Urvaśí away.

Sah. This we all know, and know your mutual love.

Chitral. Whilst dwelling on her memory, anxious to learn
 Some tidings of her, I employed my power
 Of bringing absent objects to my view ;
 And by this art I learn what much alarms me.

Sah. Say on.

Chitral. The king, by Urvaśí's persuasions,
 Resigned of late the reins of rule, and sought
 With her the groves of *Gandhamádana*.*

* The *Gandhamádana* mountain is one of the four boundary mountains enclosing the central region of the world, called *Udvárita*, in which the golden mountain of the gods, or *Meru*, is situated. The *Puráñas* are rather at variance as to its position. According to the *Váyu* it lies on the West, connecting *Níla* and *Nishadha*, the North and South ranges. The *Vishnú-Puráña* places it on the South, the Western mountain being there called *Vipula*. It has, however, a *Gandhamádana* to the West amongst

And frantically comes, to complain
 To the woods of his desolate state.
 Distraction his vigour consumes,
 As he plunges amidst the dark bowers,
 While o'er his vast bulk sweetly blooms
 The garland of wild forest flowers.

*Enter PURÚRAVAS hastily, looking up to the heavens, his dress
 disordered, and his general appearance indicative of insanity.*

Hold, treacherous fiend, suspend thy flight, forbear—
 Ah! whither wouldst thou bear my beauteous bride?
 And now his arrows sting me—thick as hail
 From yonder peak whose sharp top pierces heaven,
 They shower upon me.

*[Rushes forward as to the attack—then pauses and looks
 upwards.]*

AIR.

The lonely cygnet breasts the flood,
 Without his mate, in mournful mood;
 His ruffled plumage drooping lies,
 And trickling tears suffuse his eyes.

It is no demon—but a friendly cloud;
 No hostile quiver—but the bow of Indra:
 The cooling rain-drops fall, not barbèd shafts,
 And I mistake the lightning for my love.

[Faints—then revives, and rising.]

AIR.

I madly thought a fiend conveyed
 Away from me my fawn-eyed maid:
 'Twas but a cloud that rained above
 With the young lightning for its love.

Where can she bend her steps—or is she here
 Invisible, in anger? If she seek
 The skies, her love for me will soon revive.
 Once mine again, not all the demon host

AIR.

I will speak to this peacock—Oh tell,
 If, free on the wing as you soar,
 In forest, or meadow, or dell,
 You have seen the loved nymph I deplore—
 You will know her, the fairest of damsels fair,
 By her large soft eye, and her graceful air.

[Advancing to the bird, and bowing.]

Bird of the dark-blue throat and eye of jet,
 Oh tell me, have you seen the lovely face
 Of my fair bride, lost in this dreary wilderness?
 Her charms deserve your gaze. How! no reply?
 He answers not, but beats a measure. How!
 What means this merry mood? Oh yes, I know
 The cause. He now may boast his plumage
 Without a peer, nor shame to show his glories
 Before the floating tresses of my Urvaśī.
 I leave him, nor will waste a thought on one
 Who feels no pity for another's woes.

[Proceeds—Music.]

Yonder, amidst the thick and shady branches
 Of the broad *jambu*, cowers the *kōil*—faint
 Her flame of passion in the hotter breath
 Of noon. She of the birds is wisest famed—
 I will address her.

AIR.

Majestic as sails the mighty cloud
 Along the dusky air,
 The elephant cometh hither to shroud
 In the thickets his despair.
 From his heart all hope of delight is riven,
 And his eyes with tears o'erflow,
 As he roams the shades, where the sons of heaven
 Descend to sport below.

AIR.

Say, nursling of a stranger nest,*
 Say, hast thou chanced my love to see,
 Amidst these gardens of the blest,
 Wandering at liberty,
 Or warbling with a voice divine
 Melodious strains more sweet than thine?

[Approaches, and kneels.

Sweet bird—whom lovers deem Love's messenger,†
 Skilled to direct the god's envenomed shafts
 And tame the proudest heart; oh, hither guide
 My lovely fugitive, or lead my steps
 To where she strays.

[Turns to his left, and as if replying.

Why did she leave

One so devoted to her will? In wrath
 She left me, but the cause of anger lives not
 In my imagination; the fond tyranny
 That women exercise o'er those who love them
 Brooks not the slightest show of disregard.
 How now! the bird has flown. 'Tis ever thus—
 All coldly listen to another's sorrows.
 Unheeding my affliction, lo, she speeds,
 Intent on joy expected, to yon tree,
 To banquet on the luscious juice the *jambu* ‡
 From its now ripe and roseate fruit distils.
 Like my beloved, the bird of tuneful song
 Deserts me. Let her go—I can forgive her.

[Proceeds.

Ha!—on my right—amidst the wood I hear

* The *kôil*, like the cuckoo, is said to leave its eggs in the nests of other birds.

† Because the *kôil*'s song is especially heard at the season of spring, the friend of love.

‡ The rose-apple, so denominated from its odour: it is, however, the *mahajambu* that is mentioned in the text.

Yonder I see the *chakwa** with his mate ;
Of him I will inquire.

AIR.

In groves of tall trees with bright blossoms blooming,
And vocal with many sweet murmured tones,
The lord of the herd, whom grief is consuming,
Distracted, the loss of his mate bemoans.

AIR. *After a pause.*

Ah no, he replies, I taste, on the wing,
The joys of the cool returning spring,
And as each feather thrills with delight,
I mark not the fair that meet my sight.

Yet tell me—hast thou seen her? Know'st thou not
Who asks thy answer? The great king of day
And monarch of the night are my progenitors :
Their grandson I, and by their own free choice,
The lord of Urvaśi and of the earth.
How—silent ! Thou might'st measure my affliction
By what thou feelest ; all the air resounds
With thy incessant plaints, if, but a moment,
Thy fair companion nestling hides in sport
Amongst the lotus leaves, and flies thy view.
Alas ! to one whom fate has cursed like me,
Nought is propitious ; I will ask no more.

[*Proceeds—Music.*

How beautiful the lotus !—it arrests
My path and bids me gaze on it—the bees
Murmur amidst its petals—like the lip
Of my beloved it glows, when that has been
Somewhat too rudely sipped by mine, and sweetly
Protests against such violence—I will woo
This honey-rifler to become my friend.

[*Advances.*

* The *Chakravāka* or Ruddy goose : the birds are supposed to be separated through the night.

AIR.

Unheeding the cygnet at first,
 His beak in the nectar of passion dips;
 But fiercer and fiercer his thirst—
 As deeper he sips.

Say, plunderer of the honeyed dew, hast thou
 Beheld the nymph whose large and languid eye
 Voluptuous rolls, as if it swam with wine?
 And yet methinks 'tis idle to inquire;
 For had he tasted her delicious breath,
 He now would scorn the lotus. I will hence.

[Proceeds.

Beneath the shade of yon *kadamba* tree
 The royal elephant reclines, and with him
 His tender mate. I will approach—yet hold,
 From his companion he accepts the bough
 Her trunk has snapped from the balm-breathing tree,
 Now rich with teeming shoots and juicy fragrance.

[Advances, then pauses.

He crushes it! I may proceed.

AIR.

King of the forest, whose sports have felled
 The stateliest trees, the thicket's pride;
 Oh, say, in these shades hast thou beheld,
 More bright than the moon, my wandering bride?

[Advancing a few paces.

Chief of the mighty herd, say, hast thou seen
 My love—like the young moon her delicate frame,
 And with eternal youth her beauties glow;
 Her voice is music—her long tresses wear
 The jasmine's* golden hue. Hadst thou afar

* *Yātikhā-śavala-keśi*, having hair brown as the yellow *jasmine*, golden or *auburn*,—a very strange idea for a Hindu. It is said that in the west of India such hair is sometimes seen, but the prejudice in favour of *ebon* locks is so strong that it is considered a morbid affection of the hair, and the women dye and conceal it.

Beheld her charms, they must have fixed thy gaze.
 Ha, he replies ! That kind assenting roar
 Conveys some intimation—oh repeat
 The sound—consider that we should befriend
 Each other, bound by various common ties.
 Thou art the sovereign of the forest ; me
 They term the king of men. Thy bounty sheds
 Thy frontal fragrance on the air ; my wealth
 On all is showered profuse. Amongst the bands
 Of lovely nymphs, obedient to my will,
 One only Urvaśi commands my love ;
 As thou hast chosen this, thy favourite,
 From all the herd. Thus far our fates accord ;
 And never be the pangs of separation,
 Such as distract my bosom, known to thee ;
 Propitious be thy fortunes. Friend, farewell.

[*Proceeds.*

What have we here ? Deep in the mountain's breast
 A yawning chasm appears : such shades are ever
 Haunts of the nymphs of air and earth. Perchance
 My Urvaśi now lurks within the grotto
 In cool seclusion—I will enter. All
 Is utter darkness. Would the lightning's flash
 Now blaze to guide me—no, the cloud disdains,
 Such is my fate perverse, to shed for me
 Its many-channelled radiance. Be it so.
 I will retire—but first the rock address.

AIR.

With horny hoofs and a resolute breast
 The boar through the thicket stalks ;
 He ploughs up the ground, as he plies his quest
 In the forest's gloomiest walks.

Say, mountain, whose expansive slope confines
 The forest verge, oh tell me, hast thou seen
 A nymph as beauteous as the bride of love,

Mounting with slender frame thy steep ascent,
 Or wearied resting in thy crowning woods?
 How—no reply! remote he hears me not—
 I will approach him nearer.

AIR.

From thy crystal summits the glistening springs
 Rush down the flowery sides,
 And the spirit of heaven delightedly sings,
 As among thy peaks he hides.
 Say, mountain so favoured, have the feet
 Of my fair one pressed this calm retreat?

Now, by my hopes, he answers! he has seen her—
 Where is she?—say. Alas! again deceived—
 Alone I hear the echo of my words,
 As round the cavern's hollow mouth they roll
 And multiplied return. Ah, Urvasí! (*Faints.*)

[Recovers, and sits as exhausted.]

Fatigue has overcome me. I will rest
 Upon the borders of this mountain torrent,
 And gather vigour from the breeze that gleams
 Refreshing coolness from its gelid waves.
 Whilst gazing on the stream, whose new swollen waters
 Yet turbid flow, what strange imaginings
 Possess my soul and fill it with delight!
 The rippling wave is like her arching brow;
 The fluttering line of storks, her timid tongue;
 The foamy spray, her white loose-floating vest;
 And this meandering course the current tracks,
 Her undulating gait; all these recall
 My soon-offended love—I must appease her.

AIR.

Be not relentless, dearest,
 Nor wroth with me for ever.
 I mark where thou appearest
 A fair and mountain river.

Like *Gangá* proud thou showest,
 From heavenly regions springing ;
 Around thee, as thou flowest,
 The birds their course are winging.
 The timid deer confiding,
 Thy flowery borders throng ;
 And bees, their store providing,
 Pour forth enraptured song.

AIR.

In the lowering east the king of the deep
 Expects his *coming* bride ;
 His limbs are the clouds that darkly sweep
 The skirts of the heaving tide ;
 And his tossing arms are the tumbling waves,
 Where the gale o'er the heaving billows raves.
 With rapture he dances, the lord of the main,
 And proud in his state appears ;
 His steps are pursued by the monster train,
 The deep sea darkness rears ;
 And the curlew, the swan, and glistening shell,
 And the lotus, the monarch's glory swell.
 The bellowing surges his fame resound,
 And dash at the gates of heaven ;
 The sea with the sky they threat to confound,
 But back with shame are driven ;
 For now the young' rains are armed for their right,
 And their prowess arrests old Ocean's might.*

[*Approaches, and bows.*

O nymph adored, what crime have I committed,
 That thus you fly from one so wholly yours,
 Who now implores your pity, and with terror

* This and the preceding verse are much expanded in the translation, in order to express their meaning ; the first being very brief, and the second both brief and obscure.

Anticipates your loss? Relent—return—
 This is not Urvaśī. She would not quit me
 Even for the Ocean King. What's to be done?
 Fortune crowns those who yield not to despair—
 I'll back to where my love first disappeared.
 Yonder the black deer couchant lies; of him
 I will inquire. O antelope, behold,
 The royal elephant *Airāvata*,*
 Scorched by the pangs of solitude, explores,
 In search of his lost mate, the groves of *Nandana*;†
 Whose close-embowering walks are resonant
 With the glad *kṛīṭ*'s song, as pleased he sips
 The juicy nectar of the clustering blossoms.
 How! he averts his gaze, as he disdained
 To hear my suit! Ah, no!—he anxious marks
 His doe approach him—tardily she comes,
 Her frolic fawn impeding her advance.

AIR.

A nymph of heaven has left her sphere
 To make a heavenly region here,
 And treads this sacred ground;
 Her slender waist, her swelling hips,
 Her languid eye, her ruby lips,
 With youth unfading crowned.
 Oh tell me, through the tangled maze,
 If wandering she has met thy gaze,
 Deer of the soft black eye,
 Ere yet beneath the yawning brink
 Of sorrow's gulph, immersed I sink?
 Befriend me, or I die—

[Advances.

Lord of the bounding herds, say, hast thou seen
 My fair, whose large and languid eye resembles
 That of thy tender mate? He heeds me not,

* The elephant of *Indra*.† The garden of *Indra*.

But springs to meet his doe. Be happy both,
Though fate still adverse frowns on my desires.

[*Proceeds, and pauses.*]

How now !—what stream of ruddy radiance breaks
Through the cleft rock ? No flame could have survived
The fast descending torrents ; 'tis perchance
Some sanguine fragment of the lion's feast.
No—'tis a gem—more roseate than the blush
Of the *āsoka* blossom, and the sun
Would grasp it with his beams—it pleases me,
And I will make it mine.

AIR.

With tearful eye and dejected gaze,
Despairing his love to meet,
All lonely the royal elephant strays
Through the forest's still retreat.

Why should I take the jewel ? She whose brow,
Bound with *Mandāra* fillet, best had worn
The costly gem is far—far from me—why
Should I distain the ruby with my tears ?

[*Going—a voice in the air.*]

Take up the gem, my son ; its radiant red
The feet of *Hema's* holy daughter shed *
And wondrous virtue gave. Let it adorn
Thy hand, and thou wilt shortly cease to mourn
Thy absent bride—once more by this restored
To bless her sorrowing and lamented lord.

Pur. What voice is this ! Descends some friendly sage
In pity of my griefs, or in some deer
Disguised, directs me thus ? Seer, I obey
And thank thy holy counsel. Gem divine,
Restore me to my love, and I will bear thee

* *Gaurī* or *Pārvatī* ; the stone is fabled to have received its colour and virtues from contact with the soles of her feet stained with the red of the *Mehndi* (*Lawsonia inermis*).

High on my diadem, and hold thee ever
As dear as *Íśwara* his crescent moon.

[*Takes the gem and proceeds, then pauses.*]

What means this strange emotion, as I gaze
Upon this vine? No blossoms deck its boughs;
Nipped by the falling rains, like briny tears,
That wash the ruddy freshness from the lips,
The buds have perished, and the mournful shrub
All unadorned appears to pine in absence;
No bees regale her with their songs; silent
And sad, she lonely shows the image
Of my repentant love, who now laments
Her causeless indignation. I will press
The melancholy likeness to my heart.

AIR.

Vine of the wilderness, behold
A lone heart-broken wretch in me,
Who dreams in his embrace to fold
His love, as wild he clings to thee.
And might relenting fate restore
To these fond arms the nymph I mourn,
I'd bear her hence, and never more
To these forbidden haunts return.

[*Goes to embrace the creeper, which is transformed to Urvaśī.**]

What can this mean! through every fibre spreads
The conscious touch of *Urvaśī*—yet all
I deemed her charms deceived me—let me wake
And realise the vision or dispel it.

'Tis no deceit—'Tis she—my best beloved. [*Faints.*]

Urv. (*In tears.*) Revive, my lord.

Pur. (*Reviving.*) Thy loss, dear love, has plunged my sinking
spirit

* Or, "enters as it were in its very place," *Tatañ praviśati tatsthāna eva Urvaśī.*

A C T V.

THE PALACE OF PURÚRAVAS.

Enter MĀNAVAKA.

At last, thank the fates, the king has returned with Madam Urvaśī from the groves of *Nandana*, the pleasant gardens of the Gods. My friend is once more attentive to his royal duties and the cares of state; yet he seems out of spirits. What should be the cause? Except the want of children, he has nothing to grieve for. This is a bustling day. The king and his queen have just performed their royal ablutions where the *Yamunā* and the Ganges meet: he must be at his toilet by this time, and by joining him I shall secure a share of the flowers and perfumes prepared for him.

(*Noise behind.*) The ruby! the ruby! A hawk, taking it for a piece of flesh, has borne away the ruby of reunion which had been taken out of its red palm-leaf case, and was being carried to the king for him to wear while absent from the nymph!

Mān. Here's a pretty piece of work! the jewel my friend so highly prized. Ho, here he comes, not yet attired. I will keep aloof.

Enter PURÚRAVAS in haste, followed by the CHAMBERLAIN, a HUNTER, and attendants.*

Pur. Where is the winged thief that rashly courts
His own destruction, and presumes to violate
The dwelling of his sovereign?

* The *Vēdhaka*, in some copies *Rēchaka*, explained a *Kirdta* a forester. The *Kirdtas*, the mountaineer and savage tribes of India, were known to the ancients as the *Cirrhadae* on the Coromandel coast. They appear to have been independent, but were tributary to the Hindu kings, or perhaps only rendered personal service.

Pur. (*Sits.*) Were it an ordinary gem, its loss
 Would move me not ; but to lose this would vex
 me ;

To it I owe reunion with my love.

Mán. Well, there is this comfort, as you have the lady,
 you are no longer in need of the jewel.

Enter the CHAMBERLAIN, with an arrow and the jewel.

Cham. Victory to your Grace ! The bird, condemned by
 your Majesty's decree, has fallen, pierced by this shaft ; the
 ruby is recovered. It has been cleansed with water ; please
 you say to whom it shall be intrusted.

Pur. Ho, Forester ! replace the gem
 Safe in its casket.

Hunter. As your Majesty commands.

[*Exit the Kíráta or Forester.*

Pur. Know you to whom the shaft belongs ?

Cham. There is a name inscribed upon it, your Grace, but
 my eye-sight cannot distinguish the characters.

Pur. Let me see them.

[*Takes the arrow, and expresses wonder and delight.*

Cham. With your Grace's leave I will now attend to other
 duties. [*Exit.*

Mán. What does your Majesty study so intently ?

Pur. Listen—"The arrow of the all-subduing Áyus,
 The son of Urvaśi and Purúravas."

Mán. Joy to your Grace ! Fate has crowned your wishes.

Pur. How should this be ? But for the interval
 Of the *Naimisha** sacrificial rite,
 My Urvaśi has always been with me.
 I do recall, indeed, a transient period,
 When her soft cheek was paler than the leaf

* The *Naimishya* sacrifice is the great sacrifice performed at the *Naimisha* forest by the assembled sages, which lasted twelve years according to the *Mahābhārata*, a thousand according to the *Bhāgavata*.

Cold-nipped and shrivelled, and her eloquent eye
Betrayed unwonted lassitude ; aught else
I never noted.

Mán. Oh you must not suppose that the nymphs of heaven manage these matters like those of earth. No, no ; they have the power to counteract all such appearances.

Pur. It may be so. Yet why this mystery ?

Why keep from me all knowledge of my child ?

Mán. Oh, there's no accounting for the fancies of celestial spirits.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. So please your Majesty, a saintly dame and a young lad from the hermitage of *Chyavana* * solicit admittance.

Pur. Let them enter—quick !

* *Chyavana* is the son of *Bhrigu*, the son of *Brahmá*, by his wife *Pulomá*. A *Rákshasa*, or fiend, attempting to carry off *Pulomá*, the child was prematurely born, whence his name, from *chyu*, to fall from. Upon his birth his splendour was such as to reduce the insulter of his mother to ashes (*Mahábhárata Ádi-Parvan, Pulomá-Adhyáya*). The sage having adopted a life of ascetic devotion, was so immersed in abstraction that he became completely covered with the nests of white ants. *Sukanyá*, the daughter of king *Saryáti*, wandering in the forest, observed what she thought two lights in an ant-hill, and thrust in two blades of *kusa* grass, which when withdrawn were followed by a flow of blood. Much alarmed, the princess repaired to her father and related what had happened. The king, conjecturing the truth, immediately went to the spot to deprecate the wrath of the *Rishi*, and pacified him by giving him the damsel in marriage. After being married some time, the *Aśviní-Kumáras* passing by *Chyavana*'s residence conferred upon him youth and beauty, in requital of which boons he gave them a share in the *soma* juice offered at sacrifices to the gods. The gods, with *Indra* at their head, opposed this grant, and *Indra* lifted up his hand to strike *Chyavana* dead with his thunderbolt, when the sage paralysed his arm. To appal the gods he created the demon *Mada*, intoxication personified, in terror of whom and of the power of the saint, the gods acceded to the participation of the *Aśviní-Kumáras* in divine honours. *Indra* was restored to the use of his arm, and *Mada* was divided and distributed amongst dice, women, and wine.—*Bhaviṣyat-Purāṇa*, and the *Dána-dharma* section of the *Mahábhárata*.

But now my charge expires, for an act
This day achieved, unfits him to remain
An inmate of the peaceful hermitage.

Pur. What act?

Táp. Whilst on his mission with the *Íishi's* sons,
To gather fuel, flowers, and holy grass
From the adjacent woods, he aimed a shaft
Against a hawk, new perched upon a tree
With his fresh prey, and took his felon life.
This deed of blood excludes him from our haunts,
And by the sage's orders I conduct him
Again to *Urvaśí*. I would see the queen.

Pur. Be seated, and meanwhile, *Tálavya*,
Apprise our queen, that we would see her here.

[*Exit Chamberlain.*]

Come hither, boy. As the moon's silver ray
Affects the lunar gem, his presence sheds
Spontaneous joy, and through each fibre darts
The consciousness that I behold my son.

Táp. Obey your sire.

[*The Prince advances and prostrates himself. Purú
ravas raises and embraces him, and places him
on the footstool of his throne.*]

Pur. Salute your father's friend. Boy, fear not.

Máá. What should he fear? he has seen baboons enough
in the hermitage.

Áyus. (*Smiling.*) Accept my homage, sir.

Máá. Fortune attend you ever!

Enter URVAŚÍ, preceded by the CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. This way, your Grace.

Urv. (*Seeing Áyus.*) What youth is this, who, in the royal
presence,

and all poems and plays, as making archery a principal part of their education, furnishing a remarkable analogy, in this respect, to the practice of the ancient Persians and Scythians.

Armed with the bow and quiver, honoured sits
 Upon the golden footstool, whilst the king
 Is fondly playing with his twisted tresses ?
 Ha ! *Satyavati* too ! it is my son ;
 His growth outstrips my memory.

Pur. Behold your mother, boy : her gaze intent
 Is fixed upon you, and her heaving bosom
 Has rent its veiling scarf.

Táp. Haste to embrace her.

[*Áyus rises and goes to his Mother, who embraces him,
 then, after a pause,*

Urv. Hail, holy mother !

Táp. Ever may you know

Your lord's affection !

Áyus. Mother, accept my salutations.

Urv. (*Kisses him.*) My dear boy,

Be long your father's happiness and pride.

(*Advances.*) Glory to the king !

Pur. To the matron, honour !

[*Hands Urvasi to a seat with him on the throne.*

Be seated all.

[*They sit.*

Táp. The princely youth is perfectly accomplished

In all the science that becomes his rank,

And is of years and strength to bear the load

Of martial mail. Unfitted to the thoughts

And duties of the tranquil hermitage,

I yield him, therefore, in the royal presence,

Back to his mother's arms.

Urv. And I receive him

Most willingly : for it is no longer meet

He should disturb the quiet of devotion.

When he is satiate with his father's sight

He may revisit you ; till then, farewell.

Pur. And bear my reverence to the holy sage.

Áyus. Will you not take me with you, *Satyavati* ?

Táp. No, my dear child : the labours of the student
Are all performed ; 'tis time you enter now
On loftier duties,*

Ayus. Well, if it must be so,
Farewell ; but send me here my favourite peacock.

Táp. I will ; and boy, remember that you heed
Your father ever. Peace be unto all ! [Exit.

Pur. Thus blessed, my love, with thee and with my son,
I envy not the happiness of Indra.†

Urv. Ah, me ! [Weeps violently.

Pur. What means this sudden grief ?

Why, when I contemplate with ecstasy
The proud perpetuation of my race,
Should these dear drops in swift succession spread
A pearly fillet on thy heaving bosom ?

Urv. Alas, my lord ! the name of *Swarga's* king
Brings to my memory a dread decree
By him denounced, which, happy in the sight
Of this loved boy, I had a while forgotten.
When for your love I gladly left the courts
Of heaven, the monarch thus declared his will :—
“ Go, and be happy with the prince, my friend ;
But when he views the son that thou shalt bear him,
Then hitherward direct thy prompt return.”
’Twas fear of this that bade me keep concealed
My infant’s birth, and instant I conveyed him
To *Chyavana's* retreat, entrusting him
To yonder pious dame to be instructed ;
Such my pretext, in our most sacred lore.
The fated term expires, and to console
His father for my loss, he is restored.—
I may no longer tarry.

* Or literally, “ You enter now the second order, that of the householder.”

† Or, “ I think myself, like *Indra* with *Paulomi* (his bride) and *Jayanta* (his son).”

Cham. I obey.

[*Exit sorrowfully, and all on the scene express grief.*]

Pur. What sudden splendour breaks! whence are these
flashes

Of lightning in a cloudless sky?

Urv. 'Tis Nárada.

Pur. His braided curls are of a golden dye;
His sacred cord, bright as the silver moon;
Around his neck are strings of heavenly pearl;
Like a celestial tree with glittering stem
He moves. Prepare we to receive him.

Urv. Here,

This offering of respect, gathered in haste,
Present the sage.

[*Gives the king some flowers.*]

NÁRADA descends.

Nár. Triumph attend

The brave defender of this middle sphere!

Pur. (*Presenting the oblation.*) Reverence to the sage!

Urv. Accept my homage. [Bows.

Nár. Never be wife and husband disunited.

Pur. (*Apart.*) Oh, might this be! (*Aloud.*) Advance, my son,
and pay

Your adoration to the holy seer.

Áyus. Áyus, the son of Urvaśí, presumes

To pay you homage. [Bows to Nárada.

Nár. May your days be many! King, attend:

The mighty Indra, to whom all is known,
By me thus intimates his high commands:—
Forego your purpose of ascetic sorrow.

The sages, to whose wisdom past and future
Are as the present, have foretold at hand
Hostilities in heaven, and the gods will need
Your prowess: then relinquish not your arms

Glory, all glory, on Áyus attending,
 Still in the son may the father we trace ;
 Justice and valour together extending
 The sway of his sceptre and fame of his race.
 Son of the monarch the universe filling,
 Son of the God of the mist-shedding night,
 Son of the sage,* whom the great Brahmá willing,
 Called with creation to life and to light.

Second Chorus.

Now bright o'er the regions the glories are gleaming,
 The sceptre and sway of the father have won,
 And brighter than ever the radiance is streaming,
 Enhanced and confirmed by the fame of the son.
 So Gangá descends from the peaks of the mountain
 That shine with the light of unperishing snows,
 And mighty, meandering far from their fountain,
 In the breast of the ocean the waters repose.

Ram. (*To Urvast.*) No ordinary fate, dear sister, blesses you
 With such a son and lord.

Urv. I own my happiness.
 Come, my dear child, and offer to the queen,
 Your elder mother, filial homage.

Pur. Hold,
 One moment ; we will presently together.

Nár. The splendours of your son's inauguration
 Bring to my memory the glorious time
 When *Mahásena* † was anointed chief
 Of all the heavenly hosts.

* Or the son of Purúravas, the son of *Budha*, the son of *Chandra* or the moon, the son of the sage *Atri*, one of the will-engendered sons of the creator *Brahmá*.

† *Kárttikeya*, the son of *Śiva*, who shortly after his birth was appointed general of the armies of heaven, against the *Daityas* or *Titans* under *Táraka*.

Pur. To you I owe

Such honour.

Nár. Is there ought else Indra can do

To serve his friend ?

Pur. To hold me in esteem

Is all I covet. Yet haply may this chance :—

May learning and prosperity oppose

No more each other, as their wont, as foes,

But in a friendly bond together twined,

Ensure the real welfare of mankind.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* A singular but characteristic concluding benediction. One copy adds a stanza desiderative of universal prosperity, but it does not occur in another. It may be here observed that the translation has been made from two copies of the text and one of the comment, all of them full of blunders. The sense has therefore often been made out conjecturally.

REMARKS

ON

THE HERO AND THE NYMPH.

IF it was necessary to peruse the preceding drama with a liberal allowance for national peculiarities, it is equally requisite, in the present instance, to adapt our faith to the national creed, and to recognize, for poetical and dramatic purposes, the creations of the mythology of the Hindus.

In this respect, however, no very violent demand is made upon our imagination, as we have none of the monstrous extravagancies of the system forced upon our credulity. The intercourse of heroes and of goddesses is the familiar theme of our youthful studies, and the transformation of *Urvaśi* into a vine is not without abundant parallels in the metamorphoses of Ovid. The personages and situations of the superhuman portion of the drama are both elegant and picturesque; and the grouping of the nymphs upon the peaks of the *Himálaya*, or the descent of *Nārada* through the fields of ether, might be represented with as much beauty as facility by the machinery of the theatres of Europe.

There is also a peculiarity in the mythos of this drama, which identifies it with the dramatic compositions of antiquity. Trivial as the incidents may appear, unimportant as may be the loves of the hero and the heroine, both persons and events are subject to an awful control, whose interference invests them with a dignity superior to their natural level. Fate is the ruling principle of the narrative; and the monarch and the nymph,

and the sovereign of the gods himself, are portrayed as subject to the inscrutable and inevitable decrees of destiny.

The simplicity of the story does not admit of much display of character, but the timid constancy of Urvaśi is not unhappily contrasted with the irresolute haughtiness of the queen. The poet, too, has shown himself not unacquainted with the springs of human feelings, and his observations on the relations of the sexes in domestic life are equally shrewd and just.

The chief charm of this piece, however, is its poetry. The story, the situations, and the characters are all highly imaginative, and nothing, if partiality for his work does not mislead the translator, can surpass the beauty and justice of many of the thoughts. To select one as an example were to disparage a number of other passages, and they may be left to the critical acumen and taste of the reader.

INTRODUCTION.

THE UTTARA-RÁMA-CHARITRA, or continuation of the history of RÁMA, is one of the three dramas attributed to BHAVABHÚTI, and the internal evidence of the composition fully corroborates the traditional appropriation. The style is equally vigorous and harmonious as that of the *Málatt* and *Mádhava*; several of the sentiments found in that play recur in this; and the general character of the two dramas, notwithstanding the difference of their subjects, offers many analogies. We have the same picturesque description and natural pathos in both.

The subject of the UTTARA-RÁMA-CHARITRA is, as the name implies, a continuation of the history of RÁMA, the prince of *Ayodhyá*, and comprises the events that occurred subsequent to the war which constitutes the subject of the *Rámáyana*. It is taken from the last or supplementary section of that poem, one of the two principal poetical works of the Hindus not wholly mythological, and which have some pretensions to be included in the Epic class. It is, however, more correctly speaking, a continuation of a play by the same author, the *Vra-Ráma-Charitra*, in which the martial exploits of RÁMA, as described in the *Rámáyana*, are dramatised. The date at which the *Uttara-Ráma-Charitra* was composed cannot be deduced, with certainty, from anything that occurs in the course of the play. It offers nothing, however, that is incompatible with the period at which the author is said to have flourished, or the eighth century, as will be noticed in the introduction to *Málatt* and *Mádhava*. The style is classical, and although elaborate, is not deformed by extravagant refinement. The

Extruere montes ad sidera summa parabant,
Et magnum bello sollicitare Jovem.

Of these, the *Rākshasas* bear the least of a celestial character, and belong to the malignant creations of ancient and modern fable, who to gigantic strength and stature unite particular hostility to man, and an appetite for human flesh. In the poetical mythology of the Hindus they are descended from BRAHMĀ through one of his will-born progeny, the sage and saint PULASTYA; but their numbers are every day augmented by the addition of the disembodied spirits of wicked men, condemned to this form for a season, in punishment of their crimes; and the class also comprehends sundry deformed and hideous bands, who are especially attached to the service of the god of wealth, and are supposed to keep watch over his treasures.

The first and most celebrated of the posterity of PULASTYA were RĀVAṆA and his brethren—

—propago

Contemtrix superum, scævæque avidissima cædis,
Et violenta.

The half brother of KÜVERA the god of wealth, RĀVAṆA, a *Rākshasa* with ten heads, dispossessed that deity of his capital *Lankā*, in which he seated himself, and thence spread terror, not only over the world, but throughout the heavens, compelling many of the subordinate divinities to perform the menial functions of his palace. To terminate these violences and alarms, VISHṆU was obliged to come down to earth, where he was born as RĀMA or RĀMACHANDRA, the eldest son of DAŚARATHA, a prince of the Solar dynasty and sovereign of *Ayodhyā* or *Oude*, by his wife KAUSĀLYĀ. Other portions of the same deity animated the sons of DAŚARATHA, by his other wives, KAIKEYĪ and SUMITRĀ, the former of whom gave birth to BHARATA, and the latter to LAKSHMAṆA and ŚATRUGHNA. A number of the minor deities and the attendant spirits of heaven likewise assumed terrestrial shapes, and in the form of apes and bears became the warriors and allies of RĀMA.

Whilst yet a lad, the services of RÁMA were solicited by the sage VIŚWÁMITRA to repel and slay the fiends, by whom the religious rites of himself and other pious individuals were interrupted. RÁMA accordingly accompanied him, destroyed the *Rákshasí* or female fiend TÁRAKÁ, and slew or chased other evil genii from the residence of the sages. On this occasion VIŚWÁMITRA transferred to RÁMA and his descendants the command of the celestial weapons, or the power to wield the elements in war.

After these exploits, VIŚWÁMITRA conducted RÁMA to *Mithilá*, the kingdom of JANAKA, whose daughter SÍTÁ, now marriageable, was to reward the prowess of the prince who should bend a bow, given to an ancestor of the monarch of *Mithilá* by the god SIVA. RÁMA alone succeeded in the attempt, and snapped the bow asunder. The indignity thus offered to his tutelary divinity aroused the wrath of PARÁŚURÁMA, a previous incarnation of VISHŃU, still upon earth, who, coming to *Mithilá* to defy and exterminate RÁMACHANDRA, was foiled by his junior, and obliged to return, humbled and in peace, to the retirement whence he had hastened on hearing of the bow's being broken. RÁMA received the recompense of his vigour in the hand of SÍTÁ; and at the same time URMILÁ her sister, and MÁNDAVÍ and SRUTAKÍRTI, her cousins, were married to the other three sons of DAŚARATHA.

When RÁMA approached to years of maturity, his father, by the advice of his ministers, and according to the wishes of his people, proposed to associate him in the government as *Fuvarájá*, young king, or Cæsar: a delegation of authority that seems to have been constant under the old political system of the Hindus, and traces of which have been preserved to the present day, in the petty Hindu states to the east of Bengal. Domestic intrigue, however, forced DAŚARATHA to forego his purpose, and to change the elevation of RÁMA into exile. His second wife, KAIKEYÍ, instigated by the counsels of a female attendant, insisted upon the king's fulfilment of a promise which he had formerly made, and which, like the pledge of the gods

accomplished, by casting rocks and mountains into the sea, and thus constructing a bridge, the vestiges of which are said to be still visible in the reef of rocks which render the Straits of Manar impassable to vessels of burthen. At this point, RÁMA was joined by VIBHÍSHAÑA, the brother of RÁVAÑA, who having in vain counselled the restitution of SÍTÁ, and incurred by his advice the displeasure of the sovereign of *Lanká*, deserted his cause and went over to the enemy.

Having crossed the sea and encamped in the vicinity of the capital of RÁVAÑA, the baboon army was encountered by the monstrous bands in the service of *Lanká*, and a variety of engagements ensued, which, although attended by the occasional discomfiture of the assailants, ended in the utter defeat of the RÁKSHASAS, and the death of RÁVAÑA by the hands of RÁMA. Upon his fall SÍTÁ was recovered; but before being readmitted to her husband's embraces, she was compelled to vindicate her purity by undergoing the ordeal of fire. Having passed unhurt through the blazing pile, and being further justified by the oral testimony of BRAHMÁ and other gods, as well as the spirit of DAŚARATHA, her father-in-law, she was once more united to RÁMA, who, installing VIBHÍSHAÑA in the kingdom of *Lanká*, over which he is supposed still to reign, returned to *Ayodhyá*, where BHARATA gladly restored the sovereignty to his brother.

The incidents that immediately followed the return of RÁMA to his capital form the subject of the drama, and therefore require no notice in this place. The catastrophe is, however, differently brought about in the RÁMÁYAÑA and *Raghuvamśa*, a poetical account of RÁMA and his race, and closes in a different manner. RÁMA discovers his sons in consequence of their recital of the RÁMÁYAÑA at his sacrifice, and SÍTÁ, upon her innocence being recognised by the people, is suddenly carried off by the goddess of the earth, and disappears for ever. This *denouement* is very judiciously altered to her reunion with her sons and husband, in the play. RÁMA died soon after the disappearance of SÍTÁ, and divided his

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Rāma.—King of *Ayodhyā*.

Kuśa,
Lava, } his twin sons.

Lakshmaṇa.—The brother of *Rāma*.

Chandraketu.—The son of *Lakshmaṇa*.

Vālmiki.—A holy sage, the author of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, and preceptor of
Kuśa and *Lava*.

Janaka.—The father of *Sītā*, formerly king of *Mithilā*, now leading an
ascetic life.

Śambūkā.—An ascetic killed by *Rāma*, but appearing in his spiritual
character.

Aśhāvakra.—An ascetic.

Sumantra.—The charioteer of *Chandraketu*.

Durmukha.—An emissary employed by *Rāma*.

Sauvātāki,
Bhānūāyana, } two of *Vālmiki*'s pupils.

A Vidyādhara.—A male spirit of air.

WOMEN.

Sītā.—The wife of *Rāma*.

Arundhatī.—A pious dame, the wife of the sage *Vasiṣṭha* and guardian
of *Sītā*.

Ātreyī.—A pious dame, the wife of the sage *Atri*.

Kauśalyā.—The aged mother of *Rāma*.

Vāsantī.—The guardian spirit of the forest of *Janasthāna*.

Tamasa.—A river goddess.

Muralā.—The same.

A Vidyādhari.—A female spirit of air.

the threatening meteor of the race of *Pulastya* ;* and the drum of rejoicing sounds unweariedly by night and day. But what should this mean ; why are the public places to-day so silent and unfrequented ?

Enter ACTOR.

Act. The monkey chiefs,† and friendly fiends, and all the warriors in alliance with the prince in the war of Lanká, have

* Intending especially the giant king of Lanká, *Rávana*, and his brothers destroyed in the war with *Ráma*. *Rávana* was the son of the sage *Viśhravas*, by *Nikashá*, the daughter of *Sumali*, a demon, who, observing the splendour of *Kuvera*, a son of the sage by his wife *Iravirá*, directed his daughter to propitiate the sage, that she also might have children by him. Having succeeded in obtaining the good graces of *Viśhravas*, *Nikashá* had by him *Rávana*, *Kumbhakarṇa*, and *Vibhishana*, and a daughter, *Śarpaṇakhá*.

Rávana was engendered after the performance of a sacrifice with fire, in consequence of which he was born of an uncouth appearance, with ten heads and twenty arms. *Viśhravas*, his father, was the son of *Pulastya*, one of the will-begotten sons of *Brahmá*. Although, therefore, a holy sage, he is often alluded to as the progenitor of the *Rákshasas*, of which race *Rávana* and his brethren were such distinguished members (*Uttara-Rámdhyāna* and *Padma Purāṇa*). The *Bhāgavata* agrees nearly with them, but names the mother of the *Rákshasas*, *Kumbhínasi*.

A very different legend is given in the *Vana-Parvan*, of the *Mahābhārata*. *Pulastya*, the son of *Brahmá*, begot *Kuvera*, who, by paying great attention to his grandfather, was made by him immortal, and appointed the god of wealth. His capital was Lanká, and the *Rákshasas* were his guards. His currying favour with *Brahmá* incensed his father, and *Pulastya* assumed the form of a holy sage, named *Viśhravas*. To propitiate this wrathful manifestation of his father was *Kuvera*'s next object, and with this view he gave him three *Rákshasis* as handmaids, *Pushpōkatá*, *Ruká*, and *Málini*. By the first *Viśhravas* had *Kumbhakarṇa* and *Rávana* ; by the second, *Khara*, and a daughter, *Śarpaṇakhá* ; and by *Málini*, *Vibhishana*.—We have a different account again in the *Linga-Purāṇa* (ch. 63). *Pulastya* had by *Iravirá*, the daughter of *Tṛiṇavindu*, a son named *Viśhravas*, who had four wives : *Devavarkini*, the daughter of *Vṛihaspati* ; *Pushpōkatá*, and *Ruká* (or *Vákrá*), the daughters of the demon *Mályavat*, and *Nikashá*, the daughter of the demon *Sallaki*. By the first he had *Kuvera*, or *Vaiśhravaṇa* ; by the second, *Mahodara*, *Prahasta*, *Maháparśva*, and *Khara*, and *Karṇanasi*, a daughter ; by the third he had *Trishras*, *Dashaṇa*, and *Vidyujjihwa*, and *Syámiká*, a daughter ; and by the last, or *Nikashá*, the virtuous *Vibhishana*.

† *Ráma* was accompanied on his return to *Ayodhyá* by *Vibhishana*, the brother and successor of *Rávana*, and by the monkey chiefs, *Sugriva*, *Anga*-

been dismissed to their several homes, as have the holy sages, assembled from various realms, whose reception has been hitherto the occasion of perpetual festivity.

Mana. True: and the mothers of *Rághava*,* under the guidance of *Vasishtha*,† and preceded by *Arundhatí*,‡ have departed to the dwelling of their son-in-law.

Act. I am a stranger here, you know; inform me who is this son-in-law?

Mana. The late king *Daśaratha*§ had a daughter named *Sántá*, whom he gave to king *Lomapáda* to adopt, and whom *Íshyaśringa*,|| the son of *Vibhāñḍaka*, espoused.¶ He now holds the ceremony of the twelve years' sacrifice,** and the elders have gone to assist at its celebration, leaving, with his

da, and *Hanumat*. They assisted at his coronation, and then returned to their dwellings in the *Dekhin* and *Lanka*.

* Or *Ráma*. The term is a patronymic, implying his being a descendant of *Raghu*. His mothers are the widows of his father *Daśaratha*: *Kausalyá*, the mother of *Ráma*; *Sumitrá*, the mother of *Lakshmaná* and the youngest son, *Satrughna*; and *Kaikeyí*, the mother of the third son, *Bharata*.

† The family priest of *Ráma*'s race, the son of *Brahmá* in one birth, and of *Mitra* and *Varuṇa*, or the sun and the sea, in another.

‡ *Arundhatí* is the wife of *Vasishtha*.

§ *Daśaratha*, the son of *Aja* and father of *Ráma*, was a distinguished prince of the Solar dynasty. Buchanan supposes him to have lived in the fifteenth century before the Christian era.

|| *Íshyaśringa*, the deer-horned, was born of a doe, and had a small horn on his forehead; whence his name.

¶ These circumstances are all narrated in the *Rámáyana* at length.—Book 1, sections viii. ix. x. *Lomapáda* was king of *Anga*.

** This number offers some analogy to the visits of the gods to Ethiopia's blameless race; when

“Twelve days the powers indulged the genial rite.”

Macrobius, however, would read this twelve hours, or the interval between sun-set and sun-rise, when *Jove*, as that planet, is below the horizon. It is true, the original leaves him at liberty to propose such a reading, as neither days nor hours are specified in this place. The return of the deities, however, is more specific.

Twelve days were passed, and now the dawning light

The gods had summoned to the Olympian height.

The same critic conceives, also, that some allusion may be made to the

permission, the daughter of Janaka* at the capital. But come, time wears; let us go meet our friends at the palace, as was appointed.

Act. But tell me, in your opinion, has the title of *Most Pure* been very judiciously granted by the king to his bride?

Mana. Mind your own affairs; why talk upon improper subjects? Men are ever evil disposed towards the purity of words and women.

Act. Most maliciously true: especially as the calumnies insinuated against *Vaidehí*,† in consequence of her residence in the dwelling of the *Rákshasa*, were refuted by her passing the fiery ordeal.‡

signs of the zodiac.—(Sat. 1. xxiii. Somn. Scipion. lib. 2.) The number has very possibly some secret import, astronomical or mythological, both amongst the Hindus and Greeks.

* *Janaka* was king of Mithila, and a man of great piety and learning. He was the reputed father of *Sítá*, the wife of *Ráma*, having found her an infant in the earth, upon ploughing it for a sacrifice.

† *Sítá* bears the patronymic *Vaidehí* as the daughter of the king of *Videha*.

‡ After the recovery of *Sítá* from *Rávana*, *Ráma* welcomed her coldly, and after intimating some suspicions unfavourable to her chastity, refused to receive her: on which *Sítá* determined to commit herself to the test of fire. Having entered the fire prepared for this purpose in the presence of the gods and of *Daśaratha*, the deceased father of *Ráma*, it proved innocuous, and *Agni*, its deity, restored *Ráma* his bride unhurt, and declared her purified by the ordeal she had undergone. *Daśaratha* also bore testimony to *Sítá*'s virtue, and *Ráma*'s doubts being thus dissipated, he joyfully received his bride (*Uttara-Rámáyāna*.) According to the *Brahma-Vaivarta-Purāṇa*, *Sítá* herself was not carried off by *Rávana*, her shadow or *chhāyá* being substituted by *Agni* for her substance. It was this semblance, also, that entered the fire, in order to give *Agni* an opportunity of restoring the original to *Ráma*. The *Padma-Purāṇa* (*Pátála Khaṇḍa*) dispenses with the ordeal, but brings forward *Agni*, *Váyu*, *Varuṇa*, *Brahma*, and *Daśaratha* to swear to *Sítá*'s innocence; *Brahma* further consoles *Ráma* by declaring it was necessary *Sítá* should have been carried off by *Rávana*, as his rape of a virtuous woman was the only cause of destruction to which he was subject, agreeably to the curse denounced upon him by *Nala-Kuvera*, and the previous boon conferred upon him by *Brahma*. In the *Uttara-Khaṇḍa* of the same *Purāṇa*, she enters into the fire, as in the other authorities.

Man. Yet, should such reports as are still current reach the king, they will cause him great distress.

Act. The sages and the gods will provide for the best. Where is his Majesty? (*Listening.*) Oh, I hear Janaka, his father-in-law, has just left him to return to his own kingdom; and the king has quitted his seat of justice to repair to the inner apartments to console the queen.

[*Exeunt.*

And his illustrious house have ever owned
Our spiritual guidance. What alone remains?
That from thee spring an offspring to inherit
The conjoint honours of each glorious race?

Ráma. I thank the sage. In this imperfect world,
Man's tardy speech lags after things foregone;
But with the saints, the thoughts their lips express,
Precede, and presage sure, events to come.

Ash. Arundhatí and all the holy dames,
And Sántá, bid thee well consider this:
Now there is hope of heirs, what must be done
Must be effected speedily.

Ráma. Declare it:

What must be done?

Ash. This *Rishyaśringa* tells me to impart.
Thou, queen,* art not ungentle. This, my son,
Is destined to secure thy happiness;
And I shall see thee bearing on thy lap
A smiling progeny.

Ráma. So may it be!

Is there aught else Vasishtha's wish ordains?

Ash. Attend.

The holy sacrifice absorbs our care,
And you, my son, are young in years and power.
Remember therefore that a king's true wealth,
His real glory, is his people's welfare.

Ráma. So *Maitrávaruṇi*† has ever taught us:

And I am ready, pity, pleasure, love,
Nay, even Sítá, to resign, content,
If it be needful for the general good.

Sítá. In this my lord does honour to his race.

Ráma. Who waits? Attend upon the sage.

Ash. (*Rises and circumambulates them.*)

Behold the prince.

[*Exit.*

* Or in the text *kāthoragarbhá*, in reference to her protracted pregnancy.

† A name of Vasishtha, the son of *Mitra* and *Varuṇa*.

Enter LAKSHMAÑA.

Laksh. Glory to Ráma!

Come, my most noble brother, on these walls
Behold a skilful artist has portrayed
Your story, as he learnt the tale from me.

Ráma. You have the skill

To dissipate our queen's uneasiness.
How far proceeds the tale, good brother?

Laksh. To where the queen
Was purified by flame.

Ráma. Most pure by birth,

She needed not the consecrated wave,
Nor sacred fire, to sanctify her nature.

Laksh. Daughter of sacrifice, respected Sítá,
Secure of a devotion that will cease
With life alone, forgive me.

Ráma. The base herd

Of men may censure rank and worth unheeded
But their foul calumnies do not deserve
By thee to be repeated. The flower that breathes
With nature's fragrance, on the brow should blossom,
Nor with contempt be trampled on the ground.*

Sítá. Come, let us see these paintings.

[They rise and Exit.]

SCENE II.—THE GARDEN OF THE PALACE, WITH A PAVILION.

Enter LAKSHMAÑA, SÍTÁ, and RÁMA.

Laksh. Behold the picture!†

* This idea occurs in *Málati* and *Mádhava*.

† A long scroll in compartments, apparently fixed against a wall. Such pictures being panoramic representations of holy places usually, are still not uncommon, whilst the *Máhabhárata* and *Rámáyana*, in illuminated and embellished portable scrolls, are very frequent. It is not uncommon, also, in the Western Provinces, to meet with a kind of fresco painting upon the walls of gardens, or enclosures of tanks, representing mythological or historical subjects.

Sītā. What are these that crowd

Around my lord, and seem to hymn his praises?

Laksh. They are the heavenly arms, that *Viśvāmitra*,*

The holy sage from *Kuśa* sprung, the friend

Of all mankind, obtained from great *Kṛiśāśwa*,†

* *Viśvāmitra* was born a prince in the Lunar dynasty. According to the *Rāmāyaṇa* he was the fourth from *Prajāpati*, but the *Bhāgavata* makes him the fifteenth from *Brahmā*. They agree in calling him the son of *Gādhi*, who, according to the first, was the son of *Kuśāṇḍha*, and according to the second, the son of *Kuśāmba*. *Viśvāmitra* was sovereign of *Kanoj*, and engaged in war with the sage *Vasiṣṭha* for the possession of the all-bestowing cow. In this contest, the cow produced all sorts of forces, particularly *Mlechchhas*, or barbarians, by whose aid *Vasiṣṭha* overcome his adversary. There can be little doubt that this legend is an allegorical account of a real transaction, and that by the cow we are to understand India, or the most valuable portion of it, for the sovereignty of which either two princes or two tribes, the *Brāhmanas* and *Kshattriyas*, contended. One of the parties calling to their aid the barbarians, the Persians, and not impossibly the Greeks, triumphed by their means. *Viśvāmitra* was born a sage, in consequence of his mother partaking of some charmed food prepared by the *Muni Rishi* for his wife, her daughter. After observing the superior might of the *Brāhmanas*, he engaged in a course of austerities, to rise from the martial order in which he was born to that of the sacerdotal, and ultimately compelled *Brahmā* to grant him that elevation. (*Rāmāyaṇa*, 1. Sect. 41-52, *Mahābhārata*, *Ādi-Parvan*, *Bhāgavata*, ix. 15, &c.)

† Two sovereigns of the name of *Kṛiśāśwa* are traceable, one a king of *Ayodhya*, the other of *Viśālā*. The position of the former in the Solar genealogy stands thus in Buchanan's authorities:

<i>Bhāgavata</i> .	<i>Varṇā-Latā</i> .	<i>Hari-Varṇā</i> .
<i>Nikumbha</i>	<i>Nikumbha</i>	<i>Nikumbha</i>
<i>Vārhadāśwa</i>	<i>Vārhadāśwa</i>	<i>Sanghātāśwa</i>
<i>Kṛiśāśwa</i>	<i>Kṛiśāśwa</i>	<i>Kṛiśāśwa</i>
<i>Senājit</i>	<i>Yuvandāśwa</i>	<i>Prasenajit</i>
<i>Yuvandāśwa</i>		<i>Yuvandāśwa</i> .

But the *Viśhū-Purāṇa* goes from *Nikumbha* to *Prasenajit* at once, omitting the two intermediate princes.

Kṛiśāśwa, the sovereign of *Viśālā*, is the son of *Saṁyama* and father of *Somadatta*, according to the *Bhāgavata* and *Varṇā-Latā*. Buchanan is mistaken in supposing the former interposes a *Sahadeva* between him and *Saṁyama*. *Devaja* or *Devaka* is the son of *Saṁyama*, with *Kṛiśāśwa* or his brother. The mistake arises from considering *saha*, with, as part of the

Sītā. (*Bowing.*) Receive my adoration.—

Rāma. They will aid

Thy children.

Sītā. I am grateful.

Laksh. There, the scene

Is changed to Mithilā.*

Sītā. Yes, I see my lord.

Dark as the deep blue lotus is his hue,

And strength and grace in every limb appear.

Paternal looks dwell wondering on his face,

Lovely with graceful curls, whilst high disdain

Swells every feature, as with force divine,

He snaps asunder the celestial bow.†

Laksh. See where your sire and the holy son

Of *Gautama*, the priest of Janaka, ‡

Welcome *Vasishtha* and the rest who now

Become their kin!

Rāma. No wonder; for the alliance that united

Raghu with Janaka, could to none

Be else than pleasing, and where *Viśvāmitra*

Himself was donor and receiver.

Sītā. A solemn scene, where gifts of kine secure

Auspicious destiny, and four bright youths

Are knit in marriage bonds with four fair maids. §

* The country north of the Ganges, between the *Gandaki* and *Kosi* rivers, comprehending the modern provinces of *Puraniya* and *Tirkut*. The remains of the capital founded by Janaka, and thence termed *Janakapur*, are still to be seen, according to Buchanan, on the northern frontier; at the *Janickpoor* of the maps.

† This bow originally belonged to *Śiva*, who wielded it victoriously against the other gods at *Dakṣa's* sacrifice, but without success, against *Viśhnū*, on which he gave it to *Devarāta*, one of Janaka's ancestors, subsequent to whom it remained in the family. Like the bow of *Ulysses*, it was employed by Janaka to ascertain the strength of the candidates for his daughter's hand, none of whom were able to bend it; but it was broken with ease by *Rāma*. (*Rāmāyaṇa*, l. Sec. 52, 53, and 62.)

‡ *Śatānanda*, the son of *Gautama* and *Ahalyā*, and family priest of the king of *Mithilā*.

§ The sons of *Dāśaratha* were *Rāma*, *Lakshmaṇa*, *Bharata*, and *Śa-*

Sítá. He is too horrible.

Mark where my lord collects the broad palm leaves,
And weaves a shade to screen me from the sun,
As to the forests of the south we travel.

Ráma. We come to where, amidst the southern forests,
By mountain brooks the holy sages dwell,
And here they spread their simple stores,* and cheer
The stranger guest with hospitable right.

Laksh. Amidst the thicket tall *Prasavaña*
Rears its dark brow, eternally with clouds
Invested, from whose watery stores, assembled
Within the echoing caverns, fair *Godávarí*
Bursts forth, and down the mountain wends her way
Through gloomy shades and thick entangling woods.

Ráma. Recall'st thou, love, our humble happy dwelling
Upon the borders of the shining stream,
Where every hour, in fond endearments wrapped,
Or in sweet interchange of thought engaged,
We lived in transport, not a wish beyond
Each other, reckless of the flight of time?

Laksh. See *Panchávatí* † next, and here behold
The demon *Śarpaśakhá*. ‡

Sítá. Ha, my dear lord,
Behold! (*As if alarmed.*)

Ráma. How now! afraid of separation?
'Tis but a picture, love.

Sítá. I cannot chuse,
But suffer terror at so vile a presence.

* Or, dress a handful of the *nivára* or wild rice.

† The forest along the *Godávarí*.

‡ The sister of *Rávaña*, a female fiend of hideous form and sanguinary propensities. Having seen *Ráma* on the banks of the *Godávarí*, she offered herself as a bride to him, and on his refusal to *Lakshmaña*; but both rejecting her advances, she attempted to destroy *Sítá*, on which *Lakshmaña* by his brother's commands cut off her nose and ears. She fled to her brothers *Khara* and *Dúshañña*, and incited them to revenge her.—(*Rámáy.* B. III. Sect. 23, 24.)

The mountain *Īśhyamūka** see, and here
 The dwelling of *Matanga*.†—This, the dame ‡
 Whose life of penance now obtained reward.
 Here are the sources of the *Pampā*,§ where
 The grief of Rāma broke beyond restraint,
 And fast descending tears at intervals
 Concealed from view the beauties of the scene.||
 Here mark the son of air, the monkey chief,
 Of strength resistless and wide-wasting wrath.
 The guardian of the world—the firm ally
 Of *Raghu's* race—illustrious *Hanumat*.

cation of a *Īśhi* named *Sthūlasīras* as a punishment for his frightening the ascetics by assuming hideous shapes. The effects of the curse were produced by his defying *Indra*, who in the contest struck off his head and legs with his thunderbolt, but could not kill him, as he had obtained the boon of longevity from *Brahmā*. The appearance of Rāma was the term of his transformation, and his body being burnt by his desire, he recovered his original shape and returned to *Swarga*, previously directing Rāma to seek the residence of *Sugriva*. (*Rāmāyaṇa*, III. 82, 83, 84.)

* This mountain, and the scenes in its vicinity alluded to, are said to be known by the same appellations in the neighbourhood of *Anagundi*, a part of the Dekhin, the maps of which are disgracefully defective. The mountain itself was the residence of the deposed monarch of the monkeys, *Sugriva*. It comprised, of course, the whole of the tract about the sources of the *Pampā*; but in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, Rāma passes them before he comes to the dwelling of the monkey chief.

† On the ascent to the mountain occurs the forest of *Matanga*, or the *Meghaprabha* wood, in which the trees never wither and the flowers never fade. The saint and his disciples had long disappeared; but his hermitage had remained inaccessible to noxious or inimical beings, and the cooking utensils left by him, awaited, in perfect order, the arrival of Rāma, being destined for his accommodation.

‡ A *Śararī*, or female forester, named *Sravarasī*, who had attended on *Matanga's* disciples, and whose ascension to *Swarga* was to be the reward of her acting as guide to Rāma.

§ A river rising in the *Īśhyamūka* mountain, and flowing into the *Tungabhadra*, below *Anagundi*.

|| Not, however, before expatiating upon them at great length, at least in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, *Āraṇyakāṇḍa*, last section. The MSS. from which the translation was made differs here in many respects from the Calcutta edition.

What can this mean ? a sudden transport glows
 In every nerve, shedding such strange emotion ;
 I know not whether it be pain or pleasure,
 If poison parch my veins, or I have quaffed
 The maddening wine-cup. Can such magic, hid
 In this fair touch, thus overcome my nature ?

Sítá. It is thy constant love ; no charms of mine.

Ráma. Thy tender voice revives life's languid blossom ;
 And whilst its sound subdues each softening sense,
 It comes like heavenly nectar on the ear,
 And pours its balmy medicine on the soul.

Sítá. Dear flatterer, cease ; here let us taste repose.

[*Looking round.*]

Ráma. What seeks my Sítá ? Be these arms thy pillow,
 Thine, ever since the nuptial knot united us,
 Thine, in the days of infancy and youth,
 In lonely thickets and in princely palaces,
 Thine ever—thine alone.

Sítá. True—true—my ever kind and cherished lord.

[*Sleeps.*]

Ráma. Her latest waking words are words of love,
 And nought of her but is most dear to me.
 Her presence is ambrosia to my sight ;
 Her contact, fragrant sandal ; her fond arms,
 Twined round my neck, are a far richer clasp
 Than costliest gems ; and in my house she reigns
 The guardian goddess of my fame and fortune.
 Oh ! I could never bear again to lose her.

Enter ATTENDANT.

Att. My lord, there waits—

Ráma. Who ?

Att. Your personal attendant, Durmukha.

Ráma. He brings me word of what reports are spread
 Amongst the citizens. Go, bid him enter.

[*Exit ATTENDANT.*]

*Enter DURMUKHA.**

Dur. (To himself.) How can I venture to communicate
The idle calumnies the giddy people
Invent against the queen?—No matter ;
Unhappy that I am, it is my duty.

Sítá. (In her sleep.) Where art thou, dearest Ráma?

Ráma. She dreams that I have left her ; or the view
Of our portrayed adventures has disturbed
Her gentle slumbers. Ah ! how blest is he
Who ever dwells in long confirmed affection,
Alike in pleasure or in pain, whose heart
Reposes tranquilly in every fortune,
And on whose waning, as his budding life,
Love constant waits. Oh ! how can fate be won
To grant such happiness ?

Dur. Hail to the king !

Ráma. What hast thou to report ?

Dur. The people are ill pleased ; the general cry
Is, *Rámabhadra* disregards his subjects.

Ráma. What reason have they thus to think of me ?
Declare what fault they charge me with.

Dur. 'Tis thus they talk. *[Whispers.]*

Ráma. Shame on the vile traducer who assails
Domestic happiness ! No common means
Redeem'd *Vaidehí*† from the former scourge
Of foul calumnious tongues ; yet scandal foams,
Like a mad hound, with still o'erflowing venom.
What's to be done ? Alas ! what choice remains ?
The general good must be preferred. To that
My father sacrificed his son—his life—
And I must do my duty. Now it chances
As by the sage *Vasishtha* 'twas foretold.
My noble ancestors, the lofty race
That boast the sun their sire, have bequeathed

* The *kanchukin*, or chamberlain ; an old Bráhmaṇ is the fittest person.

† *Sítá*.

A spotless reputation to my keeping ;
 And how shall I deserve the glorious charge
 If calumny attach to aught that's mine ?
 Daughter of sacrifice ! Fair child of earth !
 Glory of Janaka's exalted race !
 The loved of sages and their sainted dames !
 Casket of Ráma's being ! Cheering light
 Of the dark forest-dwelling ! Utterer
 Of tender eloquence ! 'Alas ! what cause
 Has rendered destiny thy ruthless foe ?
 All thy good deeds, distorted, turn to ill ;
 All thy munificence awards thee shame ;
 And whilst thou art about to give the world
 A worthy lord, that world, ingrate, condemns
 Thee to a widowed, solitary home.
 Durmukha, go, bid Lakshmaña attend
 To lead the queen to exile.

Dur. How so, my lord ? must she, whose spotless fame
 The flame has evidenced, in whom there live
 The hopes of *Raghu's* line, be banished hence,
 To please a thankless and malignant people ?

Ráma. Nay, blame them not. No lack of love or honour
 Towards the royal house, but adverse destiny
 Instils these thoughts. And who, that witnessed not
 The wondrous test of purity, could credit
 Such marvels in a distant region wrought ?
 Go, then, and do our bidding.

Dur. Alas, poor queen !

[*Exit.*

Ráma. Cruel task ! I have become a savage.
 The wife whose every hour since infancy
 To me has been devoted, and whom all
 Beloved by me have tenderly caressed,
 I ruthlessly and fraudulent consign,
 Like a domestic bird, to certain death.
 Wretch that I am ! why shall my touch impure
 Pollute these charms ? Hold me not thus—let loose

Your tender grasp, dear Sítá, from a man
Whom every crime degrades. You think you cling
Around the sandal's fragrant trunk, and clasp
The baleful poison-tree—let go—thus—thus.

[*Detaches himself and rises.*]

What now is life?—a barren load; the world?—
A dreary, arid, solitary wild.
Where can I hope for comfort? Sense was given me
Only to make me conscious of affliction,
And firmly bound in an unyielding frame.
Departed sires! prophets and sages! all
Whom I have loved and honoured!* and all ye
Who have shown honour and regard for Ráma!
Celestial flame! auspicious parent, Earth!
To whom amongst ye dare I raise my voice?
What name may I invoke, nor wrong its sanctity?
Will ye not shrink from my solicitation
As from an outcast's touch; from me, who chase
My wife, the honour of my house, away,
And doom *Kuthoragurbhá†* to despair,
Like a dread offering to infernal fiends?

[*Bows down to Sítá's feet.*]

Adored *Vaidehí!* for the last, last time,
Thy lovely feet exalt the head of Ráma.
(*Without.*) Help! help for the Bráhmaṇ tribe!‡
Ráma. How now!

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. The assembled sages on the *Yamund's* bank,
Disturbed amidst their ritual by *Lavaṇa*,§
The demon, fly to Ráma for protection.

* The original specifies the individuals.

† *Sítá.*

‡ The term is *abrahmaṇyam*. *Abrahmaṇyam* implying the absence of protection to the Bráhmaṇs, and their incurring some distress.

§ The son of the *Asura Madhu*, by *Kumbhínasí* the daughter of *Viśravaś* and sister of *Rávaṇa*. He inherited from his father a trident, presented by

ACT II.*

SCENE—JANASTHÁNA FOREST.

Enter ÁTREYÍ,† a female ascetic.

I see the genius of these groves approach.

She bears her flowery tribute.‡

*Enter VÁSANTÍ, the Dryad of Janasthána, with flowers,
which she presents.*

Vds. Hail, holy dame! thy presence brings §
 Delight to all our groves and springs :
 Thy blessing and thy prayers be mine ;
 These fountains and these bowers are thine.
 Here, in the tall tree's shade repose,
 Where cool the limpid current flows,
 And feast upon the blameless root,
 Or pluck the overhanging fruit,—
 The fitting fare of those who dwell
 In silent grove, and hermit cell,—
 And consecrate the calm retreat
 With pious thoughts and converse sweet.

Átr. (Takes the present.)

Kindness of heart and gentleness of speech,
 Modest demeanour, innocence of thought,

* An interval of twelve years has elapsed since the first Act.

† The wife of the sage *Átri*, more usually termed *Anastýá*, the daughter of *Kardama Rishi*.‡ She comes with an *arghya*, a present indicative of respect to a superior. It matters not of what it consists ; and in this case is appropriately of flowers.

§ The conversation of mythological personages is so little attractive in general, that I have attempted to give it relief in this drama by a lighter measure, at the expense sometimes, perhaps, of close fidelity.

Un sullied nature, and devout associates,—
 These are the charms and mystic powers of virtue,
 And, with sincerity united, hallow
 The grossness of existence. [Sits.

Vás. Tell me, venerable dame,
 Who thou art, and what thy name?

Átr. Behold in me the wife of *Átri*.*

Vás. Tell me, partner of the seer,
 What thy holy purpose here?

Átr. Amidst these forests dwells the great *Agastya*,†
 And many other holy teachers here
 With him reside : from them I come to learn
 The holy *Vedas*, having lately left
 The lessons of *Válmiki*.‡

Vás. Yet wise, *Prachetas*§ son, his mind
 The deepest, darkest, truths can find,
 And on him other sages wait,
 Familiar with the laws of fate,
 The books of *Brahm* were there made clear—
 Why then this weary journey here?

Átr. I'll tell thee, spirit : in *Válmiki*'s bower

* One of the will-born sons of *Brahmá*, and progenitor of the moon.

† *Agastya* was the son of *Mitra* and *Varuṇa* conjointly, and born in a water-jar along with *Vasishtha*. Having commanded the *Vindhya* mountain to lie prostrate till his return, he repaired to the South of India, to *Kolapur*, where he continued to reside, and appears to have been mainly instrumental in introducing the Hindu religion into the Peninsula.

‡ The author of the *Rámáyana*, settled at *Chitrakúta* at the time of *Ráma*'s exile, but at this time at *Bithur*.

§ *Válmiki* was the son of *Varuṇa*, the regent of the water, one of whose names is *Prachetas*. According to the *Adhyátma-Rámáyana*, the sage, although a *Bráhmaṇ* by birth, associated in his youth with foresters and robbers. Attacking on one occasion the seven *Rishis*, they expostulated with him successfully, and taught him the *mantra* of *Ráma* reversed, or *Mára, Mára*, in the inaudible repetition of which he remained immovable for thousands of years, so that when the sages returned to the same spot, they found him still there, converted into a *válmika*, or ant-hill, by the nests of the termites, whence his name of *Válmiki*.

The sage Válmíki in his noontide walk,
 Along the *Tamasá*,* beheld a fowler
 Strike to the ground one of a gentle pair
 Of birds, that murmured love upon the bank.
 Filled with affliction at the piteous sight,
 The sage gave utterance to his wrath, and prompted
 By the inspiring goddess,† thus proclaimed
 His thoughts in unpremeditated verse :
 “ Hope not, barbarian, length of days to know,
 Whose hand could deal so merciless a blow,
 One of a harmless pair could thus destroy,
 Consigned to death amidst the thoughts of joy.”‡

Vds. 'Twas genius spoke, and first on earth
 A heaven-descended art had birth.

Atr. The verse was scarcely uttered, when lo ! *Brahmá*
 Appeared before the sage, and thus addressed him :
 “ Thy spirit is awakened—now thou feelest
 The present god, whose soul is eloquence.
 Complete thy task—declare thy lofty strain,
 The deeds of Ráma to the listening world.
 This day, the new-born ray of heavenly knowledge
 Breaks on thy sight, first poet amongst men.”
 This said, he disappeared. The sage obeyed,
 And, first of mortals, sang, in measured strains,
 The inspiration of the god who rules
 O'er eloquence, the glorious deeds of Ráma.

Vds. To all the world the sacred tongue
 Of gods and *Veds* shall hence belong.§

Atr. 'Tis true ; and thus on our retired studies

* A small river near *Chitrakote*, commonly called the *Tonse*.

† *Saraswatí* or *Váñí*, the goddess of speech and eloquence.

‡ The original here inserts the stanza of the *Rámáyana* (I. 2, 18), which is there also stated to be the first *śloka*, or stanza, ever composed.

§ The literal expression is, *hanta, pañditañ sañsárañ*—Alas ! the world is learned.

Profane intrusion may be apprehended.

Enough ! I now have rested. Friendly spirit,
Show me the way to great *Agastya's* dwelling.

Vás. The road through *Panchavatí* leads ;

And here across the stream proceeds.

Átr. The clear *Goddavari*—yonder extends

Prasravaña, whose high tops touch the clouds ;

This is the sacred forest, *Janasthāna*,

And thou, if I mistake not, art *Vásantí*.

Vás. You speak my name.

Átr. These scenes suggest most painful recollections.

My poor child *Jánakí*, 'twas here thy fate

Once placed thee, and I think I see thee still,

Although, alas ! thy name is all that's left

Of one who was so dear to me.

Vás. How, say you ! Does aught ill attend

The fortunes of my dearest friend ?

Átr. Not evil fortune only—evil fame. [*Whispers.*]

Vás. Alas, alas ! relentless fate,

Is there no limit to thy hate ? [*Faints.*]

Átr. Revive, my child ; be comforted.

Vás. Such, gentle *Sitá*, beauteous queen,

Thy destiny hath ever been.

Ah, *Ráma* ! but I will not chide—

Declare, *Átreya*, what beside

Befell my hopeless friend, conveyed

By *Lakshmaña* to forest shade ?

Átr. It is not known.

Vás. But where, oh ! where

Was then *Vasishtha's* guardian care ?

Where was *Arundhatí* divine,

And all the chiefs of *Raghu's* line ?

The ancient queens ? were all content

To mark, unmoved, such sad event ?

Átr. The elders of the race had all repaired

To *Rishyaśringa's* hermitage—but late,

The twelve years' rite is finally effected.
 They quit the hermit ; but Arundhatí
 Returns not to Ayodhyá whilst deprived
 Of Sítá, and with her the queens agree.
 'Twas, therefore, by *Vasishtha* counselled, they
 Should for a while be tenants of those groves,
 Where wise *Válmíki* and his pupils dwell.

Vás. And what doth *Ráma*?

Átr. He prepares
 An *Aśwamedh* *——

Vás. What female shares
 The solemn rite ? I fear him wed
 To some new queen.

Átr. 'Tis idly said ;—
 A golden image of his cherished *Sítá*
 The sacrifice partakes.

Vás. 'Tis well
 He holds his faith ; yet who can tell
 Men's hearts ? the purest comprehend
 Such contradictions, and can blend
 The force to bear, the power to feel,
 The tender bud and tempered steel.

Átr. Already the pure steed, o'er whom the charms
 By *Vámadeva* spoken are pronounced,
 Is loosed to roam at will : his guards attend
 According to the ritual. By the son
 Of *Lakshmaña*, the noble *Chandraketu*,
 Arrayed in mail, and with bright weapons armed,
 From heavenly arsenals, the bands are led—
 Scarce went they forth, when lo ! a *Bráhma*n brought
 His son's dead body to the palace gate,
 And called for succour to the *Bráhma*n tribe.
 Reflecting, when unseasonable death
 Afflicts his people, that the monarch's faults

* The solemn sacrifice of a horse.

Must be the cause, full sorely Ráma grieved ;
 When to console him came a voice from heaven
 Commanding him go forth and seek Sám-búka :
 One of an outcast origin, engaged
 In pious penance : he must fall by Ráma,
 And then the Bráhma'n's son will live again.
 This heard, the king assumed his arms, ascended
 His car celestial, and he traverses
 Even now the realms in quest of this ascetic.

Vás. Speed, Ráma, speed ! the foe inhales
 In these deep shades the healthful gales,
 His only sustenance : but now,
 Thy coming terminates his vow ;
 And thy blest steps shall spread around
 New glories on this sainted ground !

Atr. Come, friendly spirit, haste we hence ?

Vás. I lead. The sun, with glow intense,
 Shoots through the sky, and drives to shade
 The silent songsters of the glade.
 Alone, amidst the loftiest boughs,
 The dove repeats her tender vows ;
 Or wild fowl cry, as pleased they mark,
 Their insect prey amid the bark.
 By tangling branches overhead
 A cooling gloom beneath is spread,
 Where rests the elephant, reclining
 Against the ancient trunk, or twining
 His tusk around the branchy bower ;
 He scatters round a leafy shower
 Of flowery buds, that falling seem
 An offering to the sacred stream,
 Whose crystal waters placid flow
 Along the verdant shore below.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter RÁMA in his car, with his sword drawn.
 Hand, thou hast done thy duty, and let fall

Sam. This is the scene of thy triumphant prowess,
Where countless demons fell beneath thy sword,*
Hence *Janasthána's* timid denizens
Pass their calm days in undisturbed devotion.

Ráma. Lies *Janasthána* here?

Sam. Towards the south,
It skirts these thickets, through whose spacious bounds
Wander at will the monsters of the wild.
Fierce o'er the mountain stalks the ravenous tiger,
Or lurks in gloomy caves; through the thick grass
Curls the vast serpent, on whose painted back
The cricket chirps, and with the drops that dew
The scales allays his thirst. Silence profound
Enwraps the forest, save where babbling springs
Gush from the rock, or where the echoing hills
Give back the tiger's roar, or where the boughs
Burst into crackling flame, and wide extends
The blaze the dragon's fiery breath has kindled.

Ráma. I recognise the scene, and all the past
Rises to recollection. These drear shades
Appalled not *Sítá*, well content to brave
The forest gloom with *Ráma* at her side.
Such was her wondrous love, that cheerfully
She trod the wild. What wealth need man desire,
Who in the fond companion of his life,
Has one that shares his sorrows, and disperses
All anxious care with exquisite delight?

Sam. Dismiss such melancholy thoughts. Observe
The peafowl's glorious plumage, as he lights
Beneath yon copse—behold, through tufted grass,
Where come the trooping deer, bounding to covert,
Nor fear the gaze of man; there cooling fall
The sparkling torrents; as they flash beneath
The overhanging willows, or the boughs

* Or in the text 14,000 *Rákshasas*, besides the three principal, *Khara*, *Dúshaná*, and *Trisíras*.

Laden with fruit declining to the stream,
 And vocal with innumerable choristers.
 The she-bear growls along the flowery brink,
 And from the incense-bearing tree, the elephant
 Snaps the light branch, and all its gum exudes,
 And breathes rich perfume through the balmy air.
 I quit thee, lord, to visit, with thy leave,
 Ere I ascend to heaven, *Agastya's* cell.

Ráma. Be thy path propitious !

[*Exit SÁMBÚKA.*

'Twas here that long and happily I dwelt,
 Ere other duties, and the cares of empire
 Disturbed my tranquil joys. But such our lot—
 Each various station has its proper claim.
 The hermit's calm suits not the rank of king,
 Nor kingly state the peaceful hermitage.
 Scenes of repose, with lavish nature graced,
 Haunts undisturbed of timid birds and deer,
 Streams decorated with th' untrodden fringe
 Of flowery blossoms and luxuriant creepers,
 I know ye well. Yon distant wavy ridge,
 Like a faint line of low-descending clouds,
 Defines *Prasravana*, whose lofty crest
 Was once the vulture king, *Jatáyú's*, seat ;
 And from whose sides precipitously falls
 The broad *Godávarí*. At the hill foot,
 And on the margin of the stately wood,
 Among dark trees, upon whose branches, bowed
 Into the shining stream beneath, the birds
 Sang sweet and oft, our leafy cottage stood.
 And here is *Panchavati*, long the witness
 Of our contented stay, and the abode
 Of *Sítá's* dearest friend, the fair *Vásantí*,
 The kindly genius of these ancient shades.
 Alas, how changed my fortune ! Sad I pine
 In lonely widowhood—affliction sheds

A deadly venom through my veins—despair,
 Like a barbed arrow shot into my heart,
 There sticks, and rankles in its cureless wound.
 Let me beguile the hour, and try to lose
 The memory of my sufferings, as I gaze
 Once more on these dear scenes. Yet even they
 Are not unchanged : where once the river flowed
 A verdant bank extends ; and where the trees,
 Close wove, denied admittance to the day,
 An open champaign bares its breast to heaven.
 Scarce could I deem the spot the same ; but still
 The mighty landmarks tower aloft, and round
 The same tall mountains mingle with the skies.
 How may I dare to look upon these woods
 Alone, without my love, with whom my days
 Were once within their confines pass'd in peace
 And happy converse in our humble dwelling !
 Let me not think of this.

Śam. (*Returning.*) All hail to Ráma !

The seer *Agastya*, when he heard from me
 Your presence in these wilds, thus speaks his wishes.
 The tender *Lopámudrá** and the saints
 Who share our hermitage, will think it happiness
 If, from thy heavenly car alighting, thou
 Wilt for short season visit us. Then come,
 Ere thou resume thy journey to Ayodhyá.

Ráma. Be it done.

* *Agastya* having seen his ancestors suspended by their heels in a pit, was told by them that they could only be extricated from their position by his begetting a son. In order to obtain a wife for this purpose, he made a girl of the most graceful parts of the animals of the forest, and gave her, without his privacy, to the king of *Vidarbha*, to be his daughter. She was named *Lopámudrá* from the distinctive beauties (*mudra*) of animals, as the eyes of deer, &c., being subjected to loss (*lopa*) in her superior charms. When marriageable, *Agastya* demanded her of her father, and, although sorely against his will, the king was obliged to consent to her becoming the wife of the sage. (*Mahábhárata*, *Vana-Parvan.*)

ACT III.

THE DAÑÐAKA FOREST CONTINUES.

Enter TAMASA' and MURALÁ, two river goddesses.

Tam. How now, sister, whither bent?

Mur. By the holy matron sent,

Lopámmudrá, charge of care

To *Godávarí* I bear.

Thus the matron bids me say :—

Ráma still through many a day,

Though exterior calmness screen

His sorrow, deeply mourns his queen ;

And his declining form declares

The anguish that his bosom tears ;

For soonest shall the soft heart perish

That loves a secret grief to cherish,

As gourds with coat of clay encased

Earliest into ripeness haste.

Brooding o'er his bosom's woes,

Ráma now desponding goes

Through the forest confines, where

Every object wakes despair.

Fond, he lingers on each spot,

Speaking of a happier lot,

When delightedly he strayed

With his *Sítá* through the shade.

Happiness for ever flown,

Now he weeps, and weeps alone ;

And such sad despairing mood,

Nursed by gloom and solitude,

May to fierce distraction grow,

And the firmest mind o'erthrow.

In *Janasthána's* drear domain
 By *Rámabhadra's* falchion slain ;
 And *Gangá* from *Sarayú* hears
 The news, and *Lopámudrá's* fears
 For *Ráma* ; and she hither speeds,
 Pretending some domestic rite
 That *Sítá* must fulfil, and leads
 The princess to her husband's sight.

Mur. 'Twas wisely thought. Amidst affairs
 Of empire, *Ráma's* private cares
 Are scattered—but whilst thus he wends,
 And grief alone his steps attends,
 He feels his loss : but what device
 To *Ráma* shall his queen entice ?

Tam. 'Tis thus contrived : The queen of floods
 Sends *Sítá* to these ancient woods
 To gather flowers, and with them pay
 Devotion to the god of day,
 From whose bright loins the glorious race
 Of *Raghu* their high lineage trace.
 And homage, therefore, should be done
 This day, to their great sire, the sun,
 For that the lucky knot* has told
 Twelve years their rapid course have rolled
 Since, from the daughter of the earth,
Kuśa and *Lava* drew their birth.
 Go forth, exclaimed the queen, my child,
 Nor fear to tread the lonely wild :
 For by my power a veiling cloud
 Thy presence in these groves shall shroud
 From spirits who o'er the wood preside,
 And more from mortal eyes shall hide.

* The *Mangala-granthi*, literally rendered in the text. The expression alludes to the practice still in use amongst the Hindus, of making a knot every year of a person's life in the string or thread which is wound round the paper scroll on which the calculations of his nativity are inscribed.

By her command, too, I attend,
Her tender pupil to defend
From aught of harm, and hence am found
To-day upon this holy ground.

Mur. To *Lopámudrá* I depart,
The blissful tidings to impart.
But who comes here?

Tam. 'Tis *Sítá* : mark,
How lovely, through her tresses dark
And floating loose, her face appears,
Though pale and wan, and wet with tears.
She moves along like Tenderness
Invested with a mortal dress ;
Or, like embodied Grief, she shines,
That sad o'er love in absence pines.

Mur. Bowed down by sorrow, see, she droops,
Like the soft lotus as it stoops
Its head, when some rude hand has broken
The slender stem. Those sighs betoken
A labouring heart, and withering care
With wasteful hand is busy there ;
For every limb more fragile shows,—
So, when the sun of autumn glows,
The tender leaflet languid lies,
Shrinks in the scorching blaze, and dies.

[*Exit MURALÁ.*

Enter SÍTÁ (as described) with flowers.

Sítá. 'Tis very strange ! Methought I heard the voice
Of my dear friend *Vásantí* once again.

(*Voices in the wood.*) The elephant is *Sítá's*, whom the queen
With her own tender hands is wont to feed :
And now he perishes—as to the stream
He with his mate repairs, a monstrous elephant,
Wild from the woods, approaches to assail him.

Sítá. Ah, my dear lord !—haste, haste thee to preserve
My favourite, my child, from death—the view

Of these familiar scenes suggests to me
 Phrases alike familiar once—but now—
 Ah me !—my husband—

[*Faints.*

Re-enter TAMASÁ.

Tam. Revive, my child.

[*Recovering her.*

Ráma. (*Without.*) Here, guider of the car—here stay our
 course.

Sítá. What voice was that ? oh, it comes o'er my soul,
 Like the low muttering of the thundercloud,
 That promises refreshing dews to earth,
 And calls me back to life !

Tam. What means this rapture ?

Why such delight from inarticulate sounds,
 Like the fond peahen at the muttered thunder ?

Sítá. Sounds inarticulate, saidst thou ?

To my enraptured ear it seemed
 My dear lost lord had uttered the blest sounds.

Tam. It may be : for 'tis noised amongst mankind,
 The subjugation of the ascetic *Sádra*
 Conducts the hero to this ancient forest.

Sítá. Thus pays he faithfully the lofty dues

Exacted by his station.—But he comes—

Do I again behold him ?—Yes, 'tis he !

His gait declares him ; but how pale and thin,
 Like the fast waning moon in morning skies !

Oh, support me ! [*Throws herself into the arms of Tamásá.*

Ráma. (*Rushing in.*)* Goddess adored !

Celestial daughter of *Vidcha's* kings ! [*Falls fainting.*

Sítá. Ah me, ill-fated ! See, his lotus eyes

Close at the sight of me ! His deep distress

O'ermasters every sense ! Oh save him ! save him !

[*To Tamásá.*

* In the original, *Ráma* is supposed to fall behind the scenes, and *Sítá* goes out to him, when they are again discovered, or, in the language of the text, Enter *Ráma* fainted. Several speeches also, ruinous of the otherwise good stage effect, are omitted.

Tam. Dismiss your terrors—you can best restore him :
That gentle hand can bring him back to life.

Sítá. Say'st thou—

*(Kneels, takes one of Ráma's hands in one of hers, and
applies the other to his forehead.)*

'Tis so—his spirits are recovering.

Ráma. What should this mean ? the heavenly balm that wakes
The dead to life is poured into my heart ;
Or from the moon ambrosial dew descend,
Drop on my soul, and rouse me to existence.
Such is the power that well-known touch possesses
To change insensibility to life,
And cheer the chill of dark despair with hope.

Sítá. (Withdrawing.) Oh ! this is too much for me.

Ráma. Why ! was it not

My Sítá that restored me ?

Sítá. Ah, my lord now seeks me.

Ráma. I will search.

Sítá. (To Tamasá.) I must not meet

His gaze uncalled. My lord will be displeased
That I approach him thus unbid.

Tam. Fear not ;

By *Bhagavat's* powerful will enshrined,
You walk, unseen, e'en by the sylvan deities.

Ráma. Sítá ! loved Sítá !—No, she is not here.

Where art thou flown—or was it but a dream ?
Oft has my fancy anxiously explored
My Jának's retreat, and now, illusively,
It finds her in these shades.*

(Behind.) Help ! help !

Or Sítá's elephant will be destroyed.

Ráma. My Sítá's favourite ! Who dares molest

The animal she loved ? *[Rises, and is going.]*

* A few speeches that follow are here omitted ; and several subsequent passages have been also left out, as injurious to the interest of the scene.

With trunk as flexile as the lotus fibres,
 Their fragrant pendants, now in earliest youth
 Defies the mighty monarch of the woods.
 Nor less his tenderness than prowess. Mark
 The arts he practises to gain the favour
 Of his loved mate, as he imbibes the wave
 Perfumed with lotus buds, and with his trunk
 Sprinkles the fragrant dew upon her form,
 Or rears the broad leaf of the lotus high
 Above her head, to screen her from the sun.

Sítá. Well pleased, my Tamasa, I view this child
 Of my affections ; but, alas ! the sight
 Recalls the memory of far dearer sons.
 How fare my boys ?

Tam. In him you may behold them—

Such strength and courage as are his, are theirs.

Sítá. Ah me, unhappy ! not alone condemned
 To separation from my lord, but doomed
 To live divided from my children !

Tam. Fate has so willed it.

Sítá. How have I deserved

A doom so harsh—what sins have I committed,
 That the sweet faces of my lovely boys,
 Shaded with curling locks and bright with smiles,
 Where the red lips the budding teeth display,
 Should never know the kisses of a father ?

Tam. If fate be gracious, they may know them yet.

Sítá. As they recur to memory, my bosom
 Swells with a mother's passion, and their sire
 Full in my gaze, I seem once more to live
 Blest amongst mortals.

Tam. Truly it is said,

The love that children waken is the bond
 That binds their parents strongest to their faith ;
 And even when the wedded pair are held
 By fond affection, still there needs this tie

To make their happiness complete and lasting.*

Vás. Be seated, prince. Here in this plantain grove
Behold the marble which in happier days
Supported thee and Sítá. Here she sat,
And from her hands gave fodder to the deer
That boldly crowded round their gentle mistress.

Ráma. I cannot bear to look upon it. [Weeps.

Vás. (Aside.) Oh, that my lovely friend could now behold
The altered state of her once beauteous lord,
His manly form, whose graces, ever new,
Were once the grateful objects of her sight,
Now shrunk and withered, and by ceaseless grief
Now pale and haggard his once blooming cheeks.

(Aloud.) Put forth your brightest fruits and flowers, ye trees
Ye breezes, breathe the perfume of the lotus;
And ye soft choristers, pour all your voices
In sweet continuous song, for Ráma comes ;
Once more he visits his erst-loved domains.

Ráma. Here let us rest awhile.

Vás. Permit me ask,

How fares the prince, brave Lakshmaña?

Ráma. (Not hearing her, apart.)

'Twas in these scenes

The gentle *Maithilí* delighted fed

The innocent animals confiding round her.

Where'er I turn, sad recollections rise,

And my hard heart resolves itself in dew.

Vás. The *Mahárája* does not speak of Lakshmaña.

Ráma. (Apart.) Her cold respectful manner, and her voice
With starting tears, broken and indistinct,
I comprehend; she knows the tale: *(To her.)* The prince
Is well. [Weeps.

* A few speeches of the dialogue are here, and in some following passages, omitted, merely to compress a scene which, being devoid of action, is extended to a disproportionate length in the original, especially as the speeches of Sítá and Tamasá sometimes suspend the conversation of Ráma and Vásantí through an inconvenient interval.

Vás. Then why these tears?

Sítá. Vasantí, this is cruel:

My lord demands respect from all, and most
From those who love me.

Vás. How hadst thou the heart

To drive that gentle being from thee? Once
She was thy love, thy other, dearer life,
Light of thine eyes, and nectar of thy soul—
How can such deed be credited of Ráma?

Ráma. The world compelled it.

Vás. Why?

Ráma. It knew no cause.

Vás. Obdurate man, to heed the world's reports

Alone, nor reck the scorn that waits the cruel!
Hast thou forgotten what disastrous fate
Befell the fawn-eyed Sítá, when she dwelt
Before in lonely woods? What then occurred
May make thee tremble for what since has chanced.

Ráma. What horrible suggestions! Yes, I see

My Sítá once again the spoil of fiends.
In vain her slender form and lovely looks
Demand compassion; vainly do those eyes
Roll wild with terror, fearful as the glance
Unsteady of the yearling fawn, and vain
The tender burden that she graceful bears,
To move the savages to pity. Where,
O where, abandoned Sítá, art thou now?

Sítá. Alas! he weeps aloud.

Tam. 'Tis better thus

To give our sorrows way. Sufferers should speak
Their griefs. The bursting heart that overflows
In words obtains relief; the swelling lake
Is not imperilled, when its rising waters
Find ready passage through their wonted channel.*

* *Lit.* "By those who are in sorrow their sorrows should be uttered, as the heart in the agitation of grief is upheld by words." The sen-

As round me rise so many sad memorials
 To call my Sítá once again to view.
 In vain I struggle with my inward passion,
 And check the growing sorrows that distract me.
 The anguish of my mind will force expression
 More vehement, because so long repressed.
 The rushing river, for a while impeded,
 First saps the barrier, and at length its current
 Impetuous sweeps the opposing sands away.

Vás. (*Aside.*) He is much moved ; I will divert his thoughts
 To other objects. Look around you, prince,
 And mark the scenes that *Janasthána* offers.
 Behold the spot, where in yon shady bower
 Of twining creepers wove, you often sate,
 To watch, impatient, Sítá's homeward course
 From the *Godávarí's* pure stream ; and she,
 Who coming marked remote your fond anxiety,
 As fearful of rebuke for long delay,
 Bowed sportively her head, and with closed palms,
 Touched her fair front to deprecate your anger.

Sítá. Cruel *Vásantí* ! this is unmerciful,
 Thus with heart-piercing shafts, incessantly
 To wound the bosom of my lord and mine.

Ráma. Relentless *Jánakí*, where'er I gaze
 I view thy charms—in vain, for thou art pitiless.
 My heart is bursting—all my vigour flies me.
 The world is a wide desert ; I am burnt
 With inward fires—deep, deep, in thickest gloom
 My soul is plunged, and all is night around me.

[*Faints.*]

Sítá. Alas ! his senses fail him ; as his thoughts
 Revert to me, unhappy, his existence,
 The hope of all, is thus again endangered.

Tam. Fear not, your hand revives him.

[*Sítá acts as before.*]

Vás. He recovers.

Ráma. Once more, ambrosia,
 Spread o'er each limb by that celestial hand,
 Restores my parting spirit, and converts
 My sorrows to ineffable delight.
 Joy, joy, Vāsantí, thou wilt share my joy !

Vás. Whence is this transport ?

Ráma. Sítá, she is found !

Vás. Where ?

Ráma. Here—before us—dost thou not see her ?

Vás. Why mock my sorrows ? why thus rend a heart
 Already broken by my Sítá's loss ?

Ráma. I mock thee not ; I could not be deceived.
 Too well I know the touch of that dear hand,
 The marriage rite first placed in mine ; even now,
 Cool as the snow-drift to my fevered palm,
 And soft as jasmine buds I grasp it—here—

[*By a sudden effort he catches hold of Sítá's hand.*]

Sítá. Alas ! I yield.

[*Struggling.*]

Ráma. Vāsantí, it is real !

This rapture is too much ; it quite unmans me ;
 'Tis no delusion ; touch, and be convinced.

Vás. Alas ! he raves.

[*Sítá gets away.*]

Ráma. 'Tis gone again ! I feared it.

From my cold touch the cool palm shrinks ; my grasp,
 Trembling, ill held the tremulous prisoner,
 And it has slipped away. What ! no where ! Speak,
 Pitiless *Vaidehí* !

Sítá. I am rightly called,

To mark this agony and live.

Ráma. Oh, where—

Where art thou, dearest ? Hear my call ! appear !
 Be not unmerciful ! oh, fly me not !

'Tis strange ; it must be phantasy, or else
 Vāsantí would have seen her. Do I dream ?
 Does Ráma sleep ? or doth the mighty power
 That framed the universe, and oft delights

Sítá. I follow you.

Tam. But with averted eye,

Casting its languid looks, not to the path
The feet should tread ; the painful effort strives,
In vain, to overcome the strong attraction.

Sítá. I bow me to the feet of my dear lord,

The source of every blessing. *[Fainting.]*

Tam. Be of courage.

Sítá. Alas ! how short an instant to behold

The bright moon gleaming through contending clouds.

Tam. How manifold the forms affection takes,

And yet is one unchanged ! as water, seen
In bubbles, eddies, billows, is the same
Unaltered element.

Ráma. *(In his car, to the Charioteer.)*

This way direct my rapid car.

All. *(Addressing mutually each other.)*

May holy mother Earth,
The empress of the floods, with all the spirits
Of forests and of streams, the bard inspired,
The sage *Vasishtha*, and his pious dame,
Protect your path, and guide you unto happiness !

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

THE HERMITAGE OF VÁLMIKI.

Enter SAUDHÁTAKI and BHÁNDÁYANA, two Ascetic disciples.

Bhák. Behold, Saudhátaki, our humble dwelling !

Válmíki's holy hermitage assumes
The face of preparation ; he expects
Unwonted guests to-day ; the wild deer feed
Upon unusual fragments, and the air
Is filled with savoury odours.*

Sau. There must be
Some wondrous cause, to make our grey-beards lay
Their lectures by to-day.

Bhák. There is a cause,
And that of no mean import.

Sau. Tell me, I pray you,
What venerable ox may we expect
To visit us ?

Bhák. For shame ! refrain from jests :
The great *Vasishtha* hither brings the queens
Of *Daśaratha*, with *Arundhatí*,
From *Īshyaśringa* to our master's dwelling.

Sau. *Vasishtha* is it ?

Bhák. The same.

Sau. I crave his pardon. I had thought, at least,
It was a wolf or tiger we should look for.

Bhák. How so ?

* The text deals more in particulars. The deer is said to drink the scum of the water in which the ordinary sort of rice, as well as wild rice, has been boiled, and the air is charged with the smell of ghee, boiled rice, and vegetables, mixed with the fruit of the *jujube*, in the course of culinary preparation.

Sau. Why else was there provided
 The fatted calf for his regale?
Bháṣ. Why, know you not,
 The *Vedas*,* which enshrine our holy law,
 Direct the householder shall offer those
 Who in the law are skilled, the honied meal,
 And with it flesh of ox, or calf, or goat,
 And the like treatment shall the householder
 Receive from *Bráhmans* learned in the *Vedas* †

* He quotes the text *Samásthao madhuparkah*, a rather extraordinary liberty in such a place.

† Some texts of *Manu* would seem to authorise the eating of animal food at all seasons, observing merely the preliminary ceremony of offering a portion of it to the gods or manes, like the heroes of Homer, with whom a sacrifice is only the prelude to a feast. Thus,

"Having bought flesh himself, or obtained it by aid of another, he who eats it, after worshipping the gods or manes, commits no sin."—(*Manu*, v. 32.)

"He who eats animals which may be eaten, is not defiled by the daily practice of the act: for animals which may be eaten and those who eat them were alike created by *Brahmá*" (v. 30). He admits, also, that animal food has been used by ancient sages, even as nourishment, without regard to sacrificial consecration. "Deer and birds were killed by *Bráhmaṇas* for sacrifice; also for the nutriment of dependants, as was formerly done by *Agastya*" (v. 22). However, *Manu* prohibits the expenditure of life for the gratification of the appetite, and restricts the use of animal food to the *Madhuparka* sacrifice and offerings to the manes and to the gods. "*Manu* has declared that animals may be killed in offerings to the gods in sacrifice and the *Madhuparka*, but not on any other occasion" (v. 41). The *Madhuparka* here implies the respectful reception of a guest, which included the presentation of a mixture of curds and honey (*madhu*, honey, and *parka*, aspersion). This is the ceremony alluded to in the text; and, agreeably to the law of *Manu*, meat was added to the offerings, conformably to the text: "Let him offer to a *Bráhmaṇa*, versed in the *Vedas*, a large ox or goat."—(*Miták*, p. 48.) Mr Colbrooke observes, that "It seems to have been anciently the custom to slay a cow on this occasion, and the guest was therefore called a *goghna* or cow-killer."—(*As. Res.* vii. 289.) Flesh was also distributed on public occasions, when *Bráhmaṇas* were assembled. Thus, *Yudhishthira*, on taking possession of the splendid hall of audience constructed for him by *Maya Dánava*, fed many thousand *Bráhmaṇas* with all sorts of viands, including the flesh of bears and deer. The great repugnance to animal diet that now exists amongst the Hindus in some provinces must have been of comparatively

See from the dwelling of Válmiki comes
 The royal sage, and rests beneath the tree
 That shades the cell. A deep and ceaseless sorrow
 Preys on his heart, like a destroying fire,
 That, lighted in the trunk of some tall tree,
 Consumes unseen its sap. Let us withdraw.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter JANAKA.

My anguish, like a sharp-toothed saw, corrodes
 Incessantly my heart. Whene'er I think
 Upon my child, my sorrows freshly flow,
 Like the continuous current of a river.
 How hard it is, that neither age nor grief,
 Nor penances austere, release my spirit
 From this consuming frame—nor dare I loose
 The vital spark myself, for deepest hell,
 Where the sun never shines, awaits the wretch
 Who lifts his hands against his own existence.
 By recollection every hour renewed,
 In spite of fleeting years, my griefs survive.
 Daughter of sacrifice, alas! my Sítá,
 That such should be the sad vicissitude
 Thou shouldst have suffered, that it shames thy sire
 To weep thy destiny as he could wish.
 My child, my child! to memory still recur
 Thy infant charms, thy lotus countenance,
 Chequer'd with smiles and tears, where starting teeth
 Like young buds shone, and thy sweet childish prattle
 Tripping in utterance. Earth, mighty goddess,
 Whose glory fire, and holy sages witness,
 And *Gangá*, and the god of *Raghu's* race,
 The sun, why cruel hast thou sought the death
 Of thine own daughter? She to whom thou gavest,
 As eloquence to wisdom, birth, and ever
 Wast worshipped by her as her guardian deity.

The sacred knowledge of the *Vedas* gave.

Kau. I see in him a royal sage, the friend
Of an illustrious sovereign, and the sire
Of her I called my daughter. Ah ! I dream
Of other days and joys, that destiny
Has now, alas, unsparingly destroyed.

Jan. All hail ! Arundhatí, to whom the earth
At twilight bends its waving head in homage :
Whom the three worlds revere, and who enjoyest
The love of him, of sages first and best,
Who lives the source exhaustless of pure light.

Arun. May light supreme illumine thee—may the sun
That shines eternal hallow thee ! *

Jan. My friend,
How fares the noble mother of the king ?

Kau. Alas ! [Faints.

Jan. What's this ?

Arun. Your sight too well recalls
Her lord, her children, and the long past days
Of happiness, now gone—the fond remembrance
O'ercomes her strength—the matron's heart is still
As soft and delicate as the tender flower.

Jan. Alas ! that I should be the cause of suffering
To one I have not seen so long, the wife
Of my still cherished friend—united with me
In closest bonds—dear as my heart, my peace,
Dear as my person, or my life itself,
The present fruit and object of my being,
Or whatsoever else were dearest to me.

* The salutation and reply are both very curious. The first is a little unintelligible, but both are precisely in the spirit of the *Gâyatri*, or sacred verse of the *Vedas*, and indicate a system very different from the common Hindu polytheism. The text of Janaka's speech is corrupt, but *Arundhati's* reply is, *param jyotis te prakásatám, ayañ tvañ punstu devaḥ paro ríja ya esha tapati* :—May supreme light enlighten thee, may this divine light who glows, purify thee.

Who is the light divine made manifest,
Must come to pass—the blessing which invoked
Propitious *Lakshmi* to the nuptial rite,
Was not unmeaning, nor pronounced in vain.

[*A noise behind.*

Jan. The boys amidst their sports.

Kau. Little suffices to the joys of youth. (*Looks out.*)
But who is yonder—strong, and light, and active ?
He bears the noble port of *Rámabhadrá* :
Who should this be, that he so charms my sight ?

Arun. (*Apart.*) This must be one that *Bhágirathá* named
'To me in secrecy ; which should it be,
Kuśa or *Lava* ?—we will ascertain.

Jan. In sooth, he bears a strong similitude :
His parted locks, dark as the lotus leaf,
Denote the warrior tribe, and 'mongst his fellows
He shows a proud pre-eminence. It seems
That *Ráma* once more has become a boy—
Who is this youth that thus delights our sight ?

Arun. Some *Kshattriya* lad, who here awhile pursues
His sacred studies.

Jan. You have rightly judged
His birth : for see, on either shoulder hangs
The martial quiver, and the feathery shafts
Blend with his curling locks : below his breast,
Slight tintured with the sacrificial ashes,
The deer-skin wraps his body : with the zone
Of *Murvá* bound, the madder-tinted garb
Descending vests his limbs ; the sacred rosary
Begirts his wrist, and in one hand he bears
The *pípal* staff, the other grasps the bow.*
Arundhatí, whence comes he ?

* These insignia of the military student are according to *Manu*, with the addition of the ashes of the fuel used in sacrifice, and the bracelet or rosary of the seeds of the *elœocarpus*, which are not indispensable accompani-

Arun. You forget ;

I came here but to-day.

Jan. (*To the attendant.*) My worthy friend,

Go to Válmíki, and of him inquire

Who is this boy : and tell the boy himself,

Some aged persons wish to talk with him.

Atten. As you command.

[*Exit.*

Kau. What think you ?—will he come ?

Arun. What busy fancies has his sight suggested ?

Dismiss them ; they are idle.

Kau. He hears our messenger respectfully ;

Dismisses him, and hither comes the youth.

Jan. The natural graces of expanding youth,

Though lost to fools, familiar to the wise,

Shed not the virtue that in him resides.

As he advances, he attracts my mind,

Firm though it be, as sways the slender rod

Of magnet force the ponderous mass of iron.

Enter LAVA.

Lava. To talk with me ; and yet I know them not.

How am I to address them—ignorant

What claims their birth, or tribe, or name may give them

To my respect ? yet, to the aged, this

At least is due. (*Approaches.*) Conceive the brow of Lava

Is bent to do you reverence.

Arun. and Jan. Long life await you !

Kau. Long be thy days, my child !

Arun. Come hither, child. (*Embraces him ; then apart.*)

This dear embrace, so long delayed,

Fulfils at length my every wish.

Kau. Come hither, youth. (*Embraces him.*)

He is, indeed, most like,

ments, and indicate a bias to the *Saiva* faith. The *pípal* staff is a staff made of the wood of the *pípal* or holy fig-tree. The zone of *murvá* is a girdle fastened over one hip and hanging loosely over the other, made of the fibres of a kind of creeper, *Sansevieria zeylanica*.

Not only in his stature, nor in hue
 As jetty as the sable leaves that float
 Upon the stream, nor in his mellow voice,
 Deep as the wild duck's cry when gathering pleased
 The fibres of the lotus stalk ; but most
 His firm flesh is like Ráma's to the touch,
 Hard as the seed-cup of the water-lily ;
 Then in his countenance—there well I see—
 Dost thou not note it ? (*To Janaka.*) Look attentively—
 The features of my daughter, beauteous Sítá.

Jan. I mark it well.

Kau. My heart misgives me : hast thou a mother, child,
 Or lives thy father in thy recollection ?

Lava. Neither.

Kau. Whose art thou ?

Lava. Wise Válmíki's.

Kau. Say on.

Lava. I know no more.

(*Behind.*) Warriors take heed, 'tis Chandraketu's order,
 That none disturb the holy hermitage.

Arun. The prince is here ; he leads the martial escort
 That guards the consecrated steed ; haply
 We may behold him ; this is fortunate.

Kau. The son of Lakshmaña commands—those sounds
 Descend like drops of nectar in my ears.

Lava. Reverend sir, who is this Chandraketu ?

Tam. Hast thou ever heard, brave youth,
 Of Ráma and of Lakshmaña ?

Lava. The heroes
 Of the *Rámdyāna* ?

Jan. The same.

Lava. How, should I not know it ?

Jan. The son of Lakshmaña is Chandraketu.

Lava. The son of *Ūrmilá* : the grandson thus
 Of *Mithild's* pious king.

Arun. He knows the history.

Jan. Since you are so well skilled in this, dear boy,
Tell us what other offspring had the sons
Of *Daśaratha*?

Lava. So much of the tale
Is not yet taught us.

Jan. Is it not composed?

Lava. It is, but not imparted; save a portion
For *Bharata*, the master of the drama,
To be performed, prepared, and, by the Sage
Himself, transcribed for an especial purpose.

Jan. What purpose?

Lava. To be taught by *Bharata*
To the *Apsarasas*.*

Jan. All this excites our curiosity.

Lava. Our reverend master
Is much engaged in this, and has despatched
His pupils with his work. Along with them,
Their guide and guard, in arms my brother went.

Kau. Hast thou a brother, child?

Lava. I have; his name is *Kuśa*.

Kau. Is he the elder?

Lava. In that his birth had just the start of mine.

Jan. Twin brethren are you then?

Lava. Grave sir, we are.

Jan. Tell us how far the tale of *Ráma* comes.

Lava. To *Lakshmaña's* return, when he had left
The delicate *Sítá* in the pains of travail,
Amidst the lonely woods, deserted thus,
To still the foul aspersions of the people.

Kau. Alas, my lovely child! that such a change,
The cruel work of destiny, should fall
Upon thy tender frame—and thou alone!

Jan. Poor helpless queen!
Disgrace, the forest terrors, and the pains

* The nymphs and actresses of *Indra's* paradise.

Of child-birth, all at once assail thy life ;
 The fiends impure close round their fated prey.
 No refuge in thy fears. I cannot cease
 To recollect thy sufferings.

Lava. Dame, who are these? (*To Arundhatti.*)*

Arun. Janaka and Kauśalyá.

Jan. Shame on the thankless race that wronged thy fame,
 And Ráma's haste to listen to their calumnies.
 The cruel blow that has o'erwhelmed my child
 Arouses all my soul, and tempts my wrath
 To deal with arms, or direr imprecations,
 Destruction on my Sítá's persecutors.

Kau. Preserve us, dame, appease the royal sage.

Arun. Such expiation still must be performed
 By all whom public calumny assails.
 Remember Ráma is thy son : he claims
 Thy love ; the helpless people, too, demand
 A king's compassion.

Jan. I indulge no hate
 To either ; Ráma ever is my son ;
 And for the citizens, I call to mind
 Women and children, men infirm with years,
 And sacred *Bráhmans* form the varied throng.

Enter PUPILS.

Pup. The horse, the horse !—so often in the *Vedas*
 Read of—unseen, comes living in our sight.

Lava. The horse, the horse !—the mighty beast of war—
 The beast of sacrifice. How looks he? tell me.

Pup. With four firm hoofs he spurns the ground : erect
 He bears his arching neck ; behind he lashes
 His flowing tail, and scatters wide the grain.—
 But whilst we chatter here he bounds away.
 Come and behold. [*Lay hold of Lava.*

* The stage direction here is expressed with German precision. *Lava* surveys them with respectful and painful curiosity.

Innumerable and vast, round which the string
Laps like a tongue, impatient to distend
Its mighty stomach with its prey, and roaring
Loud as the clang of thunder-clashing clouds.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

And they no more impede me.

[*Stands in the attitude of meditation.**]

Chan. What is this?

The shouts are stilled.

Lava. Now for a nobler foe.

Sum. This is no common deed : the youth must wield
Celestial weapons.

Chan. It is true ; for see,

In fearful change that equal pains the eye,
Alternate gloom to flashing lightning yields.
How like a painted army stands our host,
As the resistless charm subdues their senses ;
And now along the sky dark vapours float
In masses, ponderous as the peaks of *Vindhya*,
And blackness gathered from the depths of hell ;
Like molten brass, red sullen flames by fits
Glow through the gloom, and loud the breeze awakes,
As 'twere the wind of final dissolution.

Sum. Whence could he gain such power ?

Chan. From whom,

But his great master, wise *Prachetas*' son ?

Sum. Not his the gifts : *Kṛiśáśwa*'s progeny

By him on *Viśvámitra* were bestowed,

And he to *Ráma* gave them.

Chan. Yet, perchance,

Others, who equally the light of truth
Within themselves possess, may of themselves
Obtain possession of the self-same powers.

Sum. Enough ! Be on your guard : he comes.

Chan. and Lava. (Together.) 'Tis strange :

Some hidden cause my heart with rapture fills
At sight of this fair youth. Is it the hope
Of future converse—is it his lofty worth—

* This is a specimen of the use of the heavenly arms of which mention was made in the First Act. The weapon here employed is the *Jámbhaka*, or that which causes drowsiness ; its influence is the result of *dhyána* or mediation.

Lava. What mingled feelings rise as I approach him ?

Dear to the night-flower as the rising moon,
His presence offers rapture to my sight ;
But, as I grasp the heavy-clanging bow,
I feel my ardour for the fight revive,
And all my soul on fire.

Chan. (*Descending from the car, and bowing to Sumantra.*)

Accept, my friend,
The lowly reverence of Chandraketu,
Born of a race that boasts the Sun their sire.

Sum. May your great sire defend the sons he loves

In the dread hour of battle ; may *Varáha*,*
All mighty and eternal, grant you fame,
And victory, and virtue, till you equal
The founder of your house ; † may the great sage,
Your race's guardian, aid you ; may the gods
Of air, and fire, and heaven, and may *Suparna* ‡
And *Vishnu*'s self, infuse into thy heart
Their own celestial daring. Be the clang
Of Ráma's bowstring and of Lakshmaña's
The charm of potency to win thee victory.

Lava. Prince, you well become

The glittering car ; this courtesy exceeds—

Chan. Do you, then, mount

An equal chariot.

Lava. (*To Sumantra.*) Honoured sir, persuade

The prince to keep his seat.

Sum. So you assent

To Chandraketu's wishes.

Lava. That would I do

Most cheerfully ; but we are foresters,
The untaught tenants of the wood, and want
The princely skill to guide the car of battle.

* The incarnation of *Vishnu* as a boar.

† *Kakutstha*, the son of *Bhagiratha* and father of *Raghu*.

‡ *Garuda*, the monarch of the birds.

Sum. It is more strange that you so well are skilled
In dignity and courtesy. Trust me, youth,
Could *Rámabhadra* but behold thee thus,
His heart would melt with tenderness towards thee.

Lava. His fame has reached me, and I honour him ;
And though I have presumptuously disturbed
The royal sacrifice, yet not the less
I feel deep reverence for the pious chief.
His vaunting followers alone provoked me,
To wipe away the infamy they heaped
On all the *Kshattriya* tribe.

Chan. Is it so hard
To own a sire's pre-eminence ?

Lava. Not so :

But knows the prince the duties of a soldier ?

Sum. You do not know the mighty *Rámachandru*.
Then speak not of him ; you may boast, 'tis true,
You mastered feeble hearts like those in fight ;
But when a foe like *Jámadagnya** bends
Beneath your arm, then you may vaunt your prowess.

Lava. A mighty triumph, truly ! Is it not granted
A *Bráhma*n's weapons are his words, and when
He wields a warrior's arms, his inexperience
Bears them inert ? To conquer such a champion—
And such was *Jámadagnya*—is, methinks,
But scanty matter for a hero's praise.

Chan. Enough, enough ! what hero, heavenly-born,
Descends on earth to hold in disesteem
The son of *Bhrígu*, and who disregards
The might resistless that restored security
To all the universe ?†

* The son of *Jamadagni*, *Paraśuráma*.

† He destroyed the *Kshattriya* or military race, except, it is said in some accounts, those in the solar line. Other statements aver that he exterminated all except some of the females who were married to *Bráhma*ns, and thus continued the warrior tribe. As, however, many princes of both the solar and lunar dynasties are long subsequent to *Paraśuráma*, we must under-

Lava. (In an ironical tone.) I know the deeds
 Of *Raghupati*. Long may he enjoy
 His well-earned honours ; long may listening worlds
 Admire the tale of his heroic exploits.
 Still, glory wait upon the overthrow
 Of a weak woman ; the advance that showed
 No sign of fear when *Khara* felt his valour ;
 And the bold scheme that conquered *Indrajit*.*
Chan. Injurious youth, thy pride indeed is vast.
Lava. Away, great prince, I do not heed thy frown.
Sum. They burst with rage, and every limb is shook
 With furious passion ; glows each sanguine eye
 Like the red lotus ; the discoloured cheek,
 And agitated brow are like the moon

stand his extermination of the *Kshattriyas* with a certain reservation. This is evidently necessary from the ordinary tenor of the story, which represents him as exterminating them twenty-one times : a succession of destructive feats he could scarcely have achieved, unless he "seven times thrice slew the slain."

* The destruction of *Táraká*, the disturber of the sacrifices of *Viśvámitra*, is related in the first book of the *Rámáyana*, and the death of a woman is forbidden to a soldier. The backwardness of *Ráma*, or as it is described in the original, the three steps that were not in advance, does not so occur in the ordinary copies of the *Rámáyana*, and the passage may have undergone some modification, as derogatory to the hero. Nothing about *Ráma*'s retiring three paces has been met with in that part of the *Rámáyana* which describes the death of *Khara* in the *Árañya-Kāṇḍa* ; but it is admitted that *Ráma* felt alarm upon the approach of a mace hurled at him by the *Rākshasa* : "Seeing that weapon, like the mace of death, approaching, the prince was alarmed, considering that its flight could not be equalled or opposed by common arrows, the mace of the demon being of celestial origin." The attack upon *Indrajit*, which proved fatal to him, was the result of *Vibhishana*'s advice, who was aware of a prophecy announced by *Brahmá*, that whoever should interrupt by force of arms a certain sacrifice commenced by that chieftain, would prove his destroyer. *Indrajit* was engaged in the rite, when, by the recommendation of *Vibhishana*, *Lakshmaṇa* and a party of *Ráma*'s host were sent to attack the *Rākshasas*, who guarded him. The latter were routed. *Indrajit* abandoned the unfinished ceremony to come to their rescue, and was ultimately slain by *Lakshmaṇa* ; the exploit, therefore, added little to the glory of *Ráma*, as he took no part in the conflict, and as its result was predestined.

Stained with strange spots, or, like the water-lily,
When o'er its ruffled leaves the black bee spreads
His fluttering wings.

Lava and Chan. (Together.) Hence to the field of fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

ACT VI.

Enter a VIDYÁDHARA and VIDYÁDHARÍ (a Male and Female Spirit of Air) in their Car.

M. Sp. A fearful fight : less fierce the blows
 When gods and Titans meet as foes.
 See, love, what bright achievements grace
 The warriors of the solar race.
 Strained to each breast the bow is bent,
 The shaft unintermitted sent ;
 The jangling bells incessant ring,
 And frequent twangs the rattling string,
 Whilst an alarum, long and loud,
 Is sounded by yon thunder-cloud,
 Inflated by supernal power,
 In honour of such battle hour.
 Quick, on each youthful champion's head,
 A shower of heavenly blossoms shed,
 Culled from the nectar-breathing tree
 Of youth and immortality.

F. Sp. But what is this ? o'er all the sky
 The sudden streaks of lightning fly.

M. Sp. 'Tis *Mahádeva's* eye of flame
 That opens on this battle game ;
 And from between the awful lashes,
 Terrific in its glory, flashes
 Such sparks, as scattered from the sun
 On *Twashtrí's* * whirling circle spun.

* *Twashtrí*, the artist of the gods, the same with *Viśvakarman*, the father-in-law of *Sūrya*. When *Sanjñá*, unable to endure the splendours of her lord, fled from his embraces, the sun had recourse to her father, who, in order to temper his fierceness, put the planet on the grindstone and took off the edge of his rays.

Were Time's profound and yawning tomb,
 Devouring all ; or fated slumber
 Were now preparing to encumber
 The movements of the world, and close
Náráyaṇ's senses in repose,
 That, lost in him, the things of earth
 Should cease awhile to issue forth.
 'Twas wisely done, with *Váyu's* * force
 To stem the torrent's gathering course,
 And chase the clouds on Nature's breast,
 Whence first they sprang, again to rest.

F. Sp. But who is this, that from his car
 Alights to intercept the war,
 And with his gentle speech controls
 The fury of these daring souls ?

M. Sp. 'Tis *Raghupati* ; † he has slain
 The fierce ascetic, and again
 He seeks his realm. His voice they hear,
 And cast aside the sword and spear :
 Lava is calm ; and lowly bends
 The prince, as the great chief descends.
 May fate conclude, as now begun,
 This meeting of the sire and son. [Exeunt.

Enter RÁMA, LAVA, and CHANDRAKETU.

Ráma. Come, Chandraketu, to my breast, and cool
 With thy embrace the fervour of my heart.

Chan. Receive my humblest homage.

Ráma. Fate, assuredly,
 That gives thee power to wield celestial arms,
 Auspicious smiles upon thy course.

Chan. My sire,
 In this does fortune smile, that I have found

* The deity of wind, the element opposed to that of water.

† The lord, or chief, of the house of *Raghu*—*Ráma*.

A friend in this brave youth : may *Raghu's* lord
Behold him with the same complacent eye
He turns on me.

Ráma. This is indeed a presence
Of loftiest promise, active and robust,
As made a soldier's duty to fulfil,
To guard religion, and protect mankind.
Nor is there vigour only ; lighter graces
Are there concentrated, and apparent virtues,
As if each excellence the world admires
Assumed a visible and human form.

Lava. (*Apart.*) Is this the mighty chief, the friend of virtue,
The stay and trust of men, the comforter,
The living shape of worth—embodied excellence ?
His sight subdues me—all my enmity
At once subsides—a new and strong affection
Grows in my bosom—all my pride is gone,
And shame o'ercomes me. First of the first is he—
As holiest shrines have oft a holier still.

Ráma. 'Tis strange a single glance should soothe my sorrow
And fill my breast with passionate regard !
What should the cause be ? for, without a cause,
How should affection ever be engendered ?
When no exterior motives can be traced,
Some secret spring must influence the heart.
Such are the sympathies that nature prompts,
When to the rising sun the flower expands,
And melts the moon-gem in the lunar ray.*

Lava. Instruct me, prince, who is this glorious chief ?

Chan. The elder of our house.

* The doctrine of sympathies was once very familiar to the philosophy of Europe. The moonstone, sunstone, and ironstone are three gems, according to the Hindus, the properties of which are analogous to the nature of the objects whence they are named. The latter is the magnet, the other two are fanciful : but probably the idea of them is derived from some natural substance.

Lava. How, *Raghundātha* !

Blest be the hour that I behold this deity.

(*Advances and bows down to the feet of Rāma.*)

Accept the veneration, prince, of Lava,

The lowly scholar of *Prachētas*' son.

Rāma. Arise, brave youth, forego this prostrate homage,

And find an equal welcome in my arms.

[*Embraces him.*]

Lava. I merit not such graciousness ; the less

That blind presumption led me here in enmity.

Forgive, my sire, the foolishness of Lava.

Rāma. What faults require forgiveness for my son ?

Chan. Those of his native valour ; for disdain

The proud pretensions of the guards who followed

The sacrificial steed, he has displayed

Himself a hero.

Rāma. It was bravely done,

And like a *Kshattriya*. The true warrior brooks not

The vain assumptions of superior glory :

Fierce as the sun may dart his rays, he finds

The sunstone give them back in fiercer fire.

Chan. His brave disdain approves my friend a *Kshattriya* ;

But more—he wields no common arms ; observe,

Our troops are motionless, struck thus by him.

Rāma. (*To Lava.*) My son, undo the charm ; and, *Chandraketu*,

Go forth and range them in array again,

And soothe their disappointed valour.

Chan. I obey.

[*Exit.*]

Lava. (*After meditating.*) The weapon is withdrawn.

Rāma. My son, these arms

Are of celestial origin ; their use,

A mystery. The gods themselves obtained them

By ages of devotion, and the *Rishis*

Of primal days and powers supernal, saw them,

Self-radiant and endowed with wondrous virtue.

The holy texts that should enforce their service

Although of prowess to protect the gods
And tame the fiercest of the foes of heaven.

Ráma. What lofty daring does this youth display !

What brave defiance sparkles in his eye !

He seems to hold confederated worlds

As grass to trample on ; he shakes the earth

With his proud tread ; and though of tender years,

He shows of mountain stature. Is he mortal,

Or is it the spirit of valour that assumes

A mortal form ?

Lava. Glory to your arms !

Kuśa. Rather to thine ;

How now ! I hear glad news—what's this ?—war ! war !

Lava. Restrain this swelling port, and hither come

With due humility.

Kuśa. Why so ?

Lava. The godlike lord

Of *Raghu's* lineage deigns to give you welcome.

Kuśa. The godlike hero of our master's verse,

The guardian of the universal world ?

Lava. The same.

Kuśa. How may I dare approach such majesty ?

His presence awes me.* Justly has the bard

That sings his deeds entitled him divine.

Great sire, the scholar of *Prachetas*, *Kuśa*,

Bows thus in veneration.

[*To Ráma.*

Ráma. Rise, my child,

And yield me thy embrace. (*Embraces him.*) It is
most strange :

Alike from either of these youths, the touch

Spreads rapture through my frame ; from every pore

The dews, affection-born, distil, as if

* A few short speeches of no importance are omitted.

That time, the foe of memory, would rob me of.
 I see my Sítá now—when budding youth,
 Expanded day by day into the bloom
 Of woman, and when full-blown beauty joined
 With ardent passion to subdue my heart,
 And animate my every thought with love.
 'Tis past,—how wonderful !

[*Sinks into meditation.*]

Lava. How lost in thought he seems ! not even a
 sigh

Steals forth, a sign of life : so silent lies
 Some sacred statute in its holy shrine.*

(*Behind.*) The sages of the hermitage—the queen
 Of *Daśaratha*, and *Arundhatí*,
 Alarmed to hear the violence the youths
 Have offered to the steed, are coming hither ;
 Yet slow their progress—age retards their flight,
 Their limbs are tardy though their minds are fleet.

Ráma. What ! are *Arundhatí* and *Janaka*,
Vasishtha, and my honoured mother, here ?

[*Rising and looking out.*]

Yes, I behold the monarch ; like a thunderbolt
 His sight affects me : with the holy priests
 Who joined our hands ; with so much to recall
 The hopes that all have perished ; thus to meet
 him,

And not to fall into a thousand fragments !
 What task remains for *Ráma* to perform !

(*Behind.*) Alas ! the unexpected sight of *Ráma*
 O'ercomes the aged king ; and now the queen,
 Hastening to aid her ancient friend, beholds
 Her son and senseless falls.

Ráma. Revere, my sire !

My dearest mother ! oh, how ill deserved

* The Calcutta edition follows a different reading here in some passages.

This tenderness of all that either house

Yet boasts for one so pitiless as I!—

Yet let me haste to them.

Kuśa and Lava. This way—this way!

[Exeunt rapidly.]

END OF THE SIXTH ACT.

ACT VII.

AN AMPHITHEATRE ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.*

Enter LAKSHMAÑA.

I have obeyed the sage, and have arranged
A theatre to hold this vast assemblage
Of gods, and men, and spirits of earth, air, ocean,
The serpent deities, and all the forms
That move and breathe—called hither by Válmíki,
On Ganga's sacred banks, that they may hear
His inspirations, with dramatic art,
Recited by the nymphs of *Indra's* heaven.
All is prepared, and the assembly waits—
And lo! the prince, who in his palace bears
The hardships of the anchorite, approaches.

Enter RÁMA.

Now, Lakshmaña, is the assembly gathered
For this performance?

Lak. All is ready.

Ráma. Be the youths,

Lava and Kuśa, stationed with the prince,
Your son.

Lak. Your wishes are foreseen—they sit together.
This is the royal seat.

* A play in a play is a device familiar to our theatre; that in *Hamlet* need scarcely be mentioned. Beaumont and Fletcher go further, and combine four plays in one. They are not so essential to the plot, however, as this and the play in *Hamlet*, both which representations indicate the opinion entertained by the authors of the moral efficacy of such performances.

Nor credited this tender hand, the pledge
Of faith and love, in youth to him consigned?

Sítá. Ah ! does my husband still remember me?

Pri. Thy husband ! who is he ?

Sítá. Even he whom now my mother spoke of.

Ráma. And spoke of as he merited.

Gan. Queen, reflect. (*To Prithivi.*)

Thou art the stay of all ; and shalt thou share
The passions of the ignorant ? Consider,
What he has done, the honour of his race
Imperatively willed ; for wide and far
The stain upon his name was spread :—the test
In *Lanká* undergone, not elsewhere witnessed,
Was little credited, and it has been
The triumph of his high and royal race,
To claim the homage free and unreserved
Of all the world ; what, then, remained for *Ráma*,
In this dilemma, else than to pursue
The course that he has trod ?

Pri. Goddess, I hear

Your censures with delight ; but strong affection
Controls my thoughts and language. Well I know
The love of *Ráma*, and the grief he feels
For loss of this dear child ; yet, still he lives
For the sole benefit of his subject tribes,
For which, in other worlds, rewards await him.

Sítá. Oh, let my mother take

And hide me in her bosom !

Gan. Child, forbear.

Yet many years thy presence shall dispense
Delight upon mankind.

Pri. And for the present

These infants claim thy care.

Sítá. A widow I.

Pri. How should this be, whilst yet thy husband lives ?

Sítá. I shall not live ! how then have I a lord ?

Pri. Think not so lightly of thyself, whose nature,
Pure as it is, still purer from communion
With us, shall shed new blessings on the world.

Lak. Heard you the queen ?

Ráma. Let all the world receive .

This testimony. (*A noise without.*) Hark ! what wonders
more ?

Sítá. The heavens are overcast.

Gan. 'Tis true ; observe,

The heavenly arms are visible, the ministers
Of Ráma, from *Kṛisháśwa* first descended,
To *Viśwámitra* next, and last to him.

(*Behind.*) Great queen, all hail !

Behold the faithful servants of thy children—
As *Raghupati* erst to thee announced,
His servants we, the servants of thy sons.

Sítá. Oh, I am blest ! the weapon gods appear
In all their glory.

Gan. Hail ! celestial ministers,

Devoted to the race of *Raghu*—still to work
The will of his descendants—hail ! all hail !
They disappear. Now, daughter, turn thine eye
On these infantine pictures of thy lord.

Sítá. Ah ! who shall minister the holy rites
Their birth demands, that great *Vasishtha's* care
Has ever solemnised for *Raghu's* race ?

Gan. This, daughter, need not dwell upon thy thoughts.

When they no more exact a mother's charge,
We will convey them to *Válmiki's* bower.
Prachetas' son, equal in power and knowledge
To *Angiras* or to *Vasishtha*, shall
Become their mighty master, and perform
The ceremonial rites their years require.

Ráma. This was well thought.

Enter ARUNDHATÍ and SÍTÁ.

Arun. Why thus bashful ?

Haste thee, my child, and let the consciousness
Of that dear hand restore thy lord to life.

Sítá. (*Touching Ráma.*) He wakes.

Ráma. (*Reviving.*) My queen, my love !

My honoured mother, pure Arundhatí,
With *Káshyaśringa* and the pious *Sántá*.—
All here—all happy.

Arun. Prince, awhile attend ;

The goddess of thy race in favour speaks.

Gangá. (*Without.*) Lord of the world, remember thy
appeal.*

Thou hast invoked my cares for this thy queen,
That as a mother I should guard her ever,
Even as would Arundhatí. Behold,
I have obeyed thy will ; my debt is paid.

Arun. Again attend ; thy mother earth addresses
thee.

Prithiví. (*Without.*) Lord of the world, remember thy
appeal ;

Thou hast committed *Sítá* to my charge,
And called upon me to protect my child.
I have obeyed thy will ; my debt is paid.

Ráma. (*Prostrating himself.*)

How have I, sinful as I am, deserved
Such heavenly favour ?

Arun. People of *Ayodhyá*,

Receive your queen, whom the great goddesses,
Gangá and *Prithiví*, thus highly honour,
And now by me, Arundhatí, presented you.
The gods themselves have testified her purity,
And fire borne witness to her spotless virtue.

* See the First Act.

(A noise behind.)

Vál. (*Looking out.*) The demon *Lavana* is slain, and here
The prince of *Mathurá* advances.

Lak. All

Conspires to make our happiness complete.

Ráma. I scarce can credit what I see—yet thus
Does fate oppress the prosperous.

Vál. *Ráma,*

Is there ought else that may require our aid?

Ráma. Nought, holy sire, but this :

May that inspired strain, whose lines impart
This tale, delight and purify the heart ;
As with a mother's love, each grief allay,
And wash, like *Gangá's* wave, our sins away.
And may dramatic skill and taste profound
Pourtray the story and the verse expound,
So that due honour ever shall belong
To the great master of poetic song,
Alike familiar with a loftier theme,
The sacred knowledge of the ONE SUPREME.*

[*Exeunt.*]

* The poet acquainted with the *Brahma-Sáda*, the inspired and un-created *Vedas*, as identifiable with *Brahman* or the Supreme Being.

REMARKS ON THE UTTARA-RÁMA-CHARITRA.

THIS drama labours under the disadvantage of a subject drawn from national mythology; and although the more interesting on that account to those to whom it was originally addressed, it must lose much of its merit in the eyes of those to whom the mythos of the Hindus is unattractive or unknown.

Another defect, consequent upon the choice of its subject, is the want of action. The incidents are few, and although not unconnected with each other, nor independent of the *denouement*, they occur abruptly, and are separated by intervals of time and place, which trespass a little too strongly upon dramatic probabilities, and impair the interest of the story.

Apart from these defects, however, the drama has much to recommend it, and has more pretension to genuine pathos than perhaps any other specimen of the Hindu theatre. The mutual sorrows of Ráma and Sítá in their state of separation are pleasingly and tenderly expressed, and the meeting of the father and his sons may be compared advantageously with similar scenes with which the fictions of Europe, both poetical and dramatic, abound.

Besides the felicitous expression of softer feelings, this play has some curious pictures of the *beau idéal* of heroic bearing, and of the duties of a warrior and a prince. A higher elevation can scarcely be selected for either. The true spirit of chivalry pervades the encounter of the two young princes; and the quiet devotedness with which Ráma sacrifices his wife and domestic happiness to the prosperity of his subjects, is a worthy counterpart to the immolation of natural affections to public interest, which is so frequent in the early history of Greece.



W. 20-
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